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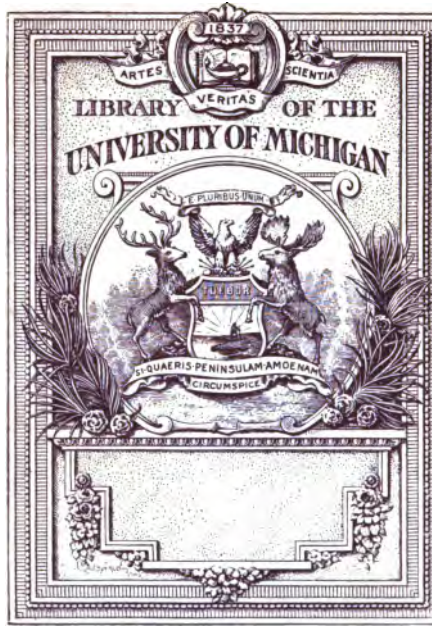
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

SOMERVILE.

17:828

THE

CHACE.

A

POEM.

" Nec tibi cura canum fuerit poſtrema."

VIRG. Georg. iii.

" Romanis ſolenne viris opus, utile famæ,
" Vitæque, et membris."

HOR. 1 Ep. xviii.

PREFACE.

THE old and infirm have at leaſt this privilege, that they can recal to their minds thoſe ſcenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their paſt pleaſures, with a ſatisfaction almoſt equal to the firſt enjoyment. For thoſe ideas, to which any agreeable ſenſation is annexed, are eaſily excited; as leaving behind the moſt ſtrong and permanent impreſſions. The amuſements of our youth are the boaſt and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and ſuppoſed their heroes in the Elyſian Fields were fond of the very ſame diverſions they exerciſed on earth. Death itſelf could not wean them from the accuſtomed ſports and gayeties of life.

" Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæſtris;
" Contendunt ludo, et fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
" Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.
" Arma procul, currûſque virûm miratur inanes.
" Stant terrâ defixæ haſtæ, paſſimque ſoluti
" Per campum paſcuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm
" Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
" Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtos."

VIRG. Æneid. vi.

Part on the graſſy cirque their pliant limbs
In wreſtling exerciſe, or on the ſands
Struggling diſpute the prize. Part lead the ring,
Or ſwell the chorus with alternate lays.

The chief their arms admires, their empty cars,
Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharneſs'd ſteeds
Graze unreſtrain'd; horſes, and cars, and arms,
All the ſame fond deſires, and pleaſing cares,
Still haunt their ſhades, and after death ſurvive.

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and cenſorious part of mankind) if at my leiſure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chair, ſome of thoſe chaces, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amuſement. The reſult of theſe rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem; which if equally diverting to my readers, as to myſelf, I ſhall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts with ſo many deſcriptions and digreſſions in the Georgick manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am ſure they are very neceſſary to be well underſtood by any gentleman, who would enjoy this noble ſport in full perfection. In this at leaſt I may comfort myſelf, that I cannot treſpaſs upon their patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other proſe writers upon this ſubject.

It is moſt certain, that hunting was the exerciſe of the greateſt heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themſelves for war; and their exploits againſt wild beaſts were a prelude to their other victories. Xenophon ſays, that almoſt all the ancient heroes, Neſtor, Theſeus, Caſtor, Pollux, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were μαθηλαὶ κυνηγεσιῶν, diſciples of hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly

ſerviceable

ſerviceable to them in military diſcipline. Xen. Cynegetic. And Pliny obſerves, thoſe who were deſigned for great captains, were firſt taught "certare cum fugacibus feris curſu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis aſtu:" to conteſt with the ſwifteſt wild beaſts, in ſpeed; with the boldeſt, in ſtrength; with the moſt cunning, in craft and ſubtilty. Plin. Panegyr. And the Roman emperors, in thoſe monuments they erected to tranſmit their actions to future ages, made no ſcruple to join the glories of the chace to their moſt celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do juſtice to this heroick exerciſe. Beſide that of Oppian in Greek, we have ſeveral poems in Latin upon hunting. Gratius was contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this verſe;

"Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit."

Lib. iv. Pont.

Gratius ſhall arm the huntſman for the chace.

But of his works only ſome fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date. Amongſt theſe Nemeſianus, who ſeems very much ſuperior to Gratius, though of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his firſt book is preſerved. We might indeed have expected to have ſeen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgick, ſince it is expreſsly part of his ſubject. But he has favoured us only with ten verſes; and what he ſays of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and maſtiffs.

"Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Moloſſum."

Georg. iii.

The greyhound ſwift, and maſtiff's furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk. "Paſce ſero pingui." He has, it is true, touched upon the Chace in the 4th and 7th books of the Æneid. But it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in theſe latter ages. It does not appear to me that the ancients had any notion of purſuing wild beaſts by the ſcent only, with a regular and well-diſciplined pack of hounds; and therefore they muſt have paſſed for poachers amongſt our modern ſportſmen. The muſter-roll given us by Ovid, in his ſtory of Acteon, is of all ſorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the deſcription of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon taken from the Sepuichre of the Naſos, and the Arch of Conſtantine, has not the leaſt trace of the manner now in uſe.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs followed by the ſcent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the noſe of one ſingle dog. This was as much as they knew of the "odora canum vis." Thus Nemeſianus ſays,

"Odorato noſcunt veſtigia prato,
"Atque etiam leporum ſecreta cubilia monſtrant."
They challenge on the mead the recent ſtains,
And trail the hare unto her ſecret form.

Oppian has a long deſcription of theſe dogs in his firſt book, from ver. 479 to 526. And here, though he ſeems to deſcribe the hunting of the hare by the ſcent through many turnings and windings; yet he really ſays no more, than that one of thoſe hounds, which he calls

calls ἰχνευτῆρες, finds out the game. For he follows the ſcent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has ſtarted her, he purſues her by ſight. I am indebted for theſe two laſt remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whoſe judgment in the *belles lettres* nobody diſputes, and whoſe approbation gave me the aſſurance to publiſh this poem.

Oppian alſo obſerves, that the beſt ſort of theſe finders were brought from Britain; this iſland having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the beſt breed of hounds, for perſons the beſt ſkilled in the art of hunting, and for horſes the moſt enduring to follow the chace. It is therefore ſtrange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this ſubject; which is without doubt very noble in itſelf, and very well adapted to receive the moſt beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope, my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this firſt, but imperfect, eſſay, will ſhew the world they have at leaſt ſome taſte for poetry.

The ancients eſteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exerciſe, but as highly conducive to health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exerciſing the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wiſe men, and well-ſkilled in human nature. Lib. de parvæ pilæ exercitio.

The gentlemen, who are fond of a gingle at the cloſe of every verſe, and think no poem truly muſical but

what is in rhyme, will here find themſelves diſappointed. If they be pleaſed to read over the ſhort preface before the Paradiſe Loſt, Mr. Smith's poem in memory of his friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbiſhop of Cambray's letter to Monſieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I ſhall not be aſhamed to follow the example of Milton, Philips, Thomſon, and all our beſt tragick writers.

Some few terms of art are diſperſed here and there; but ſuch only as are abſolutely requiſite to explain my ſubject. I hope in this the criticks will excuſe me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the neceſſary uſe, is the proper object of their cenſure.

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I ſhall therefore leave my reader to ſuch diverſion as he may find in the poem itſelf.

" En age, ſegnes,
" Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
" Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
" Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit."

VIRG. Georg. iii.

Hark, away,
Caſt far behind the lingering cares of life.
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full cry
Thy hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains
For us the generous ſteed; the hunter's ſhouts,
And chearing cries, aſſenting woods return.

TO

TO

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Eſq;

ON HIS POEM CALLED

THE CHACE.

WHILE you, Sir, gain the ſteep aſcent to fame,
And honours due to deathleſs merit claim;
To a weak Muſe a kind indulgence lend,
Fond with juſt praiſe your labours to commend,
And tell the world that Somervile's her friend.
Her incenſe guiltleſs of the forms of art
Breathes all the huntſman's honeſty of heart;
Whoſe fancy ſtill the pleaſing ſcene retains
Of Edric's villa and Ardenna's plains:
Joys, which from change ſuperior charms receiv'd,
The horn hoarſe ſounding by the lyre reliev'd:
When the day crown'd with rural chaſte delight,
Reſigns obſequious to the feſtive night;
The feſtive night awakes th' harmonious lay,
And in ſweet verſe recounts the triumphs of the day.
Strange! that the Britiſh Muſe ſhould leave ſo long,
The Chace, the ſport of Britain's kings, unſung!
Diſtinguiſh'd land! by Heaven indulg'd to breed
The ſtout, ſagacious hound, and generous ſteed;
In vain! while yet no bard adorn'd our iſle,
To celebrate the glorious ſylvan toil.

For

For this what darling ſon ſhall feel thy fire,
God of th' unerring bow, and tuneful lyre?
Our vows are heard—Attend, ye vocal throng,
Somervile meditates th' adventurous ſong.
Bold to attempt, and happy to excel,
His numerous verſe the huntſman's art ſhall tell.
From him, ye Britiſh youths, a vigorous race,
Imbibe the various ſcience of the chace;
And while the well-plann'd ſyſtem you admire,
Know Brunſwick only could the work inſpire;
A Georgick Muſe awaits Auguſtan days,
And Somerviles will ſing, when Fredericks give the bays.

JOHN NIXON.

TO

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF

THE CHACE.

ONCE more, my friend, I touch the trembling lyre,
And in my boſom feel poetic fire.
For thee I quit the law's more rugged ways,
To pay my humble tribute to thy lays,
What, though I daily turn each learned ſage,
And labour through the unenlighten'd page:
Wak'd by thy lines, the borrow'd flames I feel,
As flints give fire when aided by the ſteel.
Though in ſulphureous clouds of ſmoke confin'd,
Thy rural ſcenes ſpring freſh into my mind.
Thy genius in ſuch colours paints the chace,
The real to fictitious joys give place.
When the wild muſick charms my raviſh'd ear,
How dull, how taſteleſs Handel's notes appear!
Ev'n Farinelli's ſelf the palm reſigns,
He yields—but to the muſick of thy lines.
If friends to poetry can yet be found;
Who without bluſhing ſenſe prefer to ſound;
Then let this ſoft, this ſoul-enfeebling band,
Theſe warbling minſtrels, quit the beggar'd land.

They

They but a momentary joy impart,
'Tis you, who touch the ſoul, and warm the heart.
How tempting do thy ſylvan ſports appear!
Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchſafe an ear,
Might her fond luſt of power a while compoſe,
And gladly change it for thy ſweet repoſe.
No fierce, unruly ſenates, threaten here,
No axe, no ſcaffold, to the view appear,
No envy, diſappointment, and deſpair,
Here, bleſt viciſſitude, whene'er you pleaſe,
You ſtep from exerciſe to learned eaſe:
Turn o'er each claſſic page, each beauty trace,
The mind unwearied in the pleaſing chace.
Oh! would kind Heaven ſuch happineſs beſtow,
Let fools, let knaves, be maſters here below.
Grandeur and place, thoſe baits to catch the wiſe,
And all their pageant train, I pity and deſpiſe.

J. TRACY.

THE

THE CHACE.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to his Royal Highneſs the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpoliſhed manner of the firſt hunters. Beaſts at firſt hunted for food and ſacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beaſts, &c. The regular manner of hunting firſt brought into this iſland by the Normans. The beſt hounds and beſt horſes bred here. The advantage of this exerciſe to us, as iſlanders. Addreſs to gentlemen of eſtates. Situation of the kennel and its ſeveral courts. The diverſion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different ſorts of hounds for each different chace. Deſcription of a perfect hound. Of ſizing and ſorting of hounds, the middle-ſized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the ſtag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their uſe on the borders of England and Scotland. A phyſical account of ſcents. Of good and bad ſcenting days. A ſhort admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chace I ſing, Hounds, and their various breed,
And no leſs various uſe. O thou Great Prince!
Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,
Deign

Deign thou to hear my bold, inſtructive ſong.
While grateful citizens with pompous ſhew,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illuſtrious houſe; while virgins pave
Thy way with flowers, and, as the Royal Youth
Paſſing they view, admire and ſigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minſtrels, and ſhrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a ſong,
And airs ſoft-warbling; my hoarſe-ſounding horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the ſport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muſe
Aloft on wing ſhall ſoar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courſer o'er the ſteepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee ſafe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from ſhore to ſhore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth!
And if, in future times, ſome envious prince,
Careleſs of right and guileful, ſhould invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or ſhould ſtrive in vain
To wreſt the balance from thy equal hand;
Thy hunter-train, in chearful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils)
Shall compaſs thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy paſſage through th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame: inſpir'd by thee
The nobler chace of glory ſhall purſue
Through fire, and ſmoke, and blood, and fields of death.
Nature, in her productions ſlow, aſpires
By juſt degrees to reach Perfection's height:

So

So mimic Art works leiſurely, till Time
Improve the piece, or wiſe Experience give
The proper finiſhing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, firſt made war on beaſts,
And ſtain'd the woodland-green with purple dye,
New, and unpoliſh'd was the huntſman's art;
No ſtated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and ſtones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his ſavage bands, a multitude
Untrain'd; of twining oſiers form'd, they pitch
Their artleſs toils, then range the deſert hills,
And ſcower the plains below; the trembling herd
Start at th' unuſual ſound, and clamorous ſhout
Unheard before; ſurpriz'd alas! to find
Man now their foe, whom erſt they deem'd their lord,
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death ſtretches o'er the plain
Wide-waſting, and grim ſlaughter red with blood:
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at laſt,
Incumber'd with their ſpoils, joyful they bear
Upon their ſhoulders broad the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars ſmoke a ſacrifice
To that all-gracious power, whoſe bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taſte, nor ſkill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And ſtrong neceſſity, thus firſt began
The chace of beaſts; though bloody was the deed,

Yet

Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone
Unequal to ſuſtain man's labouring race,
Now every moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food*. So juſt is Heaven,
To give us in proportion to our wants.
  Or chance or induſtry in after-times
Some few improvements made, but ſhort as yet
Of due perfection. In this iſle remote
Our painted anceſtors were ſlow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious; till from Neuſtria's coaſts
Victorious William, to more decent rules
Subdued our Saxon fathers, taught to ſpeak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the buſy hound, whoſe well-known cry
His liſtening peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him ſucceſſive huntſmen learn'd to join
In bloody ſocial leagues, the multitude
Diſpers'd, to ſize, to ſort their various tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and diſcipline the pack.
  Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd iſle,
And Heav'n's peculiar care! To thee 'tis given
To train the ſprightly ſteed, more fleet than thoſe
Begot by winds, or the celeſtial breed
That bore the great Pelides through the preſs
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;
Which proudly neighing, with the ſun begins
Chearful his courſe? and ere his beams decline,

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

Is

Has meaſur'd half thy ſurface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in ſcent and ſpeed
As yet unrival'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.
In vain malignant ſteams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coaſts,
The huntſman ever gay, robuſt, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exerciſe, to raiſe
His drooping herd, and chear his heart with joy.
Ye vigorous youths, by ſmiling Fortune bleſt
With large demeſnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wiſe fore-fathers' care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T' enjoy thoſe pleaſures, for the weak too ſtrong,
Too coſtly for the poor: To rein the ſteed
Swift-ſtretching o'er the plain, to chear the pack
Opening in conſorts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What though the gripe ſevere
Of brazen-fiſted Time, and ſlow diſeaſe
Creeping through every vein, and nerve unſtrung,
Afflict my ſhatter'd frame, undaunted ſtill,
Fix'd as a mountain aſh, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove; though blaſted, yet unfallen;
Still can my ſoul in Fancy's mirrour view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous ſcene
In all its ſplendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs paſt, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way:

Pleas'd with that ſocial ſweet garrulity,
The poor diſbanded veteran's ſole delight.
  Firſt let the Kennel be the huntſman's care,
Upon ſome little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide opening to receive
The ſun's all-chearing beams, when mild he ſhines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to ſtretch,
And baſk in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the ſtreaming light and merry lark,
Forth ruſh the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muſes aid; untouch'd, unſtrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy deſponding bard
Sits darkly muſing o'er th' unfiniſh'd lay.
  Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
A vain expence, on charitable deeds
Better diſpos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch,
Who ſhrinks beneath the blaſt, to feed the poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want: For uſe, not ſtate,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment riſe.
O'er all let cleanlineſs preſide, no ſcraps
Beſtrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones
To kindle fierce debate, or to diſguſt

That

That nicer ſenſe, on which the ſportſman's hope,
And all his future triumphs, muſt depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their ſmoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full ciſtern lead the ductile ſtreams,
To waſh thy court well pav'd, nor ſpare thy pains,
For much to health will cleanlineſs avail.
Seek'ſt thou for hounds to climb the rocky ſteep,
And bruſh th' entangled covert, whoſe nice ſcent
O'er greaſy fallows and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Baniſh far off
Each noiſome ſtench, let no offenſive ſmell
Invade thy wide incloſure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.
Water and ſhade no leſs demand thy care:
In a large ſquare th' adjacent field incloſe,
There plant in equal ranks the ſpreading elm,
Or fragrant lime; moſt happy thy deſign,
If at the bottom of thy ſpacious court,
A large canal, fed by the cryſtal brook,
From its tranſparent boſom ſhall reflect
Downward thy ſtructure and inverted grove.
Here when the ſun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
Reſtleſs and faint, loll their unmoiſten'd tongues,
And drop their feeble tails, to cooler ſhades
Lead forth the panting tribe; ſoon ſhalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:
Tumultuous ſoon they plunge into the ſtream,
There lave their reeking ſides, with greedy joy

Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
From ſhore to ſhore they ſwim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood:
Then on the ſunny bank they roll and ſtretch
Their dripping limbs, or elſe in wanton rings
Courſing around, purſuing and purſued,
The merry multitude diſporting play.
But here with watchful and obſervant eye,
Attend their frolicks, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy reſounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the ſtern debate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft in ſport
Begun, combat enſues, growling they ſnarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they ſeize
Each other's throats, with teeth and claws in gore
Beſmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground,
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies:
Then ſudden all the baſe ignoble crowd
Loud-clamouring ſeize the helpleſs worried wretch
And thirſting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcaſs on th' enſanguin'd plain.
O breaſts of pity void! t' oppreſs the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendleſs head,
And with one mutual cry inſult the fall'n!
Emblem too juſt of man's degenerate race.
Others apart, by native inſtinct led,
Knowing inſtructor! 'mong the ranker graſs
Cull each ſalubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive ſtor'd, and potent to allay

Each

Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes preſcribes
A ready remedy, and is himſelf
Their great phyſician. Now grown ſtiff with age,
And many a painful chace, the wiſe old hound,
Regardleſs of the frolick pack, attends
His maſter's ſide, or ſlumbers at his eaſe
Beneath the bending ſhade; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his ſpeed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to ſeize his panting prey:
And in imperfect whimperings ſpeaks his joy.
A different hound for every different chace
Select with judgment; nor the timorous hare
O'ermatch'd deſtroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murderous, toursing crew; intent
On blood and ſpoil. O blaſt their hopes, juſt Heaven!
And all their painful drudgeries repay
With diſappointment and ſevere remorſe.
But huſband thou thy pleaſures, and give ſcope
To all her ſubtle play: by nature led
A thouſand ſhifts ſhe tries; t' unravel theſe
Th' induſtrious beagle twiſts his waving tail,
Through all her labyrinths purſues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with countenance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening noſe
Upward he curls, and his large ſloe-black eyes

Melt in ſoft blandiſhments, and humble joy;
His gloſſy ſkin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
In lights or ſhades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs
Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,
Rival the ſpeckled pard; his ruſh-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On ſhoulders clean, upright and firm he ſtands;
His round cat foot, ſtrait hams, and wide-ſpread thighs,
And his low-dropping cheſt, confeſs his ſpeed,
His ſtrength, his wind, or on the ſteepy hill,
Or far-extended plain; in every part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer ſkill
Of Phidias himſelf can't blame thy choice.
Of ſuch compoſe thy pack. But here a mean
Obſerve, nor the large hound prefer, of ſize
Gigantick; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarraſs'd bleeds; But if too ſmall,
The pigmy brood in every furrow ſwims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or elſe ſhivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the ſheltering thorn.
For hounds of middle ſize, active and ſtrong,
Will better anſwer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleaſing labours with ſucceſs.
As ſome brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd ſtandard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after ſtep, their ſize the ſame, their arms

Far-

Far-gleaming, dart the ſame united blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how juſt! And all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty George approve.
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy generous ſoul, and the world's juſt applauſe.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of different kinds; diſcordant ſounds ſhall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs diſgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,
Or ſtately ſtag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if the harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy raviſh'd ears; the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, ſtrong, heavy, ſlow, but ſure;
Whoſe ears down-hanging from his thick round head
Shall ſweep the morning dew; whoſe clanging voice
Awake the mountain echo in her cell,
And ſhake the forests: The bold Talbot kind
Of theſe the prime; as white as Alpine ſnows;
And great their uſe of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, ſlow winding through the vale; the ſeat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The ſweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To laſting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilfering race; well train'd and ſkill'd
In all the myſteries of theft, the ſpoil
Their only ſubſtance, feuds and war their ſport:
Not more expert in every fraudful art

Th' arch * felon was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the ſhelter of the covering rock,
In vain the ſooty cloud, and ruddy flames
That iſſued from his mouth; for ſoon he paid
His forfeit life: a debt how juſtly due
To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heaven!
Veil'd in the ſhades of night they ford the ſtream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they ſeize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are ſafe,
Nor ſtalls protect the ſteer, nor ſtrong-barr'd doors
Secure the favourite horſe. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghaſtly viſage wan
The plunder'd owner ſtands, and from his lips
A thouſand thronging curſes burſt their way:
He calls his ſtout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive chears:
Soon the ſagacious brute, his curling tail
Flouriſh'd in air, low bending plies around
His buſy noſe, the ſteaming vapour ſnuffs
Inquiſitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conſcious of the recent ſtains, his heart
Beats quick; his ſnuffling noſe, his active tail,
Atteſt his joy; then with deep opening mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the liſtening crowd

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.

Applaud

Applaud his reaſonings. O'er the watery ford,
Dry ſandy heaths, and ſtony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beaſts diſtain'd,
Unerring he purſues; till at the cot
Arriv'd, and ſeizing by his guilty throat
The caitif vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquiſitely delicate his ſenſe!
Should ſome more curious ſportſman here enquire
Whence this ſagacity, this wondrous power
Of tracing ſtep by ſtep, or man or brute?
What guide inviſible points out their way,
O'er the dank marſh, bleak hill, and ſandy plain?
The courteous Muſe ſhall the dark cauſe reveal.
The blood that from the heart inceſſant rolls
In many a crimſon tide, then here and there
In ſmaller rills diſparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ſerous particles evade
Through th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours riſe,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by th' incumbent atmoſphere compreſs'd.
The panting chace grows warmer as he flies,
And through the net-work of the ſkin perſpires;
Leaves a long-ſtreaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unleſs
By ſome rude ſtorm diſpers'd, or rarified
By the meridian ſun's intenſer heat.
To every ſhrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the graſs, impregnate earth and ſkies.
With noſtrils opening wide, o'er hill, o'er dale

The

The vigorous hounds purſue, with every breath
Inhale the grateful ſteam, quick pleaſures ſting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confeſs
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy ſtreaks
At eve forebode a bluſtring ſtormy day,
Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
When nipping froſts, and the keen biting blaſts
Of the dry parching eaſt, menace the trees
With tender bloſſoms teeming, kindly ſpare
Thy ſleeping pack, in their warm beds of ſtraw
Low-ſinking at their eaſe; liſtleſs they ſhrink
Into ſome dark receſs, nor hear thy voice
Though oft invok'd; or haply if thy call
Rouſe up the ſlumbering tribe, with heavy eyes
Glaz'd, lifeleſs, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed briſtles ſtare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each ſtomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, ſick, ſpiritleſs, forlorn.
Theſe inauſpicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean ſcience, ſeaſon'd with good-natur'd wit.
But if th' inclement ſkies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each ſacred page
Rich with the wiſe remarks of heroes old.
Converſe familiar with th' illuſtrious dead;

With

With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bleſs kind Heaven,
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That balm of life, that ſweeteſt bleſſing, cheap
Though purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookleſs ſauntering youth, proud of the ſkut
That dignifies his cap, his flouriſh'd belt,
And ruſty couples gingling by his ſide,
Be thou of other mould; and know that ſuch
Tranſporting pleaſures were by Heaven ordain'd
Wiſdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

THE

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the power of inſtinct in brutes. Two remarkable inſtances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to ſeat in the morning. Of the variety of ſeats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the ſeaſon, weather, or wind. Deſcription of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interſperſed with rules to be obſerved by thoſe who follow that chace. Tranſition to the Aſiatick way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monſieur Bernier, and the hiſtory of Gengiſkan the Great. Concludes with a ſhort reproof of tyrants and oppreſſors of mankind.

NOR will it leſs delight th' attentive ſage
T' obſerve that Inſtinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimicks reaſon's lore,
And oft tranſcends: Heaven-taught, the roe-buck ſwift
Loiters at eaſe before the driving pack
And mocks their vain purſuit, nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the ſteaming ſcent
That freſhens on the blade, provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their ſpeed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued; ſtrain'd to exceſs each nerve,

Each

Each ſlacken'd ſinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches ſecure, and leaves the ſcatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the diſtant vale below.
'Tis Inſtinct that directs the jealous hare
To chuſe her ſoft abode: With ſtep revers'd
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her cloſe receſs.
As wandering ſhepherds on th' Arabian plains
No ſettled reſidence obſerve, but ſhift
Their moving camp, now, on ſome cooler hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreſhing breeze;
And then, below, where trickling ſtreams diſtil
From ſome penurious ſource, their thirſt allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: So the wiſe hares
Oft quit their ſeats, leſt ſome more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous wiles
Plot their deſtruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary and cloſe they ſit.
When ſpring ſhines forth, ſeaſon of love and joy,
In the moiſt marſh, 'mong beds of ruſhes hid,
They cool their boiling blood: When ſummer ſuns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpleſs young:
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiouſly avoid
The dripping covert: Yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with ſpeed return'd

In

In the long graſs they ſkulk, or ſhrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing ſtill,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But every ſeaſon carefully obſerv'd,
Th' inconſtant winds, the fickle element,
The wiſe experienc'd huntſman ſoon may find
His ſubtle, various game, nor waſte in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With diſappointment vex'd, each ſpringing lark
Babbling purſue, far ſcatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties ſhowers; the fields are ſhorn;
Inwardly ſmiling, the proud farmer views
The riſing pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increaſe; his barns are ſtor'd
And groaning ſtaddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough briſtly ſtubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no ſecret curſe
Swells in the farmer's breaſt, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, ſome kind power inviſible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the ſwift racers, ſtretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boaſt of old.
Ah! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,

And

And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to thoſe ſpacious plains, where the ſtrain'd eye
In the wide proſpect loſt, beholds at laſt
Sarum's proud ſpire, that o'er the hills aſcends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotſwold, where the well-breath'd beagle climbs
With matchleſs ſpeed, thy green aſpiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.
Hail, gentle Dawn! mild bluſhing goddeſs, hail!
Rejoic'd I ſee thy purple mantle ſpread
O'er half the ſkies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from every ſhrub depend.
Farewel, Cleora; here deep ſunk in down
Slumber ſecure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful ſteams ſhall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, ſhall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn ſonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their mattins chaunt, nor brook my long delay.
My courſer hears their voice; ſee there, with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys
Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues ſevere, from their hard taſks
If once diſmiſs'd, no limits can contain
The tumult rais'd within their little breaſts,
But give a looſe to all their frolick play:
So from their kennel ruſh the joyous pack;

A thou-

A thouſand wanton gaieties expreſs
Their inward extaſy, their pleaſing ſport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty reſtor'd.
The riſing ſun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
As many colours from their gloſſy ſkins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April ſhowers deſcend. Delightful ſcene!
Where all around is gay, men, horſes, dogs,
And in each ſmiling countenance appears
Freſh blooming health, and univerſal joy.
Huntſman, lead on! behind the cluſtering pack
Submiſs attend, hear with reſpect thy whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harſher voice obey:
Spare not the ſtraggling cur that wildly roves;
But let thy briſk aſſiſtant on his back
Imprint thy juſt reſentments; let each laſh
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.
Here on this verdant ſpot, where Nature kind
With double bleſſings crowns the farmer's hopes;
Where flowers autumnal ſpring, and the rank mead
Affords the wandering hares a rich repaſt;
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they ſpread,
And range around, and daſh the glittering dew.
If ſome ſtanch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the juſtling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry,
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleaſing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!

But

But quick they back recoil, and wiſely check
Their eager haſte; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leiſurely they work, and many a pauſe
Th' harmonious concert breaks; till more aſſur'd
With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there ſhe lies; how cloſe! ſhe pants, ſhe doubts
If now ſhe lives; ſhe trembles as ſhe ſits,
With horror ſeiz'd. The wither'd graſs that clings
Around her head, of the ſame ruſſet hue
Almoſt deceiv'd my ſight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At diſtance draw thy pack, let all be huſh'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Left the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; ſee how direct
To her known mew ſhe flies! Here, huntſman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they ſtoop,
And ſeem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy noſtrils ſnuff the fuming ſteam
That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds let looſe
From the dark caverns of the bluſtering God,
They burſt away, and ſweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings while ſhe 's ſpurr'd on by fear.
The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods,
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stripp'd for the chace, give all your ſouls to joy!
See how their courſers, than the mountain roe

More fleet, the verdant carpet ſkim, thick clouds.
Snorting they breathe, their ſhining hoofs ſcarce print
The graſs unbruis'd; with emulation fir'd
They ſtrain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and bruſh
The thorny-twining hedge: The riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with ſteady hands, by turns
Indulge their ſpeed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their ſorrows, diſappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, ſickneſs, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.
Huntſman! her gait obſerve; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the ſame round
Perſiſting ſtill, ſhe'll foil the beaten track.
But if ſhe fly, and with the favouring wind
Urge her bold courſe; leſs intricate thy taſk:
Puſh on thy pack. Like ſome poor exil'd wretch
The frighted chace leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote ſhe ſtretches far away,
Ah! never to return! For greedy Death
Hovering exults, ſecure to ſeize his prey.
Hark! from yon covert, where thoſe towering oaks
Above the humble copſe aſpiring riſe,
What glorious triumphs burſt in every gale
Upon our raviſh'd ears! The hunters ſhout,
The clanging horns ſwell their ſweet-winding notes,
The pack wide opening load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy

Through

Through all the regions near: afflictive birch
No more the ſchool-boy dreads, his priſon broke,
Scampering he flies, nor heeds his maſter's call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfiniſh'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the ſhepherd's joy! men, boys, and girls,
Deſert th' unpeopled village; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the ſweet frenzy ſeiz'd.
Look, how ſhe pants! and o'er yon opening glade
Slips glancing by! while, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmoſt bound
Slily ſhe ſkirts; behind them cautious creeps
And in that very track, ſo lately ſtain'd
By all the ſteaming crowd, ſeems to purſue
The foe ſhe flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reaſon; ſure 'tis ſomething more,
'Tis Heaven directs, and ſtratagems inſpires
Beyond the ſhort extent of human thought.
But hold—I ſee her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence ſhe ſits;
Intent ſhe liſtens with one ear erect,
Pondering, and doubtful what new courſe to take,
And how t' eſcape the fierce blood-thirſty crew,
That ſtill urge on, and ſtill in vollies loud
Inſult her woes, and mock her ſore diſtreſs.
As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gathering ſtorm, her fears prevail;
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,

Away ſhe flies; nor ſhips with wind and tide,
And all their canvaſs wings, ſcud half ſo faſt.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courſer's ſpeed. We ſcour along,
In pleaſing hurry and confuſion toſt;
Oblivion to be wiſh'd. The patient pack
Hang on the ſcent unweary'd, up they climb,
And ardent we purſue; our labouring ſteeds
We preſs, we gore; till once the ſummit gain'd,
Painfully panting; there we breathe a while;
Then, like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we ſmoke along the vale.
Happy the man who with unrival'd ſpeed
Can paſs his fellows, and with pleaſure view
The ſtruggling pack; how in the rapid courſe
Alternate they preſide, and joſtling puſh
To guide the dubious ſcent; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiſer age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his ſtrength, the wiſe old hound
Hangs in the rear, till ſome important point
Rouſe all his diligence, or till the chace
Sinking he finds: then to the head he ſprings
With thirſt of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntſman, take keed; they ſtop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a diſtance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See! that old hound,
How buſily he works, but dares not truſt
His doubtful ſenſe; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells,
Sally'd a while, at once their peal renew,

And

And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toſs, with animated rage
Recovering all they loſt!—That eager haſte
Some doubling wile foreſhews.—Ah! yet once more
They're check'd,—hold back with ſpeed—on either hand
They flouriſh round—ev'n yet perſiſt—'Tis right,
Away they ſpring; the ruſtling ſtubbles bend
Beneath the driving ſtorm. Now the poor chace
Begins to flag, to her laſt ſhifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake ſhe flies, and viſits all
Her well-known haunts, where once ſhe rang'd ſecure,
With love and plenty bleſt. See! there ſhe goes,
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakneſs. See, how black ſhe looks!
The ſweat, that clogs th' obſtructed pores, ſcarce leaves
A languid ſcent. And now in open view
See, ſee, ſhe flies! each eager hound exerts
His utmoſt ſpeed, and ſtretches every nerve.
How quick ſhe turns! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives; till, round incloſ'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant ſcreams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious Bacchanals aſſail'd
Threïcian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!
Loud was the cry; hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
Return'd their clamorous rage; diſtreſs'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they purſue, till panting, faint,
By noiſy multitudes o'erpower'd, he ſinks
To the relentleſs crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntſman now, a deep inciſion made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and daſhes down
Her reeking entrails and yet quivering heart.
Theſe claim the pack, the bloody perquiſite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground ſhe lies
A mangled corſe; in her dim glaring eyes
Cold death exults, and ſtiffens every limb.
Aw'd by the threatening whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay; or at their maſter's foot,
Each happy favourite courts his kind applauſe,
With humble adulation cowering low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her ſolemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
The concert ſwell, and hills and dales return
The ſadly-pleaſing ſounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny, daſtard animal, but vers'd
In ſubtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud, aſpiring ſoul diſdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence, and grandeur of the chace;
Hear what the Muſe from faithful records ſings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian ſtream,
Line within line, riſe the pavilions proud,
Their ſilken ſtreamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horſe? From tent to tent,
Why preſs in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why ſhines the poliſh'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Viſapour nor Golconda rebel;
Nor the great Sophy, with his numerous hoſt,

Laye

Lays waſte the provinces; nor glory fires
To rob and to deſtroy, beneath the name
And ſpecious guiſe of war. A nobler cauſe
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities ſack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpleſs orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with ſharp remorſe
Shall ſting the conſcious victor: but mankind
Shall hail him good and juſt. For 'tis on beaſts
He draws his vengeful ſword! on beaſts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, ſee, he comes!
Imperial Dehli, opening wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,
And all the pomp of war. Before them ſound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race:
Sublime he ſits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein th' Arabian ſteed, and watch his nod:
And potent Rajahs, who themſelves preſide
O'er realms of wide extent; but here ſubmiſs
Their homage pay, alternate kings and ſlaves.
Next theſe, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair ſultanas of his court: a troop
Of choſen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intruſive eye; one look is death.
Ah cruel Eaſtern law! (had kings a power
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the ſun's all-chearing ray,

Were leſs ſevere. The vulgar cloſe the march,
Slaves and artificers; and Dehli mourns
Her empty and depopulated ſtreets.
Now at the camp arriv'd with ſtern review,
Through groves of ſpears, from file to file he darts
His ſharp experienc'd eye; their order marks,
Each in his ſtation rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundleſs line his ſight is loſt.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
On theſe extended plains, when Ammon's ſon
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vaſſal world the prize. Nor was that hoſt
More numerous of old, which the great king *
Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled Eaſt;
That bridg'd the Helleſpont from ſhore to ſhore,
And drank the rivers dry. Mean while in troops
The buſy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference; full many a league
In compaſs round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's higheſt aim, could reaſon bound
Man's erring will. Now ſit in cloſe divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious hoſt.
He from the throne high-eminent preſides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chace,
From ancient records drawn. With reverence low,
And proſtrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreverſible decrees, from which

* Xerxes.

To

To vary, is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his ſtation leads; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is compleatly form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what theſe command;
Thoſe execute with ſpeed, and punctual care;
In all the ſtricteſt diſcipline of war:
As if ſome watchful foe, with bold inſult,
Hung lowering o'er their camp. The high reſolve
That flies on wings through all th' encircling line,
Each motion ſteers, and animates the whole.
So by the ſun's attractive power controll'd,
The planets in their ſpheres roll round his orb:
On all he ſhines, and rules the great machine.
Ere yet the morn diſpels the fleeting miſts,
The ſignal given by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial ſtandard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gems;
And like a ſheet of fire, through the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The ſoldiers' ſhouts,
And all the brazen inſtruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp
They catch the varied ſounds, floating in air,
Round all the wide circumference, tigers fell
Shrink at the noiſe, deep in his gloomy den
The lion ſtarts, and morſels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the ſound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouſe the ſleepy ſoul to arms, and bold

Heroic

Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquiſitive; ſtrong dogs, that match in fight
The boldeſt brute, around their maſters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unſearch'd, they drive
From every covert, and from every den,
The lurking ſavages. Inceſſant ſhouts
Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops; the foreſt ſeems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of ſheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirſty foes; growling along,
They ſtalk indignant; but fierce vengeance ſtill
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed ſpears
Preſent immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapt in her ſable veil forbids the chace,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper diſtances aſcending riſe,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.
So round ſome iſland's ſhore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of ſurrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Diſturb thoſe peaceful ſhades! where erſt the bird
That glads the night had chear'd the liſtening groves
With ſweet complainings. Through the ſilent gloom

Oft

Oft they the guards aſſail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild deſpair.
Thus day by day they ſtill the chace renew,
At night encamp; till now in ſtreighter bounds
The circle leſſens, and the beaſts perceive
The wall that hems them in on every ſide.
And now their fury burſts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Againſt their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grappling they tear.
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves:
Horrible diſcord! till the crowd behind
Shouting purſue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath ſubſides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and ſubdued, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in diſtreſs!
At laſt, within the narrow plain confin'd,
A lifted field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far
Than ancient Rome could boaſt, they crowd in heaps,
Diſmay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early reſolv'd t' aſſert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has ſpread
Its curling ſhade. On bold Arabian ſteeds

With

With decent pride they ſit, that fearleſs hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift-ſhooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful ſlaves
With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and, to redeem his life, unmov'd
Would loſe his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,
From his high-elevated throne, beholds
His blooming race; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay ſpring of life,
When vigour ſtrung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eye, and fluſhes in his cheek.
Now the loud trumpet ſounds a charge. The ſhouts
Of eager hoſts, through all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beaſts within
Rend wide the welkin, flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and javelins launch'd from every arm,
Gall ſore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd through and through. Deſpair at laſt prevails,
When fainting nature ſhrinks, and rouſes all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band
They ruſh implacable. They their broad ſhields
Quick interpoſe; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Deſcend unerring. Proſtrate on the ground
The grinning monſters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle ſtand

The

The truſty ſlaves; with pointed ſpears the pierce
Through their tough hides; or at their gaping mouths
An eaſier paſſage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his laſt; the bear
Grumbles in death; nor can his ſpotted ſkin,
Though ſleek it ſhine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter ſtrides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey.
Men, horſes, dogs, fierce beaſts of every kind,
A ſtrange promiſcuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amaſs'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain aſſault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inſpires with ſelf-preſerving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the ſlain for ſhelter creep.
Aghaſt they fly, or hide their heads diſpers'd.
And now perchance (had Heaven but pleas'd) the work
Of death had been compleat; and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguiſh'd half their race,
When lo! the bright ſultanas of his court
Appear, and to his raviſh'd eyes diſplay
Thoſe charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.
Lowly they bend, and humbly ſue, to ſave
The vanquiſh'd hoſt. What mortal can deny
When ſuppliant beauty begs? At his command,
Opening to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes.
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborn,
To ſeek on diſtant hills their late abodes.

Ye

Ye proud oppreſſors, whoſe vain hearts exult
In wantonneſs of power, 'gainſt the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourſelves, a guiltleſs war
Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your thirſt of blood;
But learn from Aurengzebe to ſpare mankind.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of King Edgar, and his impoſing a tribute of wolves heads upon the kings of Wales: from hence a tranſition to fox-hunting, which is deſcribed in all its parts. Cenſure of an over-numerous pack. Of the ſeveral engines to deſtroy foxes and other wild beaſts. The ſteel-trap deſcribed, and the manner of uſing it. Deſcription of the pitfall for the lion; and another for the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a mirror. The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar. Deſcription of the royal ſtag-chace at Windſor Foreſt. Concludes with an addreſs to his Majeſty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

IN Albion's iſle when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wiſely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her foreſts, and with numerous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain: there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of Britiſh monarchs. Each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a diſtance gaz'd,
And, diſappointed, gnaſh'd his teeth in vain.
He ſcour'd the ſeas, and to remoteſt ſhores
With ſwelling ſails the trembling corſair fled.
Rich commerce flouriſh'd; and with buſy oars

Daſh'd

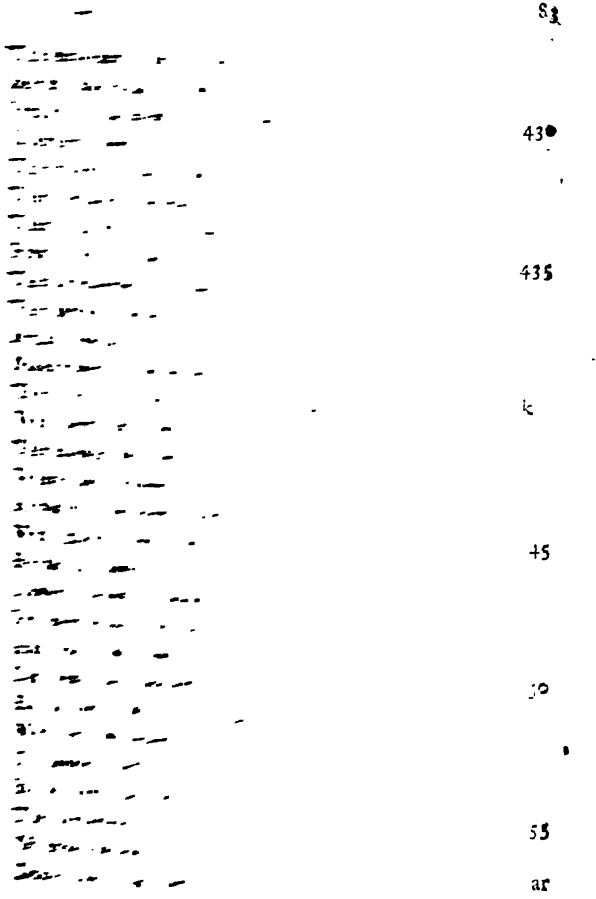
Daſh'd the reſounding ſurge. Nor leſs at land
His royal cares; wiſe, potent, gracious prince!
His ſubjects from their cruel foes he ſav'd,
And from rapacious ſavages their flocks:
Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance) paid
Their tributary wolves; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the ravenous race extinct is loſt.
In fertile paſtures, more ſecurely graz'd
The ſocial troops; and ſoon their large increaſe
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,
A ſubtle, pilfering foe, prowling around
In midnight ſhades, and wakeful to deſtroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceleſs lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with ſweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repaſt. The mournful ewe,
Her deareſt treaſure loſt, through the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain:
While in th' adjacent buſh, poor Philomel,
(Herſelf a parent once, till wanton churls
Deſpoil'd her neſt) joins in her loud laments,
With ſweeter notes, and more melodious woe.
For theſe nocturnal thieves, huntſman, prepare
Thy ſharpeſt vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th' oppreſs'd, and bring the felon vile
To juſt diſgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or ſtars retire from the firſt bluſh of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouſe thy bold compeers. Then to the copſe,

Thick

Thick with entangling graſs, or prickly furze,
With ſilence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
Diſpers'd, how buſily this way, and that,
They croſs, examining with curious noſe
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and ſwell'd with every mouth.
As ſtraggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,
Preſs to their ſtandard; hither all repair,
And hurry through the woods; with haſty ſtep
Ruſtling, and full of hope; now driven on heaps
They puſh, they ſtrive; while from his kennel ſneaks
The conſcious villain. See! he ſkulks along,
Sleek at the ſhepherd's coſt, and plump with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
Though high his bruſh he bear, though tipt with white
It gaily ſhine; yet ere the ſun declin'd
Recal the ſhades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels
Behold the juſt avenger, ſwift to ſeize
His forfeit head, and thirſting for his blood.
Heavens! what melodious ſtrains! how beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempeſt drives
From wood to wood, through every dark receſs
The foreſt thunders, and the mountains ſhake.
The chorus ſwells; leſs various, and leſs ſweet,
The trilling notes, when in thoſe very groves,
The feather'd choriſters ſalute the ſpring.

And every buſh in concert joins; or when
The maſter's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers
Of muſick in one inſtrument combine,
An univerſal minſtrelſy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert ſafe;
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud ſhouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away.
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each ſtraggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the diſtant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a looſe to the clean generous ſteed;
Flouriſh the whip, nor ſpare the galling ſpur;
But, in the madneſs of delight, forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our courſe; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the ſtream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch
Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy ſteep,
Where the poor dizzy ſhepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
But down we ſweep, as ſtoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the ſwift motion ſlung, we mount aloft:
So ſhips in winter-ſeas now ſliding ſink
Adown the ſteepy wave, then toſs'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the ſtorm.
What lengths we paſs! where will the wandering chace
Lead us bewilder'd! ſmooth as ſwallows ſkim

The



While theſe, with looſen'd reins and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that ſcarce bear
Their weights; another in the treacherous bog
Lies floundering half ingulph'd. What biting thoughts
Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old age laments
His vigour ſpent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curſes his cumberous bulk; and envies now
The ſhort pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud inſulting leer. A choſen few
Alone the ſport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleaſing toils. Here, huntſman, from this height
Obſerve yon birds of prey; if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his bruſh he drags,
And ſweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoiſten'd hangs; ſymptoms too ſure
Of ſudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
To black deſpair. But one looſe more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafleſs elms return the joyous ſounds.
Through every homeſtall, and through every yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
Through every hole he ſneaks, through every jakes
Plunging he wades beſmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a ſuperior ſtench to loſe his own:
But, faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance cloſe purſue.
And now diſtreſs'd, no ſheltering covert near,

Into

Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood
With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead:
And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a short repast:
In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
Our native product. And his good old mate
With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.
Here must th' instructive Muse (but with respect)
Censure that numerous pack, that crowd of state,
With which the vain profusion of the great
Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
Pompous incumbrance! A magnificence
Useless, vexatious! For the wily fox,
Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage: slinks behind,
And slyly creeps through the same beaten track,
And hunts them step by step: then views, escap'd,
With inward extasy, the panting throng
In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud Eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world:

But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of choſen veterans; they preſs blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall
A ſmoking carnage ſcatter'd o'er the plain.
Nor hounds alone this noxious brood deſtroy:
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Deviſes to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal ſpoils. At cloſe of day,
With ſilence drags his trail; then from the ground
Pares thin the cloſe-graz'd turf, there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious ſprings
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beaſt unwarily ſhall preſs
The yielding ſurface. By th' indented ſteel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And ſtruggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,
When every art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has ſhar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But, if perchance
In the deep pitfall plung'd, there 's no eſcape;
But unreprieve'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,
The jeſt of clowns, his reeking carcaſs hangs.
Of theſe are various kinds; not ev'n the king
Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave:
But, by the wily African betray'd,
Heedleſs of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With bluſhes paints the dawn; and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd, retire

Into

Into their darkſom cells, there ſatiate ſnore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beaſts; the painful foreſter
Climbs the high hills, whoſe proud aſpiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Aſſail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footſteps in the ſand; the diſmal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands; and low into the ground
A pit they ſink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midſt a column high is rear'd,
The butt of ſome fair tree; upon whoſe top
A lamb is plac'd, juſt raviſh'd from his dam.
And next a wall they build, with ſtones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the ſhades
Of night hang lowering o'er the mountain's brow;
And hunger keen, and pungent thirſt of blood,
Rouze up the ſlothful beaſt, he ſhakes his ſides,
Slow-riſing from his lair, and ſtretches wide
His ravenous paws, with recent gore diſtain'd.
The foreſts tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to deſtroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The ſhepherd's care, and ſeeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat; himſelf, alas! deſign'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound
To ſeize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd

Into the deep abyſs. Proſtrate he lies
Aſtunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eye-balls flaſhing fire, thy length of tail,
That laſhes thy broad ſides, thy jaws beſmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy ſhaggy mane
The terror of the woods, thy ſtately port,
And bulk enormous, ſince by ſtratagem
Thy ſtrength is foil'd? Unequal is the ſtrife,
When ſovereign reaſon combats brutal rage.
On diſtant Ethiopia's ſun-burnt coaſts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a different kind, and different uſe.
With ſlender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles ſlight, they cloſe; o'er theſe is ſpread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
Smiling deluſive, and from ſtricteſt ſearch
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds ſurcharg'd; the downy peach,
The cluſtering vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey
Advances ſlow, beſprinkling all around
With kind refreſhing dews the thirſty glebe,
The ſtately elephant from the cloſe ſhade
With ſtep majeſtic ſtrides, eager to taſte
The cooler breeze, that from the ſea-beat ſhore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid ſtream
To lave his panting ſides; joyous he ſcents
The rich repaſt, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And ſoon he ſporting breaks

The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the treacherous turf
Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beaſt,
Self-ſinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, ſtruggling, heave
Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking ſubſide, and the thin ſurface yield,
Down ſinks at once the ponderous dome, ingulph'd
With all its towers. Subtle, deluſive man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy ſavage foes, a dull unthinking race!
Fierce from his lair, ſprings forth the ſpeckled pard,
Thirſting for blood, and eager to deſtroy;
The huntſman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not: at convenient diſtance fix'd,
A poliſh'd mirrour ſtops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots againſt ſpots with rage improving glow;
Another pard his briſtly whiſkers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Diſtends his opening paws; himſelf againſt
Himſelf oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntſman, now ſecure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed ſpear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival ſhade.
Thus man innumerous engines forms, t' aſſail
The ſavage kind; but moſt the docile horſe,
Swift and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whoſe aid

The

The hunter's arts are vain, unſkill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war.
But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind ſecure.
Him the fierce Arab mounts, and, with his troop
Of bold compeers, ranges the deſerts wild.
Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Steers his untrodden courſe; yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of ſand
Immerſt and loſt. While theſe intrepid bands,
Safe in their horſes ſpeed, out-fly the ſtorm,
And ſcouring round, make men and beaſts their prey.
The griſly boar is ſingled from his herd,
As large as that in Erimanthian woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide; and each in paſſing ſends
His feather'd death into his brawny ſides.
But perilous th' attempt. For if the ſteed
Haply too near approach; or the looſe earth
His footing fail; the watchful angry beaſt
Th' advantage ſpies; and at one ſidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And, plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding ſpurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Mean while the ſurly monſter trots along,
But with unequal ſpeed; for ſtill they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the ſpacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd ſides, the crimſon torrents roll

From

From many a gaping font. And now at laſt
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.
But whither roves my devious Muſe, intent
On antique tales? While yet the royal ſtag
Unſung remains. Tread with reſpectful awe
Windſor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful bard,
Charm'd once the liſtening Dryads, with his ſong
Sublimely ſweet. O! grant me, ſacred ſhade,
To glean ſubmiſs what thy full fickle leaves.
The morning ſun, that gilds with trembling rays
Windſor's high towers, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chace, nor views in all his courſe
A ſcene ſo gay: heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
The faireſt of this iſle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deſerts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd ſhades: in proud parade
Theſe ſhine magnificent, and preſs around
The royal happy pair. Great in themſelves,
They ſmile ſuperior; of external ſhow
Regardleſs, while their inbred virtues give
A luſtre to their power, and grace their court
With real ſplendors, far above the pomp
Of Eaſtern kings, in all their tinſel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As thoſe of old; unſkill'd to wield the ſword,
Or bend the bow, theſe kill with ſurer aim.
The royal offspring, faireſt of the fair,
Lead on the ſplendid train. Anna more bright

Than

Than ſummer ſuns, or as the lightning keen,
With irreſiſtible effulgence arm'd,
Fires every heart. He muſt be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the bluſhing dawn,
With ſweet engaging air, but equal power,
Inſenſibly ſubdues, and in ſoft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illuſtrious maids,
Ever triumphant! whoſe victorious charms,
Without the needleſs aid of high deſcent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords
To bow and ſue for grace. But who is he
Freſh as a roſe-bud newly blown, and fair
As opening lilies; on whom every eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, ſee,
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chace array'd?
Or Britain's ſecond hope? Hail, blooming youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in conſummate worth, you ſhine the pride
Of theſe our days, and to ſucceeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great ſultan wait, with eyes dejected
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no ſound is heard
Within the wide ſerail, but all is huſh'd,
And awful ſilence reigns; thus ſtand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,
While paſs the glittering court, and royal pair:
So diſciplin'd thoſe hounds, and ſo reſerv'd,
Whoſe honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.

But

But ſoon the winding horn, and huntſman's voice,
Let looſe the general chorus; far around
Joy ſpreads its wings, and the gay morning ſmiles.
Unharbour'd now the royal ſtag forſakes
His wonted lair; he ſhakes his dappled ſides,
And toſſes high his beamy head, the copſe
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling ſhifts
He tries! not more the wily hare; in theſe
Would ſtill perſiſt, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunter's chearing ſhouts
Float through the glades, and the wide foreſt rings.
How merrily they chant! their noſtrils deep
Inhale the grateful ſteam. Such is the cry,
And ſuch th' harmonious din, the ſoldier deems
The battle kindling, and the ſtateſman grave
Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each ſex,
In the wild tranſport joins; luxuriant joy,
And pleaſure in exceſs, ſparkling exult
On every brow, and revel unreſtrain'd.
How happy art thou, man, when thou 'rt no more
Thyſelf! when all the pangs that grind thy ſoul,
In rapture and in ſweet oblivion loſt,
Yield a ſhort interval and eaſe from pain!
See the ſwift courſer ſtrains, his ſhining hoofs
Securely beat the ſolid ground. Who now
The dangerous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown? or who the quivering bog
Soft-yielding to the ſtep? All now is plain,
Plain as the ſtrand ſea-lav'd, that ſtretches far

Beneath

Beneath the rocky ſhore. Glades croſſing glades
The foreſt opens to our wondering view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waſte the world; his the more glorious part
To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
Of war is huſh'd (as erſt victorious Rome)
T' employ his ſtation'd legions in the works
Of peace; to ſmooth the rugged wilderneſs,
To drain the ſtagnate fen, to raiſe the ſlope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature, with th' embelliſhments of art.
How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our iſland's boaſt and pride,
Puſh on the generous ſteed, that ſtrokes along
O'er rough, o'er ſmooth, nor heeds the ſteepy hill,
Nor faulters in th' extended vale below:
Their garments looſely waving in the wind,
And all the fluſh of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their ſides their penſive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious courſe; now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
O! grant, indulgent heaven, no riſing ſtorm
May darken with black wings this glorious ſcene!
Should ſome malignant power thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, ſuch as of old
Betray'd to lawleſs love the Tyrian queen.
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaſte as fair,
Spotleſs, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.

Now

Now the blown ſtag, through woods, bogs, roads, and
Has meaſur'd half the foreſt; but alas! [ſtreams
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Though far he caſt the lingering pack behind,
His haggard fancy ſtill with horror views
The fell deſtroyer; ſtill the fatal cry
Inſults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltleſs blood diſtain'd) ſtill ſeems to hear
The dying ſhrieks; and the pale threatening ghoſt
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, purſues.
See here his ſlot; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow a while, ſadly looks back
On his purſuers, covering all the plain;
But wrung with anguiſh, bears not long the ſight,
Shoots down the ſteep, and ſweats along the vale:
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whoſe claſhing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whoſe exalted power
Was ſtill rewarded with ſucceſsful love.
But the baſe herd have learn'd the ways of men,
Averſe they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chace him from thence: needleſs their impious deed,
The huntſman knows him by a thouſand marks,
Black, and imboſt; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well diſtinguiſh theſe, and never leave
Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
His ſcent, and ſtrong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled ſpeed
Skims o'er the lawn; ſtill the tenacious crew

Hang

Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And puſh him many a league. If haply then
Too far eſcap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are caſt, the huntſman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career; paſſive they ſtand,
Unmov'd, an humble, an obſequious crowd,
As if by ſtern Meduſa gaz'd to ſtones.
So at their general's voice whole armies halt
In full purſuit, and check their thirſt of blood,
Soon at the king's command, like haſty ſtreams
Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
With freſh-recruited might. The ſtag, who hop'd
His foes were loſt, now once more hears aſtunn'd
The dreadful din; he ſhivers every limb,
He ſtarts, he bounds; each buſh preſents a foe.
Preſs'd by the freſh relay, no pauſe allow'd,
Breathleſs, and faint, he faulters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that ſcarce
Suſtain their load: he pants, he ſobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppreſs'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye ſurprize him; ſoon he rears
Erect his towering front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-diſſembled vigour, to amuſe
The knowing foreſter; who inly ſmiles
At his weak ſhifts and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waſte their laſt remains,
Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow through the vales; the moving ſtorm

Thickens

Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
And horns shrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view
With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
What strength is left: to the last dregs of life
Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on every side
Hemm'd in, beseig'd; not the least opening left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.
Where shall he turn? or whither fly? Despair
Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
These groveling lie, those by his antlers gor'd
Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear, his front presents
An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd,
To dare some great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with eager violence:
Then takes the soil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant; down the mid-stream he wafts
Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding creek) close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet

Sure anchorage he finds, there ſkulks immers'd.
His noſe alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all elſe beneath the flood
Conceal'd, and loſt, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the ſtream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But ſparingly perſpire: the huntſman ſtrains
His labouring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:
At length a blood-hound bold, ſtudious to kill,
And exquiſite of ſenſe, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud opening ſpends amain, and his wide throat
Swells every note with joy; then fearleſs dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the ſtream,
Sorely diſtreſs'd, and ſtruggling ſtrives to mount
The ſteepy ſhore. Haply once more eſcap'd,
Again he ſtands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous tranſport fires the greedy pack;
Theſe ſwim the deep, and thoſe crawl up with pain
The ſlippery bank, while others on firm land
Engage; the ſtag repels each bold aſſault,
Maintains his poſt, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when ſome wily corſair boards a ſhip
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coaſts,
Or India's wealthy ſtrand, his bloody crew

Upon

Upon her deck he flings; theſe in the deep
Drop ſhort, and ſwim to reach her ſteepy ſides,
And clinging climb aloft; while thoſe on board
Urge on the work of fate; the maſter bold,
Preſs'd to his laſt retreat, bravely reſolves
To ſink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the ſtag: ſo he reſolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himſelf, his foes, in one deep gulph immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild diſorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe he groans diſtreſs'd,
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderneſs innate
Moves his great ſoul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the diſappointed, hungry pack,
Retire ſubmiſs, and grumbling quit their prey.
Great Prince! from thee, what may thy ſubjects hope;
So kind, and ſo beneficent to brutes?
O mercy, heavenly born! ſweet attribute!
Thou great, thou beſt prerogative of power!
Juſtice may guard the throne, but, join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it ſtands ſecure,
And braves the ſtorm beneath; ſoon as thy ſmiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves ſubſide,
And all the noiſy tumult ſinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the neceſſity of deſtroying ſome beaſts, and preſerving others for the uſe of man. Of breeding of hounds; the ſeaſon for this buſineſs. The choice of the dog, of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be reared. Of ſetting them out to their ſeveral walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too ſoon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at ſheep. Of the diſeaſes of hounds. Of their age. Of madneſs; two ſorts of it deſcribed, the dumb and outrageous madneſs: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill conſequences. The infectious hounds to be ſeparated, and fed apart. The vanity of truſting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The diſmal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, deſcribed. Deſcription of the otter hunting. The concluſion.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Diſſolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material maſs,
Are ever changing, ever new. The ſoul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Eſcapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.

Hence

Hence great the diſtance 'twixt the beaſts that periſh,
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subſervient to his will, and for him made.
As hurtful theſe he kills, as uſeful thoſe
Preſerves; their ſole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill, as erſt the Samian ſage
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachmans now
As vainly preach; the teeming ravenous brutes
Might fill the ſcanty ſpace of this terrene,
Incumbering all the globe: ſhould not his care
Improve his growing ſtock, their kinds might fail,
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And through the deſerts range, ſhivering, forlorn,
Quite deſtitute of every ſolace dear,
And every ſmiling gaiety of life.
The prudent huntſman therefore will ſupply
With annual large recruits, his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Freſh ſcions ſtill ſpring forth and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent-tree.
Far ſhall his pack be fam'd, far-ſought his breed,
And princes at their tables feaſt thoſe hounds
His hand preſents, an acceptable boon.
Ere yet the Sun through the bright Ram has urg'd
His ſteepy courſe, or mother Earth unbound
Her frozen boſom to the Weſtern gale;
When feather'd troops, their ſocial leagues diſſolv'd,
Select their mates, and on the leafleſs elm
The noiſy rook builds high her wicker neſt,

Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and friſking court
Their pyebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
Flaſh fires impure; nor reſt, nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In ſeparate cells
Confine them now, leſt bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful ſtate. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter; on Scamander's ſtreams
Heroes of old with far leſs fury fought,
For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy favourite hounds ſhall lie,
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel ſhall appear
A field of blood: like ſome unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while Diſcord ſhakes
Her bloody ſcourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death.
And ſtill the beſt belov'd, and braveſt fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawleſs love.
Huntſman! theſe ills by timely prudent care
Prevent: for every longing dame ſelect
Some happy paramour; to him alone
In leagues connubial join. Conſider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and firſt to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or tread the brake
With thorns ſharp-pointed, plaſh'd, and briars inwoven.
Obſerve with care his ſhape, ſort, colour, ſize.
Nor will ſagacious huntſmen leſs regard
His inward habits: the vain babbler ſhun,

Ever

Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
His fooliſh offspring ſhall offend thy ears
With falſe alarms, and loud impertinence.
Nor leſs the ſhifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illuſive from the pack; to the next hedge
Devious he ſtrays, there every muſe he tries:
If haply then he croſs the ſteaming ſcent,
Away he flies vain-glorious; and exults
As of the pack ſupreme, and in his ſpeed
And ſtrength unrival'd. Lo! caſt far behind
His vex'd aſſociates pant, and labouring ſtrain
To climb the ſteep aſcent. Soon as they reach
Th' inſulting boaſter, his falſe courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal nooſe,
His maſter's hate, and ſcorn of all the field.
What can from ſuch be hop'd, but a baſe brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With ſharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink;
Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd; ſhort pangs produce to light
The ſmoking litter, crawling helpleſs, blind,
Nature their guide, they ſeek the pouting teat
That plenteous ſtreams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleaſure view
The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All theſe
Select with joy; but to the mercileſs flood
Expoſe the dwindling refuſe, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,

Unwilling to deſtroy, a nurſe provide,
And to the foſter-parent give the care
Of thy ſuperfluous brood; ſhe 'll cheriſh kind
The alien offspring; pleas'd thou ſhalt behold
Her tenderneſs, and hoſpitable love.
If frolic now and playful they deſert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf
With nerves improv'd, purſue the mimic chace,
Courſing around; unto the choiceſt friends
Commit thy valued prize: the ruſtic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiſs
Careſs, and dignify their little charge
With ſome great title, and reſounding name
Of high import. But cautious here obſerve
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd younker, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies ſport: his nerves unſtrung,
And ſtrength unequal; the laborious chace
Shall ſtint his growth, and his raſh forward youth
Contract ſuch vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never ſhall reclaim.
When to full ſtrength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence ſhall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To ſtricter diſcipline. With theſe conſort
The ſtaunch and ſteady ſages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,

And

And ſubtle doublings of the various chace.
Eaſy the leſſon of the youthful train,
When inſtinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward younker at the head
Preſs boldly on in wanton ſportive mood,
Correct his haſte, and let him feel abaſh'd
The ruling whip. But if he ſtoop behind
In wary modeſt guiſe, to his own noſe
Confiding ſure; give him full ſcope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience, and his care; ſoon ſhalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the liſtening pack attend his call.
Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes obſerve
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay preſumptuous, or with eager haſte
Purſue them ſcatter'd o'er the verdant plain;
In the foul fact attach'd, to the ſtrong ram
Tie faſt the raſh offender. See! at firſt
His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground:
Then, with his load fatigu'd, ſhall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front inceſſant peal
The panting wretch; till, breathleſs and aſtunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then ſpare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding ſides
Laſh after laſh, and with thy threatening voice,
Harſh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner ſhall trembling doves

Eſcap'd

Eſcap'd the hawk's ſharp talons, in mid air,
Aſſail their dangerous foe, than he once more
Diſturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd; as curious artiſts bend
The taper pliant twig, or potters form
Their ſoft and ductile clay to various ſhapes.
Nor is 't enough to breed; but to preſerve,
Muſt be the huntſman's care. The ſtaunch old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, though but in number few,
Are yet of great account; ſhall oft untie
The Gordian knot, when reaſon at a ſtand
Puzzling is loſt, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaſter'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks diſtain'd
Rank-ſcenting, theſe muſt lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in ſenates who preſide,
With pleaded reaſon and with well-turn'd ſpeech,
Conduct the ſtaring multitude; ſo theſe
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boaſt diſcoveries not their own.
Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to death's dark cave.
Short is their ſpan; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus in old Homer's ſong
So highly honour'd: kind, ſagacious brute!
Not ev'n Minerva's wiſdom could conceal
Thy much-lov'd maſter from thy nicer ſenſe.
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd thoſe eyes, well pleas'd,

Of

Of leſſer ills the Muſe declines to ſing,
Nor ſtoops ſo low; of theſe each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O! what care,
What prudence, can prevent madneſs, the worſt
Of maladies? Terrific peſt! that blaſts
The huntſman's hopes, and deſolation ſpreads
Through all th' unpeopled kennel unreſtrain'd,
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;
Or that Apulian ſpider's poiſonous ſting,
Heal'd by the pleaſing antidote of ſounds.
When Sirius reigns, and the ſun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping ſurface, viſit thou
Each ev'n and morn, with quick obſervant eye,
Thy panting pack. If, in dark ſullen mood,
The glouting hound refuſe his wonted meal,
Retiring to ſome cloſe, obſcure retreat,
Gloomy, diſconſolate: with ſpeed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in ſtrong chains
Bind him ſuſpected. Thus that dire diſeaſe
Which art can't cure, wiſe caution may prevent.
But, this neglected, ſoon expect a change,
A diſmal change, confuſion, frenzy, death.
Or in ſome dark receſs the ſenſeleſs brute
Sits ſadly pining: deep melancholy,
And black deſpair, upon his clouded brow
Hang lowering; from his half-opening jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Diſtilling fall; and from his lungs inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition: his dim eyes are glaz'd,

He droops his penſive head, his trembling limbs
No more ſupport his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, ſpiritleſs, benumb'd; till death at laſt
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.
Or, if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful ſcene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury, like ſome angry boar
Churning he foams; and on his back erect
His pointed briſtles riſe; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harſh broken howlings rends
The poiſon-tainted air, with rough hoarſe voice
Inceſſant bays; and ſnuffs th' infectious breeze;
This way and that he ſtares aghaſt, and ſtarts
At his own ſhade: jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply towards the ſtream
He caſt his roving eye, cold horror chills
His ſoul; averſe he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the kennel's utmoſt verge
Raving he runs, and deals deſtruction round.
The pack fly diverſe; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.
If now perchance through the weak fence eſcap'd,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze; nor man, nor beaſt,
He ſpares implacable. The hunter-horſe,
Once kind aſſociate of his ſylvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and liſtening hears with joy
The chearing cry, that morn and eve ſalutes
His raptur'd ſenſe) a wretched victim falls.

Unhappy

Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond maſter with his voice applaud
Thy gentleneſs, thy ſpeed; or with his hand
Stroke thy ſoft dappled ſides, as he each day
Viſits thy ſtall, well pleas'd; no more ſhalt thou
With ſprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud opening pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart. For oh! the ſecret wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the ground, and dies!
Hence to the village with pernicious haſte
Baleful he bends his courſe: the village flies
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs cloſe the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,
And flying curs by native inſtinct taught
Shun the contagious bane; the ruſtic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia ſeize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
From every quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild diſorder, and uncouth array:
Till, now with wounds on wounds oppreſs'd and gor'd,
At one ſhort poiſonous gaſp he breathes his laſt.
Hence to the kennel, Muſe, return, and view
With heavy heart that hoſpital of woe;
Where Horror ſtalks at large! inſatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his prey: each hour preſents
A different ſcene of ruin and diſtreſs.
How buſy art thou, Fate! and how ſevere
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiſcuous lie; o'er theſe the living fight
In one eternal broil; not conſcious why,

Nor

So (as old Homer ſung) th' aſſociates wild
Of wandering Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To ſwine transform'd, ran gruntling through the groves,
Dreadful example to a wicked world!
See there diſtreſs'd he lies! parch'd up with thirſt,
But dares not drink. Till now at laſt his ſoul
Trembling eſcapes, her noiſome dungeon leaves,
And to ſome purer region wings away.
One labour yet remains, celeſtial Maid!
Another element demands thy ſong.
No more o'er craggy ſteep, through coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack:
But ſkim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding ſtreams amid the flowery meads
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat
Of the bright ſcaly kind; where they at will
On the green watery reed their paſture graze,
Suck the moiſt ſoil, or ſlumber at their eaſe,
Rock'd by the reſtleſs brook, that draws aſlope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppreſſion? Where, alas!
Is innocence ſecure? Rapine and ſpoil
Haunt ev'n the loweſt deeps; ſeas have their ſharks,
Rivers and ponds incloſe the ravenous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
Th' amphibious otter feaſts. Juſt is his fate
Deſerv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor ſpears,

That

That briſtle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burniſh'd mail
The yellow carp, nor all his arts can ſave
Th' inſinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the ſlimy mud; nor yet eſcapes
The crimſon-ſpotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the ſtream. Without remorſe,
This midnight pillager, ranging around,
Inſatiate ſwallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntſman's early call, and ſees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.
This ſubtle ſpoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders ſhade
The deep ſtill pool; within ſome hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch: whence he ſurveys
His long purlieu, lord of the ſtream, and all
The finny ſhoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Diſpute the felon's claim; try every root,
And every reedy bank; encourage all
The buſy-ſpreading pack, that fearleſs plunge
Into the flood, and croſs the rapid ſtream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each reſounding ſhore,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raiſe
Each chearing voice, till diſtant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the ſoft ſand
See there his ſeal impreſs'd! and on that bank
Behold the glittering ſpoils, half-eaten fiſh,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feaſt.

Ah! on that yielding ſag-bed, ſee once more
His ſeal I view. O'er yon dank ruſhy marſh
The fly gooſe-footed prowler bends his courſe,
And ſeeks the diſtant ſhallows. Huntſman, bring
Thy eager pack; and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.
Ye Naiads fair, who o'er theſe floods preſide,
Raiſe up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
Float with the ſtream; and every winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant; ſtill improve from ſhore to ſhore
Our ſweet reiterated joys. What ſhouts!
What clamour loud! What gay heart-chearing ſounds
Urge through the breathing braſs their mazy way!
Nor quires of Tritons glad with ſprightlier ſtrains
The dancing billows! when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They ſnuff the fiſhy ſteam, that to each blade
Rank-ſcenting clings! See! how the morning dews
They ſweep, that from their feet beſprinkling drop
Diſpers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or through reedy pools
Ruſtling they work their way: no hole eſcapes
Their curious ſearch. With quick ſenſation now
The fuming vapour ſtings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled burſts from every mouth
In louder ſymphonies. Yon hollow trunk,

That

That with its hoary head incurv'd ſalutes
The paſſing wave, muſt be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How theſe impatient climb,
While others at the root inceſſant bay!
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' aſcending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the ſheltering deeps. Ah! there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended ſpears
Menace deſtruction: while the troubled ſurge
Indignant foams, and all the ſcaly kind,
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has ſeiz'd him; down they ſink
Together loſt: but ſoon ſhall he repent
His raſh aſſault. See there eſcap'd, he flies
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the ſlippery bank
With ouze and blood diſtain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long uſe,
This artful diver beſt can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long; but reſpiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That ſpear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimſon waves confeſs the wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome gueſt,
Wheree'er he flies; with him it ſinks beneath,
With him it mounts; ſure guide to every foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound

Bear the cold ſtream. Lo! to yon ſedgy bank
He creeps diſconſolate: his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds, and men. Pierc'd through and through,
On pointed ſpears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
Bid the loud horns, in gayly-warbling ſtrains,
Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.
Rejoice, ye ſcaly tribes, and leaping dance
Above the wave, in ſign of liberty
Reſtor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice ſecure and bleſs'd; did not as yet
Remain, ſome of your own rapacious kind;
And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.
O happy! if ye knew your happy ſtate,
Ye rangers of the fields; whom Nature boon
Chears with her ſmiles, and every element
Conſpires to bleſs. What, if no heroes frown
From marble pedeſtals; nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet theſe the meaneſt of us may behold;
And at another's coſt may feaſt at will
Our wondering eyes; what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth, not grac'd with power.
The flowery landſkip, and the gilded dome,
And viſtas opening to the wearied eye,
Through all his wide domain; the planted grove,
The ſhrubby wilderneſs, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to ſoft repoſe
Th' ambitious wretch, whoſe diſcontented ſoul
Is harrow'd day and night; he mourns, he pines,

Until

Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes!
The circle 's form'd, and all his fawning ſlaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from every mouth
The nauſeous flattery flows, which he returns
With promiſes that die as ſoon as born.
Vile intercourſe! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch; all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcaſt, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To ſoothe his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled.
For, though they baſk'd in his meridian ray,
The inſects vaniſh, as his beams decline.
Not ſuch our friends; for here no dark deſign,
No wicked intereſt, bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our boſom leads,
And weds them there for life; our ſocial cups
Smile, as we ſmile; open, and unreſerv'd,
We ſpeak our inmoſt ſouls; good-humour, mirth,
Soft complaiſance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth every brow, and glow on every cheek.
O happineſs ſincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of power, or walk
Upon the ſlippery pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and ſecure?
Ye guardian powers who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wiſe Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each myſterious cauſe, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and ſubmiſs adore
That great creative Will, who at a word

Spoke forth the wondrous ſcene. But if my ſoul
To this groſs clay confin'd flutters on earth
With leſs ambitious wing; unſkill'd to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way;
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds; ſubſervient to his voice,
Who, veil'd in clouded Majeſty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great ſyſtem move,
And changeful ſeaſons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himſelf: yet this at leaſt
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and ſerene, nor loſt in falſe purſuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raiſe
My drooping friends, preventing modeſt Want
That dares not aſk. And if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and ſtreams,
Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my chearing voice, my hounds ſhall wake
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

HOBBINOL,

OR THE

RURAL GAMES.

A

BURLESQUE POEM.

IN BLANK VERSE.

"Nec ſum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
"Quàm ſit, et anguſtis hunc addere rebus honorem.
"Sed me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
"Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, quà nulla priorum
"Caſtaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo."

VIRG. Georg. lib. iii.

in his note upon this

; ſive receptus

has this general re-
ɔbles qu' Horace en-
rendre plus plaiſante

."—
licule que le *grand.*"
himſelf alone, who
ing, when he muſt
purpoſe, only to raiſe
a more agreeable en-
ve a merry tale ſo
h a grave and ſerious
ably ſurpriſed, and
d. Whereas he, who
affected grimace and
part very well indeed
he has raiſed. It i
it was difficult tha

is ea vincere magnu
dere rebus honorem
nt in another place,
n gloria, ſi quem
que vocatus Apollo.
ion, and adds, that
ed by writing in bla
ve

TO

Mr. HOGARTH.

PERMIT me, Sir, to make choice of you for my Patron, being the greateſt maſter in the burleſque way. In this indeed you have ſome advantage of your poetical brethren, that you paint to the eye; yet remember, Sir, that we give ſpeech and motion, and a greater variety to our figures. Your province is the Town; leave me a ſmall outride in the Country, and I ſhall be content. In this, at leaſt, let us both agree, to make vice and folly the object of our ridicule; and we cannot fail to be of ſome ſervice to mankind. I am,

SIR,

Your admirer, and

Moſt humble ſervant,

W. S.

PREFACE.

NOTHING is more common than for us poor bards, when we have acquired a little reputation, to print ourſelves into diſgrace. We climb the Aonian mount with difficulty and toil; we receive the bays for which we languiſhed; till, graſping ſtill at more, we loſe our hold, and fall at once to the bottom.

The Author of this piece would not thus be *felo de ſe*, nor would he be murdered by perſons unknown. But as he is ſatisfied, that there are many imperfect copies of this trifle diſperſed abroad, and as he is credibly informed, that he ſhall ſoon be expoſed to view in ſuch an attitude, as he would not care to appear in; he thinks it moſt prudent in this deſperate caſe to throw himſelf on the mercy of the publick; and offer this whimſical work a voluntary ſacrifice, in hope that he ſtands a better chance for their indulgence, now it has received his laſt hand, than when curtailed and mangled by others.

The Poets of almoſt all nations have celebrated the games of their ſeveral countries. Homer began, and all the mimic tribe followed the example of that great father of poetry. Even our own Milton, who laid his ſcene beyond the limits of this ſublunary world, has found room for deſcriptions of this ſort, and has performed it in a more ſublime manner than any who went before

before him. His, indeed, are ſports; but they are the ſports of angels. This gentleman has endeavoured to do juſtice to his countrymen, the Britiſh freeholders, who, when dreſſed in their holiday clothes, are by no means perſons of a deſpicable figure; but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greateſt hero in the Iliad. There is alſo ſome uſe in deſcriptions of this nature, ſince nothing gives us a clearer idea of the genius of a nation, than their ſports and diverſions. If we ſee people dancing, even in wooden ſhoes, and a fiddle always at their heels, we are ſoon convinced of the levity and volatile ſpirit of thoſe merry ſlaves. The famous bull-feaſts are an evident token of the Quixotiſm and romantic taſte of the Spaniards. And a country-wake is too ſad an image of the infirmities of our own people: we ſee nothing but broken heads, bottles flying about, tables overturned, outrageous drunkenneſs, and eternal ſquabble:

Thus much of the ſubject; it may not be improper to touch a little upon the ſtyle. One of the greateſt poets and moſt candid critics of this age has informed us that there are two ſorts of burleſque. Be pleaſed to take it in his own words, Spectator, Numb. 242. "Burleſque (ſays he) is of two kinds. The firſt re-"preſents mean perſons in the accoutrements of heroes; "the other, great perſons acting and ſpeaking like the "baſeſt among the people. Don Quixote is an in-"ſtance of the firſt, and Lucian's Gods of the ſecond. "It is a diſpute among the critics, whether burleſque "runs beſt in heroic, like the Diſpenſary; or in dog-

"grel,

" grel, like that of Hudibras. I think, where the low " character is to be raiſed, the heroic is the moſt pro- " per meaſure; but when an hero is to be pulled down " and degraded, it is beſt done in doggrel." Thus far Mr. Addiſon. If therefore the heroic is the proper meaſure where the low character is to be raiſed, Milton's ſtyle muſt be very proper in the ſubject here treated of; becauſe it raiſes the low character more than is poſſible to be done under the reſtraint of rhyme; and the ridicule chiefly conſiſts in raiſing that low character. I beg leave to refer to the authority of Mr. Smith, in his poem upon the death of Mr. John Philips. The whole paſſage is ſo very fine, and gives ſo clear an idea of his manner of writing, that the Reader will not think his labour loſt in running it over.

But here it may be objected, that this manner of writing contradicts the rule in Horace:

" Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult."

Monſieur Boileau, in his diſſertation upon the Jocondę of de la Fontaine, quotes this paſſage in Horace, and obſerves, " Que comme il n'y a rien de plus froid, " que de conter une choſe grande en ſtile bas, auſſi n'y " a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une hiſtoire " comique et abſurde en termes graves et ſerieux." But then he juſtly adds this exception to the general rule in Horace; " à moins que ce ſerieux ne ſoit af- " fecté tout exprès pour rendre la choſe encore plus " burleſque." If the obſervation of that celebrated critic, Monſieur Dacier, is true, Horace himſelf, in the ſame Epiſtle to the Piſo's, and not far diſtant from the rule here mentioned, has aimed to improve the bur-

leſque

leſque by the help of the ſublime, in his note upon this verſe:

" Debemur morti nos noſtraque; ſive receptus
" Terrâ Neptunus"—

And upon the five following verſes has this general remark: " Toutes ces expreſſions nobles qu' Horace en-
" taſſe dans ces ſix vers ſervent a rendre plus plaiſante
" cette chute:

" Ne dum verborum ſtet honos."—

" Car rien ne contribue tant au *ridicule* que le *grand*." He indeed would be ſevere upon himſelf alone, who ſhould cenſure this way of writing, when he muſt plainly ſee, that it is affected on purpoſe, only to raiſe the ridicule, and give the reader a more agreeable entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry tale ſo much, as its being delivered with a grave and ſerious air. Our imaginations are agreeably ſurpriſed, and fond of a pleaſure ſo little expected. Whereas he, who would beſpeak our laughter by an affected grimace and ridiculous geſtures, muſt play his part very well indeed, or he will fall ſhort of the idea he has raiſed. It is true, Virgil was very ſenſible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean ſubject:

" Nec ſum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
" Quam ſit, et anguſtis hunc addere rebus honorem."

But tells us for our encouragement in another place,

" In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, ſi quem
" Numina læva ſinunt; auditque vocatus Apollo."

Mr. Addiſon is of the ſame opinion, and adds, that the difficulty is very much increaſed by writing in blank verſe,

With eager joy receiv'd the pleaſing tale.
O thou *! who late on Vaga's flowery banks
Slumbering ſecure, with Stirom † well bedew'd,
Fallacious caſk, in ſacred dreams were taught
By antient ſeers, and Merlin prophet old,
To raiſe ignoble themes with ſtrains ſublime,
Be thou my guide; while I thy track purſue
With wing unequal, through the wide expanſe
Adventurous range, and emulate thy flights.
In that rich vale ‡, where with Dobunian § fields
Cornavian ‖ borders meet, far fam'd of old
For Montfort's §§ hapleſs fate, undaunted earl;
Where from her fruitful urn Avona pours
Her kindly torrent on the thirſty glebe,
And pillages the hills t'enrich the plains;
On whoſe luxuriant banks flowers of all hues
Start up ſpontaneous; and the teeming ſoil
With haſty ſhoots prevents its owner's prayer:
The pamper'd wanton ſteer, of the ſharp axe
Regardleſs, that o'er his devoted head
Hangs menacing, crops his delicious bane,
Nor knows the price is life; with envious eye
His labouring yoke-fellow beholds his plight,
And deems him bleſt, while on his languid neck
In ſolemn ſloth he tugs the lingering plough.

* Mr. John Philips. † Strong Herefordſhire Cyder.
‡ Vale of Eveſham. § Glocesterſhire.
‖ Worceſterſhire.
§§ Simon de Montfort, killed at the battle of Eveſham.

So

So blind are mortals, of each other's ſtate
Mis-judging, ſelf-deceiv'd. Here as ſupreme
Stern Hobbinol in rural plenty reigns
O'er wide-extended fields, his large domain.
Th' obſequious villagers, with looks ſubmiſs
Obſervant of his eye, or when with ſeed
T' impregnate Earth's fat womb, or when to bring
With clamorous joy the bearded harveſt home.
  Here, when the diſtant ſun lengthens the nights,
When the keen froſts the ſhivering farmer warn
To broach his mellow caſk, and frequent blaſts
Inſtruct the crackling billets how to blaze,
In his warm wicker-chair, whoſe pliant twigs
In cloſe embraces join'd, with ſpacious arch
Vault this thick-woven roof, the bloated churl
Loiters in ſtate, each arm reclin'd is prop'd
With yielding pillows of the ſofteſt down.
In mind compos'd, from ſhort coeval tube
He ſucks the vapours bland, thick curling clouds
Of ſmoke around his reeking temples play;
Joyous he ſits, and impotent of thought
Puffs away care and ſorrow from his heart.
How vain the pomp of kings! Look down, ye great,
And view with envious eye the downy neſt,
Where ſoft Repoſe, and calm Contentment dwell,
Unbrib'd by wealth, and unreſtrain'd by power.
  One ſon alone had bleſt his bridal bed,
Whom good Caliſta bore, nor long ſurviv'd
To ſhare a mother's joy, but left the babe
To his paternal care. An orphan niece

Near the ſame time his dying brother ſent,
To claim his kind ſupport. The helpleſs pair
In the ſame cradle ſlept, nurs'd up with care
By the ſame tender hand, on the ſame breaſts
Alternate hung with joy; till reaſon dawn'd,
And a new light broke out by ſlow degrees:
Then on the floor the pretty wantons play'd,
Gladding the farmer's heart with growing hopes,
And pleaſures erſt unfelt. Whene'er with cares
Oppreſs'd, when wearied, or alone he doz'd,
Their harmleſs prattle ſooth'd his troubled ſoul.
Say, Hobbinol, what extaſies of joy
Thrill'd through thy veins, when climbing for a kiſs
With little palms they ſtrok'd thy grizly beard,
Or round thy wicker whirl'd their rattling cars?
Thus from their earlieſt days bred up, and train'd,
To mutual fondneſs, with their ſtature grew
The thriving paſſion. What love can decay
That roots ſo deep! Now ripening manhood curl'd
On the gay ſtripling's chin: her panting breaſts,
And trembling bluſhes glowing on her cheeks,
Her ſecret wiſh betray'd. She at each mart
All eyes attracted; but her faithful ſhade,
Young Hobbinol, ne'er wander'd from her ſide.
A frown from him daſh'd every rival's hopes.
For he, like Peleus' ſon, was prone to rage,
Inexorable, ſwift like him of foot
With eaſe could overtake his daſtard foe,
Nor ſpar'd the ſuppliant wretch. And now approach'd
Thoſe merry days, when all the nymphs and ſwains,

In

In ſolemn feſtivals and rural ſports,
Pay their glad homage to the blooming ſpring.
Young Hobbinol by joint conſent is rais'd
T' imperial dignity, and in his hand
Bright Ganderetta tripp'd the jovial queen
Of Maia's gaudy month profuſe of flowers.
From each enamel'd mead th' attendant nymphs
Loaded with odorous ſpoils, from theſe ſelect
Each flower of gorgeous dye, and garlands weave
Of party-colour'd ſweets; each buſy hand
Adorns the jocund queen: in her looſe hair,
That to the winds in wanton ringlets plays,
The tufted Cowſlips breathe their faint perfumes.
On her refulgent brow, as cryſtal clear,
As Parian marble ſmooth, Narciſſus hangs
His drooping head, and views his image there,
Unhappy flower! Panſies of various hue,
Iris, and Hyacinth, and Aſphodel,
To deck the nymph, their richeſt liveries wear,
And laviſh all their pride. Not Flora's ſelf
More lovely ſmiles, when to the dawning year
Her opening boſom heavenly fragrance breathes.
See on yon verdant lawn, the gathering crowd
Thickens amain; the buxom nymphs advance
Uſher'd by jolly clowns: diſtinctions ceaſe
Loſt in the common joy, and the bold ſlave
Leans on his wealthy maſter, unreprov'd:
The ſick no pains can feel, no wants the poor.
Round his fond mother's neck the ſmiling babe
Exulting clings; hard by decrepit age,

Prop'd on his ſtaff with anxious thought revolves
His pleaſures paſt, and caſts his grave remarks
Among the heedleſs throng. The vigorous youth
Strips for the combat, hopeful to ſubdue
The fair-one's long diſdain, by valour now
Glad to convince her coy erroneous heart,
And prove his merit equal to her charms.
Soft pity pleads his cauſe; bluſhing ſhe views
His brawny limbs, and his undaunted eye,
That looks a proud defiance on his foes.
Reſolv'd and obſtinately firm he ſtands;
Danger nor death he fears, while the rich prize
Is victory and love. On the large bough
Of a thick-ſpreading elm Twangdillo ſits:
One leg on Iſter's banks the hardy ſwain
Left undiſmay'd, Bellona's lightning ſcorch'd
His manly viſage, but in pity left
One eye ſecure. He many a painful bruiſe
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping wound,
For brown Kate's ſake, and for his country's weal:
Yet ſtill the merry bard without regret
Bears his own ills, and with his ſounding ſhell,
And comic phyz, relieves his drooping friends.
Hark, from aloft his tortur'd cat-gut ſqueals,
He tickles every ſtring, to every note
He bends his pliant neck, his ſingle eye
Twinkles with joy, his active ſtump beats time:
Let but this ſubtle artiſt ſoftly touch
The trembling chords, the faint expiring ſwain
Trembles no leſs, and the fond yielding maid

Is

Is tweedled into love. See with what pomp
The gaudy bands advance in trim array!
Love beats in every vein, from every eye
Darts his contagious flames. They frisk, they bound
Now to brisk airs, and to the speaking strings:
Attentive, in mid-way the sexes meet;
Joyous their adverse fronts they close, and press
To strict embrace, as resolute to force
And storm a passage to each other's heart:
Till by the varying notes forewarn'd back they
Recoil disparted: each with longing eyes
Pursues his mate retiring, till again
The blended sexes mix; then hand in hand
Fast lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
In mazes intricate. The jocund troop,
Pleas'd with their grateful toil, incessant shake
Their uncouth brawny limbs, and knock their heels
Sonorous; down each brow the trickling balm
In torrents flows, exhaling sweets refresh
The gazing crowd, and heavenly fragrance fills
The circuit wide. So danc'd in days of yore,
When Orpheus play'd a lesson to the brutes,
The listening savages; the speckled pard
Dandled the kid, and with the bounding roe
The lion gambol'd. But what heavenly Muse
With equal lays shall Ganderetta sing,
When goddess-like she skims the verdant plain,
Gracefully gliding? Every ravish'd eye
The nymph attracts, and every heart she wounds.
Thee most, transported Hobbinol! Lo, now,

Now to thy opening arms ſhe ſkuds along,
With yielding bluſhes glowing on her cheeks;
And eyes that ſweetly languiſh; but too ſoon,
Too ſoon, alas! ſhe flies thy vain embrace,
But flies to be purſued; nimbly ſhe trips,
And darts a glance ſo tender as ſhe turns,
That with new hopes reliev'd, thy joys revive,
Thy ſtature's rais'd, and thou art more than man.
Thy ſtately port, and more majeſtic air,
And every ſprightly motion ſpeaks thy love.
  To the loud bag-pipe's ſolemn voice attend,
Whoſe riſing winds proclaim a ſtorm is nigh.
Harmonious blaſts! that warm the frozen blood
Of Caledonia's ſons to love or war,
And chear their drooping hearts, robb'd of the ſun's
Enlivening ray, that o'er the ſnowy Alps
Reluctant peeps, and ſpeeds to better climes.
  Forthwith in hoary majeſty appears
One of gigantic ſize, but viſage wan,
Milonides the ſtrong, renown'd of old
For feats of arms, but, bending now with years,
His trunk unwieldy from the verdant turf
He rears deliberate, and with his plant
Of toughest virgin oak in riſing aids
His trembling limbs; his bald and wrinkled front,
Entrench'd with many a glorious ſcar, beſpeaks
Submiſſive reverence. He with countenance grim
Boaſts his paſt deeds, and with redoubled ſtrokes
Marſhals the crowd, and forms the circle wide.
Stern arbiter! like ſome huge rock he ſtands,

That

That breaks th' incumbent waves; they thronging preſs
In troops confus'd, and rear their foaming heads
Each above each, but from ſuperior force
Shrinking repell'd, compoſe of ſtateſieſt view
A liquid theatre. With hands uplift,
And voice Stentorian, he proclaims aloud
Each rural prize. "To him whoſe active foot
"Foils his bold foe, and rivets him to earth,
"This pair of gloves, by curious virgin hands
"Embroider'd, ſeam'd with ſilk, and fring'd with gold.
"To him, who beſt the ſtubborn hilts can wield,
"And bloody marks of his diſpleaſure leave
"On his opponent's head, this beaver white
"With ſilver edging grac'd, and ſcarlet plume.
"Ye taper maidens! whoſe impetuous ſpeed
"Outflies the roe, nor bends the tender graſs,
"See here this prize, this rich lac'd ſmock behold,
"White as your boſoms, as your kiſſes ſoft.
"Bleſt nymph! whom bounteous Heaven's peculiar grace
"Allots this pompous veſt, and worthy deems
"To win a virgin, and to wear a bride."
The gifts refulgent dazzle all the crowd,
In ſpeechleſs admiration fix'd, unmov'd.
Ev'n he who now each glorious palm diſplays,
In ſullen ſilence views his batter'd limbs,
And ſighs his vigour ſpent. Not ſo appall'd
Young Paſtorel, for active ſtrength renown'd:
Him Ida bore, a mountain ſhepherdeſs;
On the bleak woald the new-born infant lay,
Expos'd to winter ſnows, and northern blaſts

Severe. As heroes old, who from great Jove
Derive their proud deſcent, ſo might he boaſt
His line paternal: but be thou, my Muſe!
No leaky blab, nor painful umbrage give
To wealthy 'ſquire, or doughty knight, or peer
Of high degree. Him every ſhouting ring
In triumph crown'd, him every champion fear'd,
From * Kiftſgate to remoteſt * Henbury.
High in the midſt the brawny wreſtler ſtands,
A ſtately towering object; the tough belt
Meaſures his ample breaſt, and ſhades around
His ſhoulders broad; proudly ſecure he kens
The tempting prize, in his preſumptuous thought
Already gain'd; with partial look the crowd
Approve his claim. But Hobbinol, enrag'd
To ſee th' important gifts ſo cheaply won,
And uncontefted honours tamely loſt,
With lowly reverence thus accoſts his queen.
" Fair goddeſs! be propitious to my vows;
" Smile on thy ſlave, nor Hercules himſelf
" Shall rob us of this palm: that boaſter vain
" Far other port ſhall learn." She, with a look
That pierc'd his inmoſt ſoul, ſmiling applauds
His generous ardour, with aſpiring hope
Diſtends his breaſt, and ſtirs the man within:
Yet much, alas! ſhe fears, for much ſhe loves.
So from her arms the Paphian queen diſmiſs'd
The warrior god, on glorious ſlaughter bent,

* Two hundreds in Gloceſterſhire.

Provok'd

Provok'd his rage, and with her eyes inflam'd
Her haughty paramour. Swift as the winds
Diſpel the fleeting miſts, at once he ſtrips
His royal robes; and with a frown that chill'd
The blood of the proud youth, active he bounds
High o'er the heads of multitudes reclin'd:
But, as beſeem'd one, whoſe plain honeſt heart,
Nor paſſion foul, nor malice dark as Hell,
But honour pure, and love divine, had fir'd,
His hand preſenting, on his ſturdy foe
Diſdainfully he ſmiles; then, quick as thought,
With his left-hand the belt, and with his right
His ſhoulder ſeiz'd faſt griping; his right-foot
Eſſay'd the champion's ſtrength: but firm he ſtood,
Fix'd as a mountain-aſh, and in his turn
Repaid the bold affront; his horny fiſt
Faſt on his back he clos'd, and ſhook in air
The cumberous load. Nor reſt, nor pauſe allow'd,
Their watchful eyes inſtruct their buſy feet;
They pant, they heave; each nerve, each ſinew's ſtrain'd,
Graſping they cloſe, beneath each painful gripe
The livid tumours riſe, in briny ſtreams
The ſweat diſtils, and from their batter'd ſhins
The clotted gore diſtains the beaten ground.
Each ſwain his wiſh, each trembling nymph conceals
Her ſecret dread; while every panting breaſt
Alternate fears and hopes depreſs or raiſe.
Thus long in dubious ſcale the conteſt hung,
Till Paſtorel, impatient of delay,
Collecting all his force, a furious ſtroke

At

At his left ancle aim'd; 'twas death to fall,
To ſtand impoſſible. O Ganderetta!
What horrors ſeize thy ſoul! on thy pale cheeks
The roſes fade. But wavering long in air,
Nor firm on foot, nor as yet wholly fallen,
On his right knee he ſlip'd, and nimbly 'ſcap'd
The foul diſgrace. Thus on the ſlacken'd rope
The wingy-footed artiſt, frail ſupport!
Stands tottering; now in dreadful ſhrieks the crowd
Lament his ſudden fate, and yield him loſt:
He on his hams, or on his brawny rump,
Sliding ſecure, derides their vain diſtreſs.
Up ſtarts the vigorous Hóbbinol undiſmay'd,
From mother Earth like old Antæus rais'd
With might redoubled. Clamour and applauſe
Shake all the neighbouring hills, Avona's banks
Return him loud acclaim: with ardent eyes,
Fierce as a tiger ruſhing from his lair,
He graſp'd the wriſt of his inſulting foe.
Then with quick wheel oblique his ſhoulder point
Beneath his breaſt he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft
High o'er his head the ſprawling youth he flung:
The hollow ground rebellow'd as he fell.
The crowd preſs forward with tumultuous din;
Thoſe to relieve their faint expiring friend,
With gratulations theſe. Hands, tongues, and caps,
Outrageous joy proclaim, ſhrill fiddles ſqueak,
Hoarſe bag-pipes roar, and Ganderetta ſmiles.

CANTO

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fray. Tonſorio, Colin, Hilderbrand, Cuddy, Cíndaraxa, Talgol, Avaro, Cubbin, Collakin, Mundungo. Sir Rhadamanth the juſtice, attended with his guards, comes to quell the fray. Rhadamanth's ſpeech. Tumult appeas'd. Gorgonius the butcher takes up the hilts; his character. The Kiftſgatians conſternation, look wiſtfully on Hobbinol; his ſpeech. The cudgel-playing. Gorgonius knock'd down, falls upon Twangdillo; his diſtreſs; his lamentation over his broken fiddle.

LONG while an univerſal hubbub loud,
Deafening each ear, had drown'd each accent mild;
Till biting taunts and harſh opprobrious words
Vile utterance found. How weak are human minds!
How impotent to ſtem the ſwelling tide,
And without inſolence enjoy ſucceſs!
The vale-inhabitants, proud, and elate
With victory, know no reſtraint, but give
A looſe to joy. Their champion Hobbinol
Vaunting they raiſe, above that earth-born race
Of giants old, who, piling hills on hills,
Pelion on Oſſa, with rebellious aim
Made war on Jove. The ſturdy mountaineers,

Who

Who ſaw their mightieſt fall'n, and in his fall
Their honours paſt impair'd, their trophies, won
By their proud fathers, who with ſcorn look'd down
Upon the ſubject vale, ſullied, deſpoil'd,
And level'd with the duſt, no longer bear
The keen reproach. But as when ſudden fire
Seizes the ripen'd grain, whoſe bending ears
Invite the reaper's hand, the furious god
In ſooty triumph dreadful rides, upborn
On wings of wind, that with deſtructive breath
Feed the fierce flames; from ridge to ridge he bounds
Wide-waſting, and pernicious ruin ſpreads:
So through the crowd from breaſt to breaſt ſwift flew
The propagated rage; loud vollied oaths,
Like thunder burſting from a cloud, gave ſigns
Of wrath awak'd. Prompt fury ſoon ſupplied
With arms uncouth; and tough well-ſeaſon'd plants
Weighty with lead infus'd, on either hoſt
Fall thick, and heavy; ſtools in pieces rent,
And chairs, and forms, and batter'd bowls, are hurl'd
With fell intent; like bombs the bottles fly
Hiſſing in air, their ſharp-edg'd fragments drench'd
In the warm ſpouting gore; heaps driven on heaps
Promiſcuous lie. Tonſorio now advanc'd
On the rough edge of battle: his broad front
Beneath his ſhining helm ſecure, as erſt
Was thine, Mambrino, ſtout Iberian knight!
Defied the rattling ſtorm, that on his head
Fell innocent. A table's ragged frame
In his right-hand he bore, Herculean club!

Crowds,

Crowds, puſh'd on crowds, before his potent arm
Fled ignominious; havock, and diſmay,
Hung on their rear. Collin a merry ſwain,
Blithe as the ſoaring lark, as ſweet the ſtrains
Of his ſoft-warbling lips, that whiſtling chear
His labouring team, they toſs their heads well pleas'd,
In gaudy plumage deck'd, with ſtern diſdain
Beheld this victor proud; his generous ſoul
Brook'd not the foul diſgrace. High o'er his head
His ponderous plough-ſtaff in both hands he rais'd;
Erect he ſtood, and ſtretching every nerve,
As from a forceful engine, down it fell
Upon his hollow'd helm, that yielding ſunk
Beneath the blow, and with its ſharpen'd edge
Shear'd both his ears, they on his ſhoulders broad
Hung ragged. Quick as thought, the vigorous youth
Shortening his ſtaff, the other end he darts
Into his gaping jaws. Tonſorio fled
Sore maim'd; with pounded teeth and clotted gore
Half-choak'd, he fled; with him the hoſt retir'd,
Companions of his ſhame; all but the ſtout,
And erſt unconquer'd Hildebrand, brave man!
Bold champion of the hills! thy weighty blows
Our fathers felt diſmay'd; to keep thy poſt
Unmov'd, whilom thy valour's choice, now ſad
Neceſſity compels; decrepit now
With age, and ſtiff with honourable wounds,
He ſtands unterrify'd: one crutch ſuſtains
His frame majeſtic, th' other in his hand
He wields tremendous; like a mountain boar

In

In toils inclos'd, he dares his circling foes.
They ſhrink aloof, or ſoon with ſhame repent
The raſh aſſault; the ruſtic heroes fall
In heaps around. Cuddy, a dextrous youth,
When force was vain, on fraudful art rely'd:
Cloſe to the ground low-cowering, unperceiv'd,
Cautious he crept, and with his crooked bill
Cut ſheer the frail ſupport, prop of his age:
Reeling a while he ſtood, and menac'd fierce
Th' inſidious ſwain, reluctant now at length
Fell prone, and plough'd the duſt. So the tall oak,
Old monarch of the groves, that long had ſtood
The ſhock of warring winds and the red bolts
Of angry Jove, ſhorn of his leafy ſhade
At laſt, and inwardly decay'd, if chance
The cruel woodman ſpy the friendly ſpur,
His only hold; that ſever'd, ſoon he nods,
And ſhakes th' incumber'd mountain as he falls.
When manly valour fail'd, a female arm
Reſtor'd the fight. As in th' adjacent booth
Black Cindaraxa's buſy hand prepar'd
The ſmoaky viands, ſhe beheld, abaſh'd,
The routed hoſt, and all her daſtard friends
Far ſcatter'd o'er the plain; their ſhameful flight
Griev'd her proud heart, for hurried with the ſtream
Ev'n Talgol too had fled, her darling boy.
A flaming brand from off the glowing hearth
The greaſy heroine ſnatch'd; o'er her pale foes
The threatening meteor ſhone, brandiſh'd in air,
Or round their heads in ruddy circles play'd.

Acroſs

Acroſs the proſtrate Hildebrand ſhe ſtrode,
Dreadfully bright: the multitude appall'd
Fled different ways, their beards, their hair in flames.
Imprudent ſhe purſued, till on the brink
Of the next pool, with force united preſs'd,
And waving round with huge two-handed ſway
Her blazing arms, into the muddy lake
The bold virago fell. Dire was the fray
Between the warring elements; of old
Thus Mulciber, and Xanthus Dardan ſtream
In hideous battle join'd. Juſt ſinking now
Into the boiling deep, with ſuppliant hands
She begg'd for life; black ouſe and filth obſcene
Hung in her matted hair; the ſhouting crowd
Inſult her woes, and, proud of their ſucceſs,
The dripping Amazon in triumph lead.
Now, like a gathering ſtorm, the rally'd troops
Blacken'd the plain. Young Talgol from their front,
With a fond lover's haſte, ſwift as the hind,
That, by the huntſman's voice alarm'd, had fled,
Panting returns, and ſeeks the gloomy brake,
Where her dear fawn lay hid, into the booth
Impatient ruſh'd. But when the fatal tale
He heard, the deareſt treaſure of his ſoul
Purloin'd, his Cindy loſt; ſtiffen'd and pale
A while he ſtood; his kindling ire at length
Burſt forth implacable, and injur'd love
Shot lightning from his eyes; a ſpit he ſeiz'd,
Juſt reeking from the fat ſurloin, a long,
Unwieldy ſpear; then with impetuous rage

Preſs'd

Preſs'd forward on th' embattled hoſt, that ſhrunk
At his approach. The rich Avaro firſt,
His fleſhy rump bor'd with diſhoneſt wounds,
Fled bellowing: nor could his numerous flocks,
Nor all th' aſpiring pyramids that grace
His yard well-ſtor'd, ſave the penurious clown.
Here Cubbin fell, and there young Collakin,
Nor his fond mother's prayers nor ardent vows
Of love-ſick maids could move relentleſs Fate.
Wheree'er he rag'd, with his far-beaming lance
He thinn'd their ranks, and all their battle ſwerv'd
With many an inroad goar'd. Then caſt around
His furious eyes, if haply he might find
The captive fair; her in the duſt he ſpy'd
Groveling, diſconſolate; thoſe locks, that erſt,
So bright, ſhone like the poliſh'd jet, defil'd
With mire impure; thither with eager haſte
He ran, he flew. But when the wretched maid
Proſtrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping wounds
And weltering in her blood, his trembling hand
Soon dropp'd the dreaded lance; on her pale cheeks
Ghaſtly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing ſtorm,
That on his bare defenceleſs brow fell thick
From every arm: o'erpower'd at laſt, down ſunk
His drooping head, on her cold breaſt reclin'd.
Hail, faithful pair! if ought my verſe avail,
Nor Envy's ſpite nor Time ſhall e'er efface
The records of your fame; blind Britiſh bards
In ages yet to come, on feſtal days
Shall chant this mournful tale, while liſtening nymphs

Lament

Lament around, and every generous heart
With active valour glows, and virtuous love.
How blind is popular fury! how perverſe,
When broils inteſtine rage, and force controuls
Reaſon and law! As the torn veſſel ſinks,
Between the burſt of adverſe waves o'erwhelm'd;
So fares it with the neutral head, between
Contending parties bruis'd, inceſſant peal'd
With random ſtrokes that undiſcerning fall;
Guiltleſs he ſuffers moſt, who leaſt offends.
Mundungo from the bloody field retir'd,
Cloſe in a corner plied the peaceful bowl;
Incurious he, and thoughtleſs of events,
Now deem'd himſelf conceal'd, wrapt in the cloud
That iſſued from his mouth, and the thick fogs
That hung upon his brows; but hoſtile rage
Inquiſitive found out the ruſty ſwain.
His ſhort black tube down his furr'd throat impell'd,
Staggering he reel'd, and with tenacious gripe
The bulky jordan, that before him ſtood,
Seiz'd falling; that its liquid freight diſgorg'd
Upon the proſtrate clown; floundering he lay
Beneath the muddy beverage whelm'd, ſo late
His prime delight. Thus the luxurious waſp,
Voracious inſect, by the fragrant dregs
Allur'd, and in the viſcous nectar plung'd,
His filmy pennons ſtruggling flaps in vain,
Loſt in a flood of ſweets. Still o'er the plain
Fierce onſet, and tumultuous battle ſpread;
And now they fall, and now they riſe, incens'd

With animated rage, while nought around
Is heard, but clamour, ſhout, and female cries,
And curſes mix'd with groans. Diſcord on high
Shook her infernal ſcourge, and o'er their heads
Scream'd with malignant joy; when lo! between
The warring hoſts appear'd ſage Rhadamanth,
A knight of high renown. Nor Quixote bold,
Nor Amadis of Gaul, nor Hudibras,
Mirror of knighthood, e'er could vie with thee,
Great ſultan of the vale! thy front ſevere,
As humble Indians to their pagods bow,
The clowns ſubmiſs approach. Themis to thee
Commits her golden balance, where ſhe weighs
Th' abandon'd orphan's ſighs, the widow's tears;
By thee gives ſure redreſs, comforts the heart
Oppreſs'd with woe, and rears the ſuppliant knee.
Each bold offender hides his guilty head,
Aſtoniſh'd, when thy delegated arm
Draws her vindictive ſword; at thy command,
Stern miniſter of power ſupreme! each ward
Sends forth her brawny myrmidons, their clubs
Blazon'd with royal arms; diſpatchful haſte
Sits earneſt on each brow, and publick care.
Encompaſs'd round with theſe his dreadful guards,
He ſpurr'd his ſober ſteed, grizzled with age,
And venerably dull; his ſtirrups ſtretch'd
Beneath the knightly load; one hand he fix'd
Upon his ſaddle-bow, the other palm
Before him ſpread, like ſome grave orator
In Athens, or free Rome, when eloquence

Subdu'd

Subdued mankind, and all the liſtening crowd
Hung by their ears on his perſuaſive tongue.
He thus the jarring multitude addreſs'd.
" Neighbours, and friends, and countrymen, the flower
" Of Kiftſgate! ah! what means this impious broil?
" Is then the haughty Gaul no more your care?
" Are Landen's plains ſo ſoon forgot, that thus
" Ye ſpill that blood inglorious, waſte that ſtrength,
" Which, well employ'd, once more might have com-
" The ſtripling Anjou to a ſhameful flight? [pell'd
" Or by your great forefathers taught, have fix'd
" The Britiſh ſtandard on Lutetian towers?
" O ſight odious, deteſtable! O times
" Degenerate, of ancient honour void!
" This fact ſo foul, ſo riotous, inſults
" All law, all ſovereign power, and calls aloud
" For vengeance; but, my friends! too well ye know,
" How ſlow this arm to puniſh, and how bleeds
" This heart, when forc'd on rigorous extremes.
" O countrymen! all, all, can teſtify
" My vigilance, my care for publick good.
" I am the man, who by your own free choice
" Select from all the tribes, in ſenates rul'd
" Each warm debate, and emptied all my ſtores
" Of ancient ſcience in my country's cauſe.
" Wiſe Tacitus, of penetration deep,
" Each ſecret ſpring reveal'd; Thuanus bold
" Breath'd liberty, and all the mighty dead,
" Rais'd at my call, the Britiſh rights confirm'd;
" While Muſgrave, How, and Seymour ſneer'd in vain.

" I am the man, who from the bench exalt
" This voice, ſtill grateful to your ears, this voice
" Which breathes for you alone. Where is the wretch
" Diſtreſs'd, who in the cobwebs of the law
" Entangled, and in ſubtle problems loſt,
" Seeks not to me for aid? In ſhoals they come
" Neglected, feeleſs clients, nor return
" Unedify'd; ſcarce greater multitudes
" At Delphi ſought the god, to learn their fate
" From his dark oracles. I am the man,
" Whoſe watchful providence beyond the date
" Of this frail life extends, to future times
" Beneficent; my uſeful ſchemes ſhall ſteer
" The common-weal in ages yet to come.
" Your children's children, taught by me, ſhall keep
" Their rights inviolable: and as Rome
" The Sibyl's ſacred books, though wrote on leaves
" And ſcatter'd o'er the ground, with pious awe
" Collected; ſo your ſons ſhall glean with care
" My hallow'd fragments, every ſcrip divine
" Conſult intent, of more intrinſic worth
" Than half a Vatican. Hear me, my friends!
" Hear me, my countrymen! Oh ſuffer not
" This hoary head, employ'd for you alone,
" To ſink with ſorrow to the grave." He ſpake,
And veil'd his bonnet to the crowd. As when
The ſovereign of the floods o'er the rough deep
His awful trident ſhakes, its fury falls,
The warring billows on each hand retire,
And foam, and rage no more. All now is huſh'd,

The

The multitude appeas'd; a chearful dawn
Smiles on the fields, the waving throng ſubſides,
And the loud tempeſt ſinks, becalm'd in peace.
Gorgonius now with haughty ſtrides advanc'd,
A gauntlet ſeiz'd, firm on his guard he ſtood
A formidable foe, and dealt in air
His empty blows, a prelude to the fight.
Slaughter his trade; full many a pamper'd ox
Fell by his fatal hand, the bulky beaſt
Dragg'd by his horns, oft at one deadly blow,
His iron fiſt deſcending cruſh'd his ſkull,
And left him ſpurning on the bloody floor,
While at his feet the guiltleſs axe was laid.
In dubious fight of late one eye he loſt,
Bor'd from its orb, and the next glancing ſtroke
Bruis'd ſore the riſing arch, and bent his noſe:
Nathleſs he triumph'd on the well-fought ſtage,
Hockleian hero! Nor was more deform'd
The Cyclops blind, nor of more monſtrous ſize,
Nor his void orb more dreadful to behold,
Weeping the putrid gore, ſevere revenge
Of ſubtle Ithacus. Terribly gay
In his buff doublet, larded o'er with fat
Of ſlaughter'd brutes, the well-oil'd champion ſhone.
Sternly he gaz'd around, with many a frown
Fierce menacing, provok'd the tardy foe.
For now each combatant, that erſt ſo bold
Vaunted his manly deeds, in penſive mood
Hung down his head, and fix'd on earth his eyes,
Pale and diſmay'd. On Hobbinol at laſt

Intent they gaze, in him alone their hope,
Each eye ſolicits him, each panting heart
Joins in the ſilent ſuit. Soon he perceiv'd
Their ſecret wiſh, and eas'd their doubting minds.
" Ye men of Kiftſgate! whoſe wide ſpreading fame
" In ancient days were ſung from ſhore to ſhore,
" To Britiſh bards of old a copious theme;
" Too well, alas! in your pale cheeks I view
" Your daſtard ſouls. O mean, degenerate race!
" But ſince on me ye call, each ſuppliant eye
" Invites my ſovereign aid, lo! here I come,
" The bulwark of your fame, though ſcarce my brows
" Are dry from glorious toils, juſt now atchiev'd,
" To vindicate your worth. Lo! here I ſwear,
" By all my great forefathers fair renown,
" By that illuſtrious wicker, where they ſat
" In comely pride, and in triumphant ſloth
" Gave law to paſſive clowns; or on this ſpot
" In glory's prime, young Hobbinol expires,
" And from his deareſt Ganderetta's arms
" Sinks to Death's cold embrace; or by this hand
" That ſtranger, big with inſolence, ſhall fall
" Prone on the ground, and do your honour right."
Forthwith the hilts he ſeiz'd; but on his arm
Fond Ganderetta hung, and round his neck
Curl'd in a ſoft embrace. Honour and love
A doubtful conteſt wag'd, but from her ſoon
He ſprung relentleſs, all her tears were vain,
Yet oft he turn'd, oft ſigh'd, thus pleaſing mild:
" Ill ſhould I merit theſe imperial robes,

" Enſigns

" Enſigns of majeſty, by general voice
" Conferr'd, ſhould pain, or death itſelf, avail
" To ſhake the ſteady purpoſe of my ſoul.
" Peace, fair-one! peace! Heaven will protect the man,
" By thee held dear, and crown thy generous love."
Her from the liſted field the matrons ſage
Reluctant drew, and with fair ſpeeches ſooth'd.
Now front to front the fearleſs champions meet;
Gorgonius, like a tower, whoſe cloudy top
Invades the ſkies, ſtood lowering; far beneath
The ſtrippling Hobbinol with careful eye
Each opening ſcans, and each unguarded ſpace
Meaſures intent. While, negligently bold,
The bulky combatant, whoſe heart elate
Diſdain'd his puny foe, now fondly deem'd
At one deciſive ſtroke to win, unhurt,
An eaſy victory; down came at once
The ponderous plant, with fell malicious rage,
Aim'd at his head direct; but the tough hilts,
Swift interpos'd, elude his effort vain.
The cautious Hobbinol, with ready feet,
Now ſhifts his ground, retreating; then again
Advances bold, and his unguarded ſhins
Batters ſecure: each well-directed blow
Bites to the quick; thick as the falling hail,
The ſtrokes redoubled peal his hollow ſides:
The multitude amaz'd with horror view
The rattling ſtorm, ſhrink back at every blow,
And ſeem to feel his wounds; inly he groan'd,
And gnaſh'd his teeth, and from his blood-ſhot eye

Red lightning flaſh'd; the fierce tumultuous rage
Shook all his mighty fabric; once again
Erect he ſtands, collected, and reſolv'd
To conquer, or to die: ſwift as the bolt
Of angry Jove, the weighty plant deſcends.
But wary Hobbinol, whoſe watchful eye
Perceiv'd his kind intent, ſlip'd on one ſide
Declining; the vain ſtroke from ſuch an height,
With ſuch a force impell'd, headlong drew down
Th' unwieldy champion: on the ſolid ground
He fell rebounding breathleſs, and aſtunn'd,
His trunk extended lay; ſore maim'd from out
His heaving breaſt, he belch'd a crimſon flood.
Full leiſurely he roſe, but conſcious ſhame
Of honour loſt his failing ſtrength renew'd.
Rage, and revenge, and ever-during hate,
Blacken'd his ſtormy front; raſh, furious, blind,
And laviſh of his blood, of random ſtrokes
He laid on load; without deſign or art
Onward he preſs'd outrageous, while his foe
Encircling wheels, or inch by inch retires,
Wiſe niggard of his ſtrength. Yet all thy care,
O Hobbinol! avail'd not to prevent
One hapleſs blow; o'er his ſtrong guard the plant
Lapp'd pliant, and its knotty point impreſs'd
His nervous chine; he wreath'd him to and fro
Convolv'd, yet, thus diſtreſs'd, intrepid bore
His hilts aloft, and guarded well his head.
So when th' unwary clown, with haſty ſtep,
Cruſhes the folded ſnake, her wounded parts

Groveling

Groveling ſhe trails along, but her high creſt
Erect ſhe bears; in all its ſpeckled pride,
She ſwells inflam'd, and with her forky tongue
Threatens deſtruction. With like eager haſte,
Th' impatient Hobbinol, whom exceſſive pain
Stung to his heart, a ſpeedy vengeance vow'd,
Nor wanted long the means; a feint he made
With well-diſſembled guile, his batter'd ſhins
Mark'd with his eyes, and menac'd with his plant.
Gorgonius, whoſe long-ſuffering legs ſcarce bore
His cumbrous bulk, to his ſupporters frail
Indulgent, ſoon the friendly hilts oppos'd;
Betray'd, deceiv'd, on his unguarded creſt
The ſtroke deluſive fell; a diſmal groan
Burſt from his hollow cheſt; his trembling hands
Forſook the hilts, acroſs the ſpacious ring
Backward he reel'd, the crowd affrighted fly
T' eſcape the falling ruin. But, alas!
'Twas thy hard fate, Twangdillo! to receive
His ponderous trunk; on thee, on helpleſs thee,
Headlong and heavy, the foul monſter fell.
Beneath a mountain's weight, th' unhappy bard
Lay proſtrate, nor was more renown'd thy ſong,
O ſeer of Thrace! nor more ſevere thy fate.
His vocal ſhell, the ſolace and ſupport
Of wretched age, gave one melodious ſcream,
And in a thouſand fragments ſtrew'd the plain.
The nymphs, ſure friends to his harmonious mirth,
Fly to his aid, his hairy breaſt expoſe
To each refreſhing gale, and with ſoft hands

His

His temples chafe; at their perſuaſive touch
His fleeting ſoul returns; upon his rump
He ſat diſconſolate; but when, alas!
He view'd the ſhatter'd fragments, down again
He ſunk expiring; by their friendly care
Once more reviv'd, he thrice aſſay'd to ſpeak,
And thrice the riſing ſobs his voice ſubdued:
Till thus at laſt his wretched plight he mourn'd.
" Sweet inſtrument of mirth! ſole comfort left
" To my declining years! whoſe ſprightly notes
" Reſtor'd my vigour, and renew'd my bloom,
" Soft healing balm to every wounded heart!
" Deſpairing, dying ſwains, from the cold ground
" Uprais'd by thee, at thy melodious call,
" With raviſh'd ears receiv'd the flowing joy.
" Gay pleaſantry, and care-beguiling joke,
" Thy ſure attendants were, and at thy voice
" All nature ſmil'd. But, oh, this hand no more
" Shall touch thy wanton ſtrings, no more with lays
" Alternate, from oblivion dark redeem
" The mighty dead, and vindicate their fame.
" Vain are thy toils, O Hobbinol! and all
" Thy triumphs vain. Who ſhall record, brave man!
" Thy bold exploits? who ſhall thy grandeur tell,
" Supreme of Kiftſgate? See thy faithful bard,
" Deſpoil'd, undone. O cover me, ye hills!
" Whoſe vocal clifts were taught my joyous ſong.
" Or thou, fair nymph, Avona, on whoſe banks
" The frolic crowd, led by my numerous ſtrains,
" Their orgies kept, and friſk'd it o'er the green,

" Jocund

" Jocund and gay, while thy remurmuring ſtreams
" Danc'd by, well pleas'd. Oh! let thy friendly waves
" O'erwhelm a wretch, and hide this head accurs'd!"
So plains the reſtleſs Philomel, her neſt,
And callow young, the tender growing hope
Of future harmony, and frail return
For all her cares, to barbarous churls a prey;
Darkling ſhe ſings, the woods repeat her moan.

CANTO

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Good eating expedient for heroes. Homer praiſed for keeping a table. Hobbinol triumphant. Ganderetta's bill of fare. Panegyrick upon ale. Goſſiping over a bottle. Compliment to Mr. John Philips. Ganderetta's perplexity diſcovered by Hobbinol; his conſolatory ſpeech; compares himſelf to Guy Earl of Warwick. Ganderetta, encouraged, ſtrips for the race; her amiable figure. Fuſca the gypſy, her dirty figure. Tabitha her great reputation for ſpeed; hired to the diſſenting academy at Tewkſbury. A ſhort account of Gamaliel the maſter, and his hopeful ſcholars. Tabitha carries weight. The ſmock race. Tabitha's fall. Fuſca's ſhort triumph, her humiliation. Ganderetta's matchleſs ſpeed. Hobbinol lays the prize at her feet. Their mutual triumph. The viciſſitude of human affairs, experienced by Hobbinol. Mopſa, formerly his ſervant, with her two children, appears to him. Mopſa's ſpeech; aſſaults Ganderetta; her flight. Hobbinol's prodigious fright; is taken into cuſtody by conſtables, and dragged to Sir Rhadamanth's.

THOUGH ſome of old, and ſome of modern date,
Penurious their victorious heroes fed
With barren praiſe alone; yet thou, my Muſe!
Benevolent,

Benevolent, with more indulgent eyes
Behold th' immortal Hobbinol; reward
With due regalement his triumphant toils.
Let Quixote's hardy courage, and renown,
With Sancho's prudent care be meetly join'd.
O thou of bards ſupreme, Mæonides!
What well-fed heroes grace thy hallow'd page!
Laden with glorious ſpoils, and gay with blood
Of ſlaughter'd hoſts, the victor chief returns.
Whole Troy before him fled, and men and gods
Oppos'd in vain: for the brave man, whoſe arm
Repell'd his country's wrongs, ev'n he, the great
Atrides, king of kings, ev'n he prepares
With his own royal hand the ſumptuous feaſt.
Full to the brim, the brazen cauldrons ſmoke,
Through all the buſy camp the riſing blaze
Atteſt their joy; heroes and kings forego
Their ſtate and pride, and at his elbow wait
Obſequious. On a poliſh'd charger plac'd,
The bulky chine with plenteous fat inlaid,
Of golden hue, magnificently ſhines.
The choiceſt morſels ſever'd to the gods,
The hero next, well paid for all his wounds,
The rich repaſt divides with Jove; from out
The ſparkling bowl he draws the generous wine,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd; with unſtinted joy
His heart o'erflows. In like triumphant port
Sat the victorious Hobbinol; the crowd
Tranſported view, and bleſs their glorious chief:
All Kiftſgate ſounds his praiſe with joint acclaim.

Him

Him every voice, him every knee confeſs,
In merit, as in right, their king. Upon
The flowery turf, Earth's painted lap, are ſpread
The rural dainties; ſuch as Nature boon
Preſents with laviſh hand, or ſuch as owe
To Ganderetta's care their grateful taſte,
Delicious. For ſhe long ſince prepar'd
To celebrate this day, and with good chear
To grace his triumphs. Cryſtal gooſeberries
Are pil'd on heaps; in vain the parent tree
Defends her luſcious fruit with pointed ſpears.
The ruby tinctur'd corinth cluſtering hangs,
And emulates the grape; green codlings float
In dulcet creams: nor wants the laſt year's ſtore;
The hardy nut, in ſolid mail ſecure,
Impregnable to winter froſts, repays
Its hoarder's care. The cuſtard's jellied flood
Impatient youth, with greedy joy, devours.
Cheeſecakes and pies, in various forms uprais'd,
In well-built pyramids, aſpiring ſtand.
Black hams, and tongues that ſpeechleſs can perſuade
To ply the briſk carouſe, and chear the ſoul
With jovial draughts. Nor does the jolly god
Deny his precious gifts; here jocund ſwains,
In uncouth mirth delighted, ſporting quaff
Their native beverage; in the brimming glaſs
The liquid amber ſmiles. Britons, no more
Dread your invading foes; let the falſe Gaul,
Of rule inſatiate, potent to deceive,
And great by ſubtile wiles, from th' adverſe ſhore

Pour

Pour forth his numerous hoſts; Iberia! join
Thy towering fleets, once more aloft diſplay
Thy conſecrated banners, fill thy ſails
With prayers and vows, moſt formidably ſtrong
In holy trumpery, let old Ocean groan
Beneath the proud Armada, vainly deem'd
Invincible; yet fruitleſs all their toils,
Vain every raſh effort, while our fat glebe,
Of barley-grain productive, ſtill ſupplies
The flowing treaſure, and with ſums immenſe
Supports the throne; while this rich cordial warms
The farmer's courage, arms his ſtubborn ſoul
With native honour, and reſiſtleſs rage.
Thus vaunt the crowd, each freeborn heart o'erflows
With Britain's glory, and his country's love.
  Here, in a merry knot combin'd, the nymphs
Pour out mellifluous ſtreams, the balmy ſpoils
Of the laborious bee. The modeſt maid
But coyly ſips, and bluſhing drinks, abaſh'd:
Each lover with obſervant eye beholds
Her graceful ſhame, and at her glowing cheeks
Rekindles all his fires, but matrons ſage,
Better experienc'd, and inſtructed well
In midnight myſteries, and feaſt-rites old,
Graſp the capacious bowl; nor ceaſe to draw
The ſpumy nectar. Healths of gay import
Fly merrily about; now Scandal ſly,
Inſinuating, gilds the ſpecious tale
With treacherous praiſe, and with a double face
Ambiguous Wantonneſs demurely ſneers:

Till

Till circling brimmers every veil withdraw,
And dauntleſs Impudence appears unmaſk'd.
Others apart, in the cool ſhade retir'd,
Silurian cyder quaff, by that great bard
Ennobled, who firſt taught my groveling Muſe
To mount aerial. O! could I but raiſe
My feeble voice to his exalted ſtrains,
Or to the height of this great argument,
The generous liquid in each line ſhould bound
Spirituous, nor oppreſſive cork ſubdue
Its foaming rage; but, to the lofty theme
Unequal, Muſe, decline the pleaſing taſk.
Thus they luxurious, on the graſſy turf,
Revel'd at large: while nought around was heard
But mirth confus'd, and undiſtinguiſh'd joy,
And laughter far reſounding; ſerious Care
Found here no place, to Ganderetta's breaſt
Retiring; there with hopes and fears perplex'd
Her fluctuating mind. Hence the ſoft ſigh
Eſcapes unheeded, ſpight of all her art;
The trembling bluſhes on her lovely cheeks
Alternate ebb and flow; from the full glaſs
She flies abſtemious, ſhuns th' untaſted feaſt:
But careful Hobbinol, whoſe amorous eye
From her's ne'er wander'd, haunting ſtill the place
Where his dear treaſure lay, diſcover'd ſoon
Her ſecret woe, and bore a lover's part.
Compaſſion melts his ſoul, her glowing cheeks
He kiſs'd, enamour'd, and her panting heart
He preſs'd to his; then, with theſe ſoothing words,
Tenderly

Tenderly ſmiling, her faint hopes reviv'd.
"Courage, my Fair! the ſplendid prize is thine.
"Indulgent Fortune will not damp our joys,
"Nor blaſt the glories of this happy day.
"Hear me, ye ſwains! ye men of Kiftſgate! hear:
"Though great the honours by your hands confer'd,
"Theſe royal ornaments, though great the force
"Of this puiſſant arm, as all muſt own,
"Who ſaw this day the bold Gorgonius fall;
"Yet were I more renown'd for feats of arms,
"And knightly proweſs, than that mighty Guy,
"So fam'd in antique ſong, Warwick's great earl,
"Who ſlew the giant Colbrand, in fierce fight,
"Maintain'd a ſummer's day, and freed this realm
"From Daniſh vaſſalage; his ponderous ſword,
"And maſſy ſpear, atteſt the glorious deed;
"Nor leſs his hoſpitable ſoul is ſeen
"In that capacious cauldron, whoſe large freight
"Might feaſt a province; yet were I like him,
"The nation's pride, like him I could forego
"All earthly grandeur, wander through the world
"A jocund pilgrim, in the loneſome den,
"And rocky cave, with theſe my royal hands
"Scoop the cold ſtreams with herbs and roots content,
"Mean ſuſtenance; could I by this but gain
"For the dear Fair, the prize her heart deſires.
"Believe me, charming maid! I'd be a worm,
"The meaneſt inſect, and the loweſt thing
"The world deſpiſes, to enhance thy fame."
So chear'd he his fair queen, and ſhe was chear'd.

Now with a noble confidence inſpir'd,
Her looks aſſure ſucceſs, now ſtripp'd of all
Her cumbrous veſtments, beauty's vain diſguiſe,
She ſhines unclouded in her native charms.
Her plaited hair behind her in a brede
Hung careleſs, with becoming grace each bluſh
Varied her cheeks, than the gay riſing dawn
More lovely, when the new-born light ſalutes
The joyful Earth, impurpling half the ſkies.
Her heaving breaſt, through the thin covering view'd,
Fix'd each beholder's eye; her taper thighs,
And lineaments exact, would mock the ſkill
Of Phidias; Nature alone can form
Such due proportion. To compare with her,
Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Fair virgin huntreſs, for the chace array'd,
With painted quiver and unerring bow,
Were but to leſſen her ſuperior mien,
And goddeſs-like deport. The maſter's hand,
Rare artiſan! with proper ſhades improves
His lively colouring; ſo here, to grace
Her brighter charms, next her upon the plain
Fuſca the brown appears, with greedy eye
Views the rich prize, her tawny front erects
Audacious, and with her legs unclean,
Booted with grim, and with her freckled ſkin,
Offends the crowd. She of the Gypſy train
Had wander'd long, and the ſun's ſcorching rays
Imbrown'd her viſage grim; artful to view
The ſpreading palm, and with vile cant deceive

The

The love-ſick maid, who barters all her ſtore
For airy viſions and fallacious hope.
Gorgonius, if the current fame ſay true,
Her comrade once, they many a merry prank
Together play'd, and many a mile had ſtroll'd,
For him fit mate. Next Tabitha the tall
Strode o'er the plain, with huge gigantic pace,
And overlook'd the crowd, known far and near
For matchleſs ſpeed; ſhe many a prize had won,
Pride of that neighbouring * mart, for muſtard fam'd,
Sharp-biting grain, where amicably join
The ſiſter floods, and with their liquid arms
Greeting embrace. Here Gamaliel ſage,
Of Cameronian brood, with ruling rod
Trains up his babes of grace, inſtructed well
In all the gainful diſcipline of prayer;
To point the holy leer, by juſt degrees
To cloſe the twinkling eye, t' expand the palms,
T' expoſe the whites, and with the ſightleſs ball
To glare upon the crowd, to raiſe or ſink
The docile voice, now murmuring ſoft and low
With inward accent calm, and then again
In foaming floods of rapturous eloquence,
Let looſe the ſtorm, and thunder through the noſe
The threaten'd vengeance: every Muſe profane
Is baniſh'd hence, and, Heliconian ſtreams
Deſerted, the fam'd Leman lake ſupplies

* Tewkſbury in the Vale of Eveſham, where the Avon runs into the Severn.

More plenteous draughts, of more divine import.
Hail, happy youths! on whom indulgent Heaven
Each grace divine beſtows; nor yet denies
Carnal beatitudes, ſweet privilege
Of ſaints elect! Royal prerogative!
Here in domeſtic cares employ'd, and bound
To annual ſervitude, frail Tabitha,
Her priſtine vigour loſt, now mourns in vain
Her ſharpen'd viſage, and the ſickly qualms
That grieve her ſoul; a prey to Love, while Grace
Slept heedleſs by! Yet her undaunted mind
Still meditates the prize, and ſtill ſhe hopes,
Beneath th' unwieldy load, her wonted ſpeed.
Others of meaner fame the ſtately Muſe
Records not; on more lofty flights intent,
She ſpurns the ground, and mounts her native ſkies.
Room for the maſter of the ring; ye ſwains!
Divide your crowded ranks. See! there on high
The glittering prize, on the tall ſtandard borne,
Waving in air; before him march in files
The rural minſtrelſy, the rattling drum
Of ſolemn ſound, and th' animating horn,
Each huntſman's joy; the tabor and the pipe,
Companion dear at feaſts, whoſe chearful notes
Give life and motion to th' unwieldy clown.
Ev'n Age revives, and the pale puking maid
Feels ruddy health rekindling on her cheeks,
And with new vigour trips it o'er the plain.
Counting each careful ſtep, he paces o'er
Th' allotted ground, and fixes at the goal

His

His ſtandard, there himſelf majeſtic ſwells.
Stretch'd in a line, the panting rivals wait
Th' expected ſignal, with impatient eyes
Meaſure the ſpace between, and in conceit
Already graſp the warm-conteſted prize.
Now all at once ruſh forward to the goal,
And ſtep by ſtep, and ſide by ſide, they ply
Their buſy feet, and leave the crowd behind.
Quick heaves each breaſt, and quick they ſhoot along,
Through the divided air, and bound it o'er the plain.
To this, to that, capricious Fortune deals
Short hopes, ſhort fears, and momentary joy.
The breathleſs throng with open throats purſue,
And broken accents ſhout imperfect praiſe.
Such noiſe confus'd is heard, ſuch wild uproar,
When on the main the ſwelling ſurges riſe,
Daſh o'er the rocks, and, hurrying through the flood,
Drive on each other's backs, and crowd the ſtrand.
Before the reſt tall Tabitha was ſeen,
Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the field;
Swift as the ſhooting ſtar that gilds the night
With rapid tranſient blaze, ſhe runs, ſhe flies;
Sudden ſhe ſtops, nor longer can endure
The painful courſe, but drooping ſinks away,
And, like that falling meteor, there ſhe lies
A jelly cold on earth. Fuſca, with joy,
Beheld her wretched plight; o'er the pale corſe
Inſulting bounds; Hope gave her wings, and now,
Exerting all her ſpeed, ſtep after ſtep,
At Ganderetta's elbow urg'd her way,

Her ſhoulder preſſing, and with poiſonous breath
Tainting her ivory neck. Long while had held
The ſharp conteſt, had not propitious Heaven,
With partial hands, to ſuch tranſcendent charms
Diſpens'd its favours. For as o'er the green
The careleſs Gypſy, with incautious ſpeed,
Puſh'd forward, and her rival Fair had reach'd
With equal pace, and only not o'erpaſs'd;
Haply ſhe treads, where late the merry train,
In waſteful luxury, and wanton joy,
Laviſh had ſpilt the cyder's frothy flood,
And mead with cuſtard mix'd. Surpriz'd, appall'd,
And in the treacherous puddle ſtruggling long,
She ſlipp'd, ſhe fell, upon her back ſupine
Extended lay; the laughing multitude
With noiſy ſcorn approv'd her juſt diſgrace.
As the ſleek leveret ſkims before the pack,
So flies the nymph, and ſo the crowd purſue.
Born on the wings of wind, the Dear-one flies,
Swift as the various goddeſs, nor leſs bright
In beauty's prime; when through the yielding air
She darts along, and with refracted rays
Paints the gay clouds; celeſtial meſſenger,
Charg'd with the high beheſts of Heaven's great queen!
Her at the goal with open arms receiv'd
Fond Hobbinol; with active leap he ſeiz'd
The coſtly prize, and laid it at her feet.
Then pauſing ſtood, dumb with exceſs of joy,
Expreſſive ſilence! for each tender glance
Betray'd the raptures that his tongue conceal'd.

Leſs

Leſs mute the crowd, in echoing ſhouts, applaud
Her ſpeed, her beauty, his obſequious love.
Upon a little eminence, whoſe top
O'erlook'd the plain, a ſteep, but ſhort aſcent,
Plac'd in a chair of ſtate, with garlands crown'd,
And loaded with the fragrance of the ſpring,
Fair Ganderetta ſhone; like mother Eve
In her gay ſylvan lodge, delicious bower!
Where Nature's wanton hand, above the reach
Of rule, or art, had laviſh'd all her ſtore,
To deck the flowery roof; and at her ſide,
Imperial Hobbinol, with front ſublime,
Great as a Roman conſul, juſt return'd
From cities ſack'd, and provinces laid waſte,
In his paternal wicker ſat, enthron'd.
With eager eyes the crowd about them preſs,
Ambitious to behold the happy pair.
Each voice, each inſtrument, proclaims their joy
With loudeſt vehemence: ſuch noiſe is heard,
Such a tumultuous din, when, at the call
Of Britain's ſovereign, the ruſtic bands
O'erſpread the fields; the ſubtle candidates
Diſſembled homage pay, and court the fools
Whom they deſpiſe; each proud majeſtic clown
Looks big, and ſhouts amain, mad with the taſte
Of power ſupreme, frail empire of a day!
That with the ſetting ſun extinct is loſt.
Nor is thy grandeur, mighty Hobbinol!
Of longer date. Short is, alas! the reign
Of mortal pride: we play our parts a while,

And ſtrut upon the ſtage; the ſcene is chang'd,
And offers us a dungeon for a throne.
Wretched viciſſitude! for, after all
His tinſel dreams of empire and renown,
Fortune, capricious dame, withdraws at once
The goodly proſpect, to his eyes preſents
Her, whom his conſcious foul abhorr'd, and fear'd.
Lo! puſhing through the crowd, a meagre form,
With haſty ſtep, and viſage incompos'd!
Wildly ſhe ſtar'd; rage ſparkled in her eyes,
And poverty ſat ſhrinking on her cheeks.
Yet through the cloud that hung upon her brows,
A faded luſtre broke, that dimly ſhone
Shorn of its beams, the ruins of a face,
Impair'd by time, and ſhatter'd by misfortunes.
A froward babe hung at her flabby breaſt,
And tugg'd for life; but wept, with hideous moan,
His fruſtrate hopes, and unavailing pains.
Another o'er her bending ſhoulder peep'd,
Swaddled around with rags of various hue.
He kens his comrade-twin with envious eye,
As of his ſhare defrauded; then amain
He alſo ſcreams, and to his brother's cries
In doleful concert joins his loud laments.
O dire effect of lawleſs love! O ſting
Of pleaſure paſt! As when a full-freight ſhip,
Bleſt in a rich return of pearls or gold,
Or fragrant ſpice, or ſilks of coſtly dye,
Makes to the wiſh'd-for port with ſwelling ſails,
And all her gaudy trim diſplay'd; o'erjoy'd

The

The maſter ſmiles; but if from ſome ſmall creek,
A lurking corſair the rich quarry ſpies,
With all her ſails bears down upon her prey,
And peals of thunder from her hollow ſides
Check his triumphant courſe; aghaſt he ſtands
Stiffen'd with fear, unable to reſiſt,
And impotent to fly; all his fond hopes
Are daſh'd at once! nought now, alas! remains
But the ſad choice of ſlavery or death!
So far'd it with the hapleſs Hobbinol,
In the full blaze of his triumphant joy
Surpriz'd by her, whoſe dreadful face alone
Could ſhake his ſtedfaſt ſoul. In vain he turns,
And ſhifts his place averſe; ſhe haunts him ſtill,
And glares upon him, with her haggard eyes,
That fiercely ſpoke her wrongs. Words ſwell'd with ſighs
At length burſt forth, and thus ſhe ſtorms enrag'd.
" Know'ſt thou not me? falſe man! not to know me
" Argues thyſelf unknowing of thyſelf,
" Puff'd up with pride, and bloated with ſucceſs.
" Is injur'd Mopſa then ſo ſoon forgot?
" Thou knew'ſt me once, ah! woe is me! thou didſt.
" But if laborious days and ſleepleſs nights,
" If hunger, cold, contempt, and penury,
" Inſeparable gueſts, have thus diſguis'd
" Thy once-belov'd, thy handmaid dear; if thine
" And Fortune's frowns have blaſted all my charms;
" If here no roſes grow, no lilies bloom,
" Nor rear their heads on this neglected face;
" If through the world I range a ſlighted ſhade,

" The

" The ghoſt of what I was, forlorn, unknown;
" At leaſt know theſe. See! this ſweet-ſimpering babe,
" Dear image of thyſelf; ſee! how it ſprunts
" With joy at thy approach! ſee, how it gilds
" Its ſoft ſmooth face, with falſe paternal ſmiles!
" Native deceit, from thee, baſe man, deriv'd!
" Or view this other elf, in every art
" Of ſmiling fraud, in every treacherous leer,
" The very Hobbinol! Ah! cruel man!
" Wicked, ingrate! And could'ſt thou then ſo ſoon,
" So ſoon forget that pleaſing fatal night,
" When me, beneath the flowery thorn ſurpriz'd,
" Thy artful wiles betray'd? was there a ſtar,
" By which thou didſt not ſwear? was there a curſe,
" A plague on earth, thou didſt not then invoke
" On that devoted head; if e'er thy heart
" Prov'd haggard to my love, if e'er thy hand
" Declin'd the nuptial bond? But, oh! too well,
" Too well, alas! my throbbing breaſt perceiv'd
" The black impending ſtorm; the conſcious moon
" Veil'd in a ſable cloud her modeſt face,
" And boding owls proclaim'd the dire event.
" And yet I love thee.—Oh! could'ſt thou behold
" That image dwelling in my heart! But why,
" Why waſte I here theſe unavailing tears?
" On this thy minion, on this tawdry thing,
" On this gay victim, thus with garlands crown'd,
" All, all my vengeance fall! ye lightnings, blaſt
" That face accurs'd, the ſource of all my woe!
" Arm, arm, ye furies! arm; all Hell break looſe!

" While

"While thus I lead you to my juſt revenge,
"And thus"—Up ſtarts th' aſtoniſh'd Hobbinol
To ſave his better half. "Fly, fly," he cries,
"Fly, my dear life, the fiend's malicious rage."
Borne on the wings of fear, away ſhe bounds,
And in the neighbouring village pants forlorn.
So the cours'd hare to the cloſe covert flies,
Still trembling, though ſecure. Poor Hobbinol
More grievous ills attend: around him preſs
A multitude, with huge Herculean clubs,
Terrific band! the royal mandate theſe
Inſulting ſhew: arreſted, and amaz'd,
Half dead he ſtands; no friends dare interpoſe,
But bow dejected to th' imperial ſcroll:
Such is the force of law. While conſcious ſhame
Sits heavy on his brow, they view the wretch
To Rhadamanth's auguſt tribunal dragg'd.
Good Rhadamanth! to every wanton clown
Severe, indulgent to himſelf alone.

FIELD-SPORTS.

A

POEM.

Humbly Addreſſed to

His Royal Highneſs the PRINCE.

" - - - - - - - Hæc incondita ſolus
" Montibus, & ſylvis, ſtudio jactabat inani."
VIRG. Ecl. 6.

First printed in 1742.

" Mr. Somervile's poem upon Hawking, called " *Field-Sports*, was ſent to Mr. Lyttelton, to be read " to the Prince, to whom it is inſcribed. It ſeems he " is fond of hawking."

SHENSTONE, Lett. to Mr. Graves, Dec. 24, 1742.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ſeveral acts of parliament in favour of Falconry are an evident proof of that high eſteem our anceſtors had conceived for this noble diverſion. Our neighbours, France, Germany, Italy, and all the reſt of Europe, have ſeemed to vie with one another, who ſhould pay the greateſt honours to the courageous Falcon. Princes and ſtates were her protectors; and men of the greateſt genius, and moſt accompliſhed in all ſorts of literature, with pleaſure carried the Hawk on their fiſts. But the princes of Aſia, Turks, Tartars, Perſians, Indians, &c. have greatly out-done us Europeans in the ſplendor and magnificence of their field-parades, both as huntſmen and falconers. For though the deſcription of flying at the ſtag and other wild beaſts with eagles, may be thought a little incredible, yet permit me to aſſure the reader that it is no fiction, but a real fact. All the ancient books of Falconry give us an account of it, and the relations of travellers confirm it. But what I think puts it out of all diſpute, is the deſcription the famous Monſieur de Thou has given us in his Latin poem, "De Re Accipitrariâ," lately reprinted at Venice in 1735, with an Italian Tranſlation and Notes.

"Hoc ſtudio Hæmonii circumſonat aula tyranni,
"Tercentum illi equites, quoties venabula poſcit,
"Tot

" Tot pedites adſunt: longo nemus omne remugit
" Latrantum occurſu, venatorumque repulſis
" Vocibus; hei¢ gemini, neque enim ſatis eſſe ferendo
" Unus tanto oneri poſſit, cedente petauro
" Circum aquilam geſtant, aliam totidem inde miniſtri
" Impoſitam ſubeunt: quarum minor illa volucri
" Ore canum voces fingit, nemora avia complens
" Terrore ingenti: latebris tum excita repentè
" Infelix fera prorumpit: ruit altera demum
" Sublimis compar magno ſtridore per auras;
" Involat inque oculos & provolat, atque capaces
" Expandens per inane ſinus, caligine denſâ,
" Horribilique ſupervolitans cœlum obruit umbrâ.
" Nec minor intereà obſiſtit: ſublimis ut illa,
" Hæc humilis ſic terga volans premit & latus urget:
" Neve gradum referat retrò, & veſtigia vertat,
" Seu Caprea aut Cervus ſeſe tulit obvius illis,
" Roſtro atque ungue minax vetat, & cum compare vires
" Alternat ſocias, artemque remunerat arte.
" Nec mora, nec requies: furiis exterrita tantis
" Donec in inſidias cæcâ convalle locatas
" Precipitet rabidis fera mox lanianda Moloſſis."

I am very much obliged to thoſe gentlemen who have read with favour my poem upon Hunting: their goodneſs has encouraged me to make this ſhort ſupplement to the Chace, and in this poem to give them ſome account of all the more polite entertainments of the field.

FIELD.

FIELD-SPORTS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Introduction, ver. 1. Deſcription of flying at the ſtag with eagles, after the manner of the Aſiatic princes, 7. Deſcription of hern-hawking, 100. Of flying at the river, 179. Partridge-hawking, 232. Daring the lark with an hobby juſt mentioned, 235. Shooting flying, 241. Setting, 245. Angling, 261. Concluſion, 271.

ONCE more, Great Prince, permit an humble bard
Proſtrate to pay his homage at your feet;
Then, like the morning lark from the low ground
Towering aloft, ſublime to ſoar, and ſing;
Sing the heart-chearing pleaſure of the fields,
The choice delight of heroes and of kings.
In earlier times, monarchs of Eaſtern race
In their full blaze of pride, as ſtory tells,
Train'd up th' imperial eagle, ſacred bird!
Hooded, with jingling bells, ſhe perch'd on high;
Not as when erſt on golden wings ſhe led
The Roman legions o'er the conquer'd globe,
Mankind her quarry; but a docile ſlave,
Tam'd to the lure, and careful to attend
Her maſter's voice. Behold the man renown'd,
Abbas the great (whom all his fawning ſlaves

Deem'd king of kings; vain fools! They ſure forgot
Greater Leonidas, and thoſe fatal ſtraits
Blood-ſtain'd, where ſlaughter'd Perſians fell on heaps,
A dreadful carnage!) See his numerous hoſt
Spread wide the plains, and in their front upborn
Each on her perch, that bends beneath her weight,
Two ſiſter eagles, ſtately ponderous birds!
The air 's a deſert, and the feather'd race
Fly to the neighbouring coverts dark retreats.
The royal pair on wing, this whirls around
In circles wide, or like the ſwallow ſkims
The ruſſet plain, and mimics as ſhe flies
(By many a ſleepleſs night inſtructed well)
The hound's loud openings, or the ſpaniel's queſt.
What cannot wakeful induſtry ſubdue!
Mean while that mounts on high, and ſeems to view
A black aſcending cloud; when pierc'd the gloom
Of vapours dank condens'd, the ſun's bright beams
Pain not her ſight: ſhe with expanded ſails
Works through th' etherial fluid; then perhaps
Sees through a break of clouds this ſelf-pois'd orb
Hard by her hand-maid moon. She looks beneath
Contemptuous, and beholds from far this earth,
This mole-hill earth, and all its buſy ants
Labouring for life, which laſts ſo ſhort a day
Juſt blazing and extinct. So thou, my ſoul,
That breath of life, which all men muſt perceive
But none diſtinctly know, when once eſcap'd
From this poor helpleſs corſe, and when on high
Born on angelic wings, look down with ſcorn

On

On this mean leſſening world, and knaves grown rich,
By chance, or fraud, or inſolence of power.
Now from her higheſt pitch, by quick degrees,
With leſs ambition nearer earth ſhe tends,
As yet ſcarce viſible; and high in air
Pois'd on extended wings, with ſharper ken
Attentive marks whate'er is done below.
Thus ſome wiſe general from a riſing ground
Obſerves th' embattled foe, where ſerried ranks
Forbid acceſs, or where their order looſe
Invites th' attack, and points the way to fate.
All now is tumult, each heart ſwells with joy,
The falconer's ſhout, and the wide concave rings,
Tremble the foreſts round, the joyous cries
Float through the vales; and rocks, and woods, and hills
Return the varied ſounds. Forth burſts the ſtag,
Nor truſts the mazes of his deep receſs:
Fear hid him cloſe, ſtrange inconſiſtent guide!
Now hurries him aghaſt with buſy feet
Far o'er the ſpacious plain; he pants to reach
The mountain's brow, or with unſteddy ſtep
To climb the craggy cliff: the grey-hounds ſtrain
Behind to pinch his haunch, who ſcarce evades
Their gaping jaws. One eagle wheeling flies
In airy labyrinths, or with eaſier wing
Skims by his ſide, and ſtuns his patient ear
With hideous cries, then peals his forehead broad,
Or at her eyes his fatal malice aims.
The other, like the bolt of angry heaven,
Darts down at once, and fixes on his back

Her griping talons, ploughing with her beak
His pamper'd chine: the blood, and ſweat diſtill'd
From many a dripping furrow, ſtains the ſoil.
Who pities not this fury-haunted wretch
Embarraſs'd thus, on every ſide diſtreſs'd?
Death will relieve him; for the greyhounds fierce,
Seizing their prey, ſoon drag him to the ground:
Groaning he falls; with eyes that ſwim in tears
He looks on man, chief author of his woe,
And weeps, and dies. The grandees preſs around
To dip their ſabres in his boiling blood;
Unſeemly joy! 'Tis barbarous to inſult
A fallen foe. The dogs, and birds of prey
Inſatiate, on his reeking bowels feaſt,
But the ſtern falconer claims the lion's ſhare.
Such are the ſports of kings, and better far
Than royal robbery, and the bloody jaws
Of all-devouring war. Each animal,
By natural inſtinct taught, ſpares his own kind:
But man, the tyrant man, revels at large,
Free-booter unreſtrain'd, deſtroys at will
The whole creation, men and beaſts his prey,
Theſe for his pleaſure, for his glory thoſe.
Next will I ſing the valiant falcon's fame,
Aerial fights, where no confederate brute
Joins in the bloody fray; but bird with bird
Juſts in mid-air. Lo! at his ſiege the hern,
Upon the bank of ſome ſmall purling brook,
Obſervant ſtands to take his ſcaly prize,
Himſelf another's game. For mark behind

The

The wily falconer creeps; his grazing horſe
Conceals the treacherous foe, and on his fiſt
Th' unhooded falcon fits: with eager eyes
She meditates her prey, and, in her wild
Conceit, already plumes the dying bird.
Up ſprings the hern, redoubling every ſtroke,
Conſcious of danger ſtretches far away,
With buſy pennons and projected beak,
Piercing th' opponent clouds: the falcon ſwift
Follows at ſpeed, mounts as he mounts, for hope
Gives vigour to her wings. Another ſoon
Strains after to ſupport the bold attack,
Perhaps a third. As in ſome winding creek,
On proud Iberia's ſhore, the corſairs ſly
Lurk waiting to ſurprize a Britiſh ſail,
Full-freighted from Hetruria's friendly ports,
Or rich Byzantium; after her they ſkud,
Daſhing the ſpumy waves with equal oars,
And ſpreading all their ſhrouds: ſhe makes the main
Inviting every gale, nor yet forgets
To clear her deck, and tell th' inſulting foe,
In peals of thunder, Britons cannot fear.
So flies the hern purſued, but fighting flies.
Warm grows the conflict, every nerve 's employ'd;
Now through the yielding element they ſoar
Aſpiring high, then ſink at once, and rove
In trackleſs mazes through the troubled ſky.
No reſt, no peace. The falcon hovering flies
Balanc'd in air, and confidently bold
Hangs o'er him like a cloud, then aims her blow

Full at his deſtin'd head. The watchful hern
Shoots from her like a blazing meteor ſwift
That gilds the night, eludes her talons keen
And pointed beak, and gains a length of way.
Obſerve th' attentive crowd; all hearts are fix'd
On this important war, and pleaſing hope
Glows in each breaſt. The vulgar and the great,
Equally happy now, with freedom ſhare
The common joy. The ſhepherd-boy forgets
His bleating care; the labouring hind lets fall
His grain unſown; in tranſport loſt, he robs
Th' expecting furrow, and in wild amaze
The gazing village point their eyes to heaven.
Where is the tongue can ſpeak the falconer's cares,
'Twixt hopes and fears, as in a tempeſt toſt?
His fluttering heart, his varying cheeks confeſs
His inward woe. Now like a wearied ſtag,
That ſtands at bay, the hern provokes their rage;
Cloſe by his languid wing, in downy plumes
Covers his fatal beak, and cautious hides
The well-diſſembled fraud. The falcon darts
Like lightning from above, and in her breaſt
Receives the latent death; down plum ſhe falls
Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore
Defiles her gaudy plumage. See, alas!
The falconer in deſpair, his favourite bird
Dead at his feet, as of his deareſt friend
He weeps her fate; he meditates revenge,
He ſtorms, he foams, he gives a looſe to rage:
Nor wants he long the means; the hern fatigu'd,

Borne

Borne down by numbers yields, and prone on earth
He drops: his cruel foes wheeling around
Insult at will. The vengeful falconer flies
Swift as an arrow shooting to their aid;
Then muttering inward curses breaks his wings,
And fixes in the ground his hated beak;
Sees with malignant joy the victors proud
Smear'd with his blood, and on his marrow feast.
Unhappy bird! our fathers' prime delight!
Who fenc'd thine eyrie round with sacred laws.
Nor mighty princes now disdain to wear
Thy waving creft, the mark of high command,
With gold, and pearl, and brilliant gems adorn'd.
Now, if the cryftal ftream delight thee more,
Sportfman, lead on, where through the reedy bank
Th' infinuating waters filter'd ftray
In many a winding maze. The wild-duck there
Gluts on the fattening oufe, or fteals the fpawn
Of teeming fhoals, her more delicious feaft.
How do the fun-beams on the glaffy plain
Sport wanton, and amufe our wondering eyes
With variouſly-reflected changing rays!
The murmuring ftream falutes the flowery mead
That glows with fragrance; nature all around
Conſents to bleſs. What fluggard now would fink
In beds of down? what miſer would not leave
His bags untold for this tranſporting ſcene?
Falconer, take care, oppoſe thy well-train'd ſteed,
And ſlily ſtalk; unhood thy falcon bold,
Obſerve at feed the unſuſpecting team

Padling with oary feet: he 's ſeen, they fly.
Now at full ſpeed the falconer ſpurs away
T' aſſiſt his favourite hawk, ſhe from the reſt
Has ſingled out the mallard young and gay,
Whoſe green and azure brightens in the ſun.
Swift as the wind that ſweeps the deſert plain,
With feet, wings, beak, he cuts the liquid ſky:
Behoves him now both oar and ſail; for ſee
Th' unequal foe gains on him as he flies.
Long holds th' aërial courſe; they riſe, they fall,
Now ſkim in circling rings, then ſtretch away
With all their force, till at one fatal ſtroke
The vigorous hawk, exerting every nerve,
Truſs'd in mid-air bears down her captive prey.
'Tis well on earth they fall; for oft the duck
Miſtruſts her coward wings, and ſeeks again
The kind protecting flood: if haply then
The falcon raſh aim a deciſive blow,
And ſpring to gripe her floating prey; at once
She dives beneath, and near ſome oſier's root
Pops up her head ſecure; then views her foe
Juſt in the graſping of her fond deſires,
And in full pride of triumph, whelm'd beneath
The gliding ſtream. Ah! where are now, proud bird!
Thy ſtately trappings, and thy ſilver bells,
Thy gloſſy plumage, and thy ſilken creſt?
Say, tyrant of the ſkies! Wouldſt thou not now
Exchange with thy but late deſponding foe
Thy dreadful talons, and thy poliſh'd beak,
For her web-feet deſpis'd? How happy they!

Who,

Who, when gay pleaſure courts, and fortune ſmiles,
Fear the reverſe, with caution tread thoſe paths
Where roſes grow, but wily vipers creep!
  Theſe are expenſive joys, fit for the great
Of large domains poſſeſs'd: enough for me
To boaſt the gentle ſpar-hawk on my fiſt,
Or fly the partridge from the briſtly field,
Retrieve the covey with my buſy train,
Or with my ſoaring hobby dare the lark.
  But, if the ſhady woods my cares employ,
In queſt of feather'd game, my ſpaniels beat
Puzzling th' entangled copſe; and from the brake
Puſh forth the whirring pheaſant; high in air
He waves his varied plumes, ſtretching away
With haſty wing. Soon from th' uplifted tube
The mimic thunder burſts, the leaden death
O'ertakes him; and with many a giddy whirl
To earth he falls, and at my feet expires.
  When autumn ſmiles, all-beauteous in decay,
And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues;
My ſetter ranges in the new-ſhorn fields,
His noſe in air erect; from ridge to ridge
Panting he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides
In equal intervals, nor careleſs leaves
One inch untry'd. At length the tainted gales
His noſtrils wide inhale; quick joy elates
His beating heart, which, aw'd by diſcipline
Severe, he dares not own; but cautious creeps
Low-cowering, ſtep by ſtep; at laſt attains
His proper diſtance; there he ſtops at once,

And

And points with his inſtructive noſe upon
The trembling prey. On wings of wind upborn
The floating net unfolded flies; then drops,
And the poor fluttering captives riſe in vain.
Or haply on ſome river's cooling bank,
Patiently muſing, all intent I ſtand
To hook the ſcaly glutton. See! down ſinks
My cork, that faithful monitor; his weight
My taper angle bends; ſurpriz'd, amaz'd,
He glitters in the ſun, and ſtruggling pants
For liberty, till in the purer air
He breathes no more. Such are our pleaſing cares,
And ſweet amuſements, ſuch each buſy drudge
Envious muſt wiſh, and all the wiſe enjoy.
Thus, moſt illuſtrious Prince, have I preſum'd
In my obſcure ſojourn to ſing at eaſe
Rural delights, the joy, and ſweet repaſt
Of every noble mind: and now perchance
Untimely ſing; ſince from yon neighbouring ſhore
The grumbling thunder rolls; calm peace alarm'd
Starts from her couch, and the rude din of war
Sounds harſh in every ear. But righteous heaven!
Britain deſerted, friendleſs, and alone,
Will not as yet deſpair: ſhine but in arms,
O Prince, belov'd by all! patron profeſs'd
Of liberty! with every virtue crown'd!
Millions ſhall croud her ſtrand; and her white cliffs,
As Teneriff, or Atlas firm, defy
The break of ſeas, and malice of her foes;
Nor the proud Gaul prevail where Cæſar fail'd.

NOTES

NOTES

ON

FIELD-SPORTS.

Ver. 18. Straits of Thermopylæ. See the ſtory of Xerxes.

Ver. 103. The place where the hern takes his ſtand, watching his prey.

Ver. 169. This is done to prevent his hurting the hawk: they generally alſo break their legs.

Ver. 172. The reward of the hawk made of the brains, marrow, and blood, which they call in Italian, *Soppa*.

Ver. 174. No man was permitted to ſhoot within 600 yards of the eyrie, or neſt of an hern, under great penalties.

Ver. 176. The hern's top worn at coronations here, and by the great men in Aſia in their turbants.

OCCASIONAL POEMS,

TRANSLATIONS,

FABLES, AND TALES.

" Dum nihil habemus majus, calamo ludimus."
PHÆD.

TO

WILLIAM SOMERVILE of Warwickshire, Esq;

On reading several of his excellent Poems.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

SIR, I have read, and much admire,
Your Muse's gay and easy flow,
Warm'd with that true Idalian fire
That gives the bright and chearful glow.

I conn'd each line with joyous care,
As I can such from sun to sun;
And, like the glutton o'er his fare
Delicious, thought them too soon done.

The witty smile, nature and art,
In all your numbers so combine,
As to complete their just desert,
And grace them with uncommon shine.

Delighted we your Muse regard,
When she like Pindar's spreads her wings;
And virtue, being its own reward,
Expresses by the Sister Springs.

Emotions tender croud the mind,
When with the royal bard you go,
To sigh in notes divinely kind,
"The mighty slain on mount Gilbo."

Much

Much ſurely was the virgin's joy,
  Who with the Iliad had your lays;
For e'er, and ſince the ſiege of Troy,
  We all delight in love and praiſe.

Theſe heaven-born paſſions, ſuch deſire,
  I never yet could think a crime;
But firſt-rate virtues which inſpire
  The ſoul to reach at the ſublime.

But often men miſtake the way,
  And pump for fame by empty boaſt,
Like your "gilt Aſs," who ſtood to bray,
  Till in a flame his tail he loſt.

Him "th' incurious Bencher" hits,
  With his own tale, ſo tight and clean,
That, while I read, ſtreams guſh, by fits
  Of hearty laughter, from my een.

Old Chaucer, bard of vaſt ingine,
  Fontaine and Prior, who have ſung
Blyth tales the beſt; had they heard thine
  On Lob, they'd own'd themſelves out-done.

The plot 's purſued with ſo much glee,
  The too officious "Dog and Prieſt,"
The "Squire oppreſs'd," I own for me,
  I never heard a better jeſt.

Pope

Pope well deſcrib'd an Omber Game,
And "King revenging Captive Queen;"
He merits; but had won more fame,
If author of your "Bowling-green."

You paint your parties, play each bowl,
So natural, juſt, and with ſuch eaſe,
That, while I read, upon my ſoul!
I wonder how I chance to pleaſe.

Yet I have pleas'd, and pleaſe the beſt;
And ſure to me laurels belong,
Since Britiſh fair, and 'mongſt the beſt,
Somervile's conſort likes my ſong.

Raviſh'd I heard th' harmonious fair
Sing, like a dweller of the ſky,
My verſes with a Scotian air;
Then ſaints were not ſo bleſt as I.

In her the valued charms unite;
She really is what all would ſeem,
Gracefully handſome, wiſe and ſweet:
'Tis merit to have her eſteem.

Your noble kinſman, her lov'd mate,
Whoſe worth claims all the world's reſpect,
Met in her love a ſmiling fate,
Which has, and muſt have, good effect.

You both from one great lineage ſpring,
Both from de Somerville, who came,
With William, England's conquering king,
To win fair plains, and laſting fame.

Whichnour he left to 's eldeſt ſon;
That firſt-born chief you repreſent:
His ſecond came to Caledon,
From whom our Somer'le takes deſcent.

On him and you may fate beſtow
Sweet balmy health and chearful fire,
As long 's ye 'd wiſh to live below,
Still bleſt with all you would deſire.

O ſir! oblige the world, and ſpread
In print thoſe and your other lays;
This ſhall be better'd while they read,
And after-ages ſound your praiſe.

I could enlarge—but if I ſhould
On what you 've wrote, my Ode would run
Too great a length—Your thoughts ſo croud,
To note them all, I'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a Muſe,
Who on her Pictland hills ne'er tires:
Nor ſhould (when worth invites) refuſe
To ſing the perſon ſhe admires.

AN ODE,

Humbly inſcribed to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, upon his Removal from all his Places.

" Virtus repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ
" Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
" Nec ſumit, aut ponit ſecures,
" Arbitrio popularis auræ." HOR.

I.

WHEN, in meridian glory bright,
You ſhine with more illuſtrious rays,
Above the Muſe's weaker flight,
Above the Poet's praiſe.
In vain the goddeſs mounts her native ſkies,
In vain, with feeble wings, attempts to riſe;
In vain ſhe toils to do her hero right,
Loſt in exceſs of day, and boundleſs tracks of light.
The Theban ſwan with daring wings,
And force impetuous, ſoars on high,
Above the clouds ſublimely ſings,
Above the reach of mortal eye.
But what, alas! would Pindar do,
Were his bold Muſe to ſing of you?
Can Chromius' ſtrength be nam'd with yours?
Can mimic fights and ſportive war
With Schellembergh's demoliſh'd towers,
Or Blenheim's bloody field compare?
The Bard would bluſh at Theron's ſpeed,
When Marlborough mounts the fiery ſteed;

And the deſpairing foe 's purſued
Through towns and provinces ſubdued.
Fond poet, ſpare thy empty boaſt,
In vain thy chariots raiſe ſo great a duſt;
See Britain's hero with whole armies flies,
To execute his vaſt deſigns,
To paſs the Scheld, to force the lines,
Swift as thy ſmoking car, to win th' Olympic prize.
But now, when, with diminiſh'd light,
And beams more tolerably bright,
With leſs of grandeur and ſurprize,
Mild you deſcend to mortal eyes;
Your ſetting glories charm us more,
Than all your dazzling pomp before.
Your worth is better underſtood,
The hero more diſtinctly view'd,
Glad we behold him not ſo great as good.
True virtue's amiable face
Improves, when ſhaded by diſgrace;
A lively ſenſe of conſcious worth,
Calls all her hidden beauties forth;
Darts through the gloom a lovely ray,
And, by her own intrinſic light, creates a nobler day.

II.

Let fickle Chance with partial hands divide
Her gaudy pomp, her tinſel pride;
Who to her knaves and fools ſupplies
Thoſe favours which the brave deſpiſe.
Let Faction raiſe the ſaucy crowd,
And call her multitude to arms;

Let

Let Envy's vipers hiſs aloud,
And rouze all hell with dire alarms:
Go ſhake the rocks, and bid the hills remove;
Yet ſtill the hero's mind ſhall be
Unchangeable, reſolv'd, and free,
Fix'd on its baſe, firm as the throne of Jove.
Britons, look back on thoſe auſpicious days,
On Iſter's banks when your great leader ſtood,
And with your gaſping foes incumber'd all the flood.
Or when Ramillia's bloody plain
Was fatten'd with the mighty ſlain;
Or when Blaregnia's ramparts were aſſail'd,
With force that heaven itſelf had ſcal'd.
Did then reviling pens profane
Your Marlborough's ſacred name?
Did noiſy tribunes then debauch the crowd?
Did their unrighteous votes blaſpheme aloud?
Did mercenary tools conſpire
To curſe the hero whom their foes admire?
No!—The contending nations ſung his praiſe;
While bards of every clime
Exert their moſt triumphant lays,
No thought too great, no diction too ſublime.
Hail, glorious prince! 'tis not for thee we grieve,
For thy invulnerable fame
No diminution can receive,
Thou, mighty man! art ſtill the ſame,
Thy purer gold eludes the flame;
This fiery trial makes thy virtue ſhine,
And perſecution crowns thy brows with rays divine.

But what, alas! ſhall fainting Europe do?
How ſtand the ſhock of her imperious foe?
What ſucceſſor ſhall bear the weight
Of all our cares? and prop the ſtate?
Since thou our Atlas art remov'd,
O beſt deſerving chief! and therefore beſt belov'd?

III.

To your own Blenheim's bliſsful ſeat,
From this ungrateful world retreat;
A gift unequal to that hero's worth,
Who from the peaceful Thames led our bold Britons forth,
To free the Danube and the Rhine;
Who by the thunder of his arms
Shook the proud Rhône with loud alarms,
And rais'd a tempeſt in the trembling Seine.
After the long fatigues of war,
Repoſe your envy'd virtues here;
Enjoy, my lord, the ſweet repaſt
Of all your glorious toils,
A pleaſure that ſhall ever laſt,
The mighty comfort that proceeds
From the juſt ſenſe of virtuous deeds,
Content with endleſs fame, contemn the meaner ſpoils.
Pomona calls, and Pan invites,
To rural pleaſures, chaſte delights;
The orange and the citron grove
Will by your hand alone improve;
Would fain their gaudy liveries wear,
And wait your preſence to revive the year.

In

In this Elyſium, more than bleſt,
Laugh at the vulgar's ſenſeleſs hate,
The politician's vain deceit,
The fawning knave, the proud ingrate.
Revolve in your capacious breaſt
The various unforeſeen events,
And unexpected accidents,
That change the flattering ſcene, and overturn the great.
Frail are our hopes, and ſhort the date
Of grandeur's tranſitory ſtate.
Corinthian braſs ſhall melt away,
And Parian marble ſhall decay;
The vaſt Coloſſus, that on either ſhore
Exulting ſtood, is now no more;
Arts and artificers ſhall die,
And in one common ruin lie.
Behold your own majeſtic palace riſe,
In haſte to emulate the ſkies;
The gilded globes, the pointed ſpires:
See the proud dome's ambitious height,
Emblem of power and pompous ſtate,
Above the clouds aſpires:
Yet Vulcan's ſpight, or angry Jove,
May ſoon its towering pride reprove,
Its painted glories ſoon efface,
Divide the ponderous roof, and ſhake the ſolid baſe.
Material ſtructures muſt ſubmit to fate,
But virtue which alone is truly great,
Virtue like yours, my lord, ſhall be
Secure of immortality.

Nor foreign force, nor factious rage,
Nor envy, nor devouring age,
Your laſting glory ſhall impair,
Time ſhall myſterious truths declare,
And works of darkneſs ſhall diſcloſe;
This bleſſing is reſerv'd for you
T' outlive the trophies to your merit due,
And malice of your foes.
If glorious actions, in a glorious cauſe,
If valour negligent of praiſe,
Deſerving, yet retiring from applauſe,
In generous minds can great ideas raiſe:
If Europe ſav'd, and liberty reſtor'd,
By ſteady conduct, and a proſperous ſword,
Can claim in free-born ſouls a juſt eſteem;
Britain's victorious chief ſhall be
Rever'd by late poſterity,
The hero's pattern, and the poet's theme.

ODE, occaſioned by the Duke of MARLBOROUGH's embarking for OSTEND, An. 1712.

"Interque mœrentes amicos
"Egregius properavit exul." HOR.

YE powers, who rule the boundleſs deep,
Whoſe dread commands the winds obey,
To roll the waters on a heap,
Or ſmooth the liquid way:

Propitious

Propitious hear Britannia's prayer,
Britannia's hope is now your care,
Whom oft to yonder diſtant ſhore,
Your hoſpitable billows bore,
When Europe in diſtreſs implor'd
Relief from his victorious ſword;
Who, when the mighty work was done,
Tyrants repell'd, and battles won,
On your glad waves, proud of the glorious load,
Through theſe your watery realms, in yearly triumph rode.
To winds and ſeas, diſtreſs'd he flies,
From ſtorms at land, and faction's ſpight:
Though the more fickle crowd denies,
The winds, the ſeas, ſhall do his virtue right.
Be huſht, ye winds! be ſtill, ye ſeas!
Ye billows ſleep at eaſe,
And in your rocky caverns reſt!
Let all be calm as the great hero's breaſt.
Here no unruly paſſions reign,
Nor ſervile fear, nor proud diſdain,
Each wilder luſt is baniſh'd hence,
Where gentle love preſides, and mild benevolence.
Here no gloomy cares ariſe,
Conſcious honour ſtill ſupplies,
Friendly hope, and peace of mind,
Such as dying martyrs find.
Serene within, no guilt he knows,
While all his wrongs ſit heavy on his foes.

II. Say,

II.

Say, Muſe, what hero ſhall I ſing,
What great example bring,
To parallel this mighty wrong,
And with his graceful woes adorn my ſong?
Shall brave Themiſtocles appear
Before the haughty Perſian's throne?
While conquer'd chiefs confeſs their fear,
And ſhatter'd fleets his triumphs own;
In admiration fix'd, the monarch ſtood,
With ſecret joy, his glorious prize he view'd,
Of more intrinſic worth than provinces ſubdued.
Or faithful Ariſtides, ſent,
For being juſt, to baniſhment,
He writ the rigid ſentence down,
He pitied the miſguided clown.
Or him, who, when brib'd orators miſled
The factious tribes, to hoſtile Sparta fled;
The vile ingrateful crowd,
Proclaim'd their impious joy aloud,
But ſoon the fools diſcover'd to their coſt,
Athens in Alcibiades was loſt.
Or, if a Roman name delight thee more,
The great Dictator's fate deplore,
Camillus againſt noiſy faction bold,
In victories and triumphs old.
Ungrateful Rome!
Puniſh'd by heaven's avenging doom,
Soon ſhall thy ardent vows invite him home,

The

The mighty chieftain ſoon recall,
To prop the falling capitol,
And ſave his country from the perjur'd Gaul.
Search, Muſe, the dark records of time,
And every ſhameful ſtory trace,
Black with injuſtice and diſgrace,
When glorious merit was a crime;
Yet theſe, all theſe, but faintly can expreſs
Folly without excuſe, and madneſs in exceſs.

III.

The nobleſt object that our eyes can bleſs,
Is the brave man triumphant in diſtreſs:
Above the reach of partial fate,
Above the vulgar's praiſe or hate,
Whom no feign'd ſmiles can raiſe, no real frowns depreſs.
View him, ye Britons, on the naked ſhore,
Reſolv'd to truſt your faithleſs vows no more,
That mighty man! who for ten glorious years
Surpaſs'd our hopes, prevented all our prayers.
A name, in every clime renown'd,
By nations bleſs'd, by monarchs crown'd.
In ſolemn jubilees our days we ſpent,
Our hearts exulting in each grand event.
Factions applaud the man they hate,
And with regret, to pay their painful homage wait.
Have I not ſeen this crowded ſhore,
With multitudes all cover'd o'er?
While hills and groves their joy proclaim,
And echoing rocks return his name.

Attentive

Attentive on the lovely form they gaze:
He with a chearful ſmile,
Glad to reviſit this his parent iſle,
Flies from their incenſe, and eſcapes their praiſe.
Yes, Britons, view him ſtill unmov'd,
Unchang'd, though leſs belov'd.
His generous ſoul no deep reſentment fires,
But, bluſhing for his country's crimes, the kind good man
Ev'n now he fights for this devoted iſle, [retires.
And labours to preſerve his native ſoil,
Diverts the vengeance which juſt heaven prepares,
Accus'd, diſarm'd, protects us with his prayers.
Obdurate hearts! cannot ſuch merit move?
The hero's valour, nor the patriot's love?
Fly, goddeſs, fly this inauſpicious place;
Spurn at the vile degenerate race,
Attend the glorious exile, and proclaim
In other climes his laſting fame,
Where honeſt hearts, unknowing to forget
The bleſſings from his arms receiv'd,
Confeſs with joy the mighty debt,
Their altars reſcued, and their gods reliev'd.

IV.

Nor fails the hero to a clime unknown,
Cities preſerv'd, their great deliverer own:
Impatient crowds about him preſs,
And with ſincere devotion bleſs.
Thoſe plains, of ten years war the bloody ſtage,
(Where panting nations ſtruggled to be free
And life exchang'd for liberty)
Retain the marks of ſtern Bellona's rage.

The

The doubtful hind miſtakes the field
His fruitleſs toil ſo lately till'd:
Here deep intrenchments ſunk, and vales appear,
The vain retreats of Gallic fear;
There new-created hills deform the plain,
Big with the carnage of the ſlain:
Theſe monuments, when faction's ſpight
Has ſpit its poiſonous foam in vain,
To endleſs ages ſhall proclaim
The matchleſs warrior's might,
The graves of ſlaughter'd foes ſhall do his valour right.
Theſe when the curious traveller
Amaz'd ſhall view, and with attentive care
Trace the ſad footſteps of deſtructive war;
Succeſſive bards ſhall tell,
How Marlborough fought, how gaſping tyrants fell.
Alternate chiefs confeſs'd the victor's fame,
Pleas'd and excus'd, in their ſucceſſor's ſhame.
In every change, in every form,
The Proteus felt his conquering arm:
Convinc'd of weakneſs, in extreme deſpair,
They lurk'd behind their lines, and wag'd a lazy war.
Nor lines nor forts could calm the ſoldier's fear,
Surpriz'd he found a Marlborough there.
Nature, nor art, his eager rage withſtood,
He meaſur'd diſtant plains, he forc'd the rapid flood,
He fought, he conquer'd, he purſued.
In years advanc'd, with youthful vigour warm'd,
The work of ages in a day perform'd.

When

When kindly gleams diſſolve the winter ſnows
From Alpine hills, with ſuch impetuous haſte
The icy torrent flows;
In vain the rocks oppoſe,
It drives along enlarg'd, and lays the regions waſte.
Stop, goddeſs, thy preſumptuous flight,
Nor ſoar to ſuch a dangerous height,
Raiſe not the ghoſt of his departed fame,
To pierce our conſcious ſouls with guilty ſhame:
But tune thy harp to humbler lays,
Nor meditate offenſive praiſe.

To Mr. ADDISON, occaſioned by his purchaſing an Eſtate in WARWICKSHIRE.

" — En erit unquam
" Ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta!
" En erit, ut liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem,
" Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno!"
VIRG.

TO the gay town where guilty pleaſure reigns,
The wiſe good man prefers our humble plains:
Neglected honours on his merit wait,
Here he retires when courted to be great,
The world reſigning for this calm retreat.
His ſoul with wiſdom's choiceſt treaſures fraught,
Here proves in practice each ſublimer thought,
And lives by rules his happy pen has taught.
Great Bard! how ſhall my worthleſs Muſe aſpire
To reach your praiſe, without your ſacred fire?

From

From the judicious critic's piercing eyes,
To the beſt-natur'd man ſecure ſhe flies.
When panting virtue her laſt efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid;
Preſumptuous Folly bluſh'd, and Vice withdrew,
To vengeance yielding her abandon'd crew.
'Tis true, confederate wits their forces join,
Parnaſſus labours in the work divine:
Yet theſe we read with too impatient eyes,
And hunt for you through every dark diſguiſe;
In vain your modeſty that name conceals,
Which every thought, which every word, reveals.
With like ſucceſs bright Beauty's Goddeſs tries
To veil immortal charms from mortal eyes;
Her graceful port, and her celeſtial mien,
To her brave ſon betray the Cyprian queen;
Odours divine perfume her roſy breaſt,
She glides along the plain in majeſty confeſs'd.
Hard was the taſk, and worthy your great mind,
To pleaſe at once, and to reform mankind:
Yet, when you write, Truth charms with ſuch addreſs,
Pleads Virtue's cauſe with ſuch becoming grace,
His own fond heart the guilty wretch betrays,
He yields delighted, and convinc'd obeys:
You touch our follies with ſo nice a ſkill,
Nature and habit prompt in vain to ill.
Nor can it leſſen the Spectator's praiſe,
That from your friendly hand he wears the bays;
His great deſign all ages ſhall commend,
But more his happy choice in ſuch a friend.

&c.

So the fair queen of night the world relieves,
Nor at the ſun's ſuperior honour grieves,
Proud to reflect the glories ſhe receives.
When dark oblivion is the warrior's lot,
His merits cenſur'd, and his wounds forgot;
When burniſh'd helms and gilded armour ruſt,
And each proud trophy ſinks in common duſt:
Freſh blooming honours deck the poet's brows,
He ſhares the mighty bleſſings he beſtows,
His ſpreading fame enlarges as it flows.
Had not your Muſe in her immortal ſtrain
Deſcrib'd the glorious toils on Blenheim's plain,
Ev'n Marlborough might have fought, and Dormer bled in vain.
When honour calls, and the juſt cauſe inſpires,
Britain's bold ſons to emulate their ſires;
Your Muſe theſe great examples ſhall ſupply,
Like that to conquer, or like this to die.
Contending nations ancient Homer claim,
And Mantua glories in her Maro's name;
Our happier ſoil the prize ſhall yield to none,
Ardenna's groves ſhall boaſt an Addiſon.
Ye ſilvan powers, and all ye rural gods,
That guard theſe peaceful ſhades, and bleſt abodes;
For your new gueſt your choiceſt gifts prepare,
Exceed his wiſhes, and prevent his prayer;
Grant him, propitious, freedom, health, and peace,
And as his virtues, let his ſtores increaſe.
His laviſh hand no deity ſhall mourn,
The pious bard ſhall make a juſt return;

In

In laſting verſe eternal altars raiſe,
And over-pay your bounty with his praiſe.
Tune every reed, touch every ſtring, ye ſwains,
Welcome the ſtranger to theſe happy plains,
With hymns of joy in ſolemn pomp attend
Apollo's darling, and the Muſes' friend.
Ye nymphs, that haunt the ſtreams and ſhady groves,
Forget a while to mourn your abſent loves;
In ſong and ſportive dance your joy proclaim,
In yielding bluſhes own your riſing flame:
Be kind, ye nymphs, nor let him ſigh in vain.
Each land remote your curious eye has view'd,
That Grecian arts, or Roman arms ſubdued;
Search every region, every diſtant ſoil,
With pleaſing labour, and inſtructive toil:
Say then, accompliſh'd Bard! What god inclin'd
To theſe our humble plains your generous mind?
Nor would you deign in Latian fields to dwell,
Which none know better, or deſcribe ſo well.
In vain ambroſial fruits invite your ſtay,
In vain the myrtle groves obſtruct your way,
And ductile ſtreams that round the borders ſtray.
Your wiſer choice prefers this ſpot of earth,
Diſtinguiſh'd by th' immortal Shakeſpeare's birth;
Where through the vales the fair Avona glides,
And nouriſhes the glebe with fattening tides;
Flora's rich gifts deck all the verdant ſoil,
And plenty crowns the happy farmer's toil.
Here, on the painted borders of the flood,
The babe was born; his bed with roſes ſtrow'd:

Here in an ancient venerable dome,
Oppreſs'd with grief, we view the poet's tomb.
Angels unſeen watch o'er his hallow'd urn,
And in ſoft elegies complaining mourn:
While the bleſs'd ſaint, in loftier ſtrains above,
Reveals the wonders of eternal love.
The heavens, delighted in his tuneful lays,
With ſilent joy attend their Maker's praiſe.
In heaven he ſings; on earth your Muſe ſupplies
Th' important loſs, and heals our weeping eyes.
Correctly great, ſhe melts each flinty heart,
With equal genius, but ſuperior art.
Hail, happy pair! ordain'd by turns to bleſs,
And ſave a ſinking nation in diſtreſs.
By great examples to reform the crowd,
Awake their zeal, and warm their frozen blood.
When Brutus ſtrikes for liberty and laws,
Nor ſpares a father in his country's cauſe;
A nute ſevere applauds the cruel deed,
A tyrant ſuffers, and the world is freed,
But, when we ſee the godlike Cato bleed,
The nation weeps; and from thy fate, oh Rome!
Learns to prevent her own impending doom.
Where is the wretch a worthleſs life can prize,
When Senates are no more, and Cato dies?
Indulgent ſorrow, and a pleaſing pain,
Heaves in each breaſt, and beats in every vein.
Th' expiring patriot animates the crowd,
Bold they demand their ancient rights aloud,
The dear-bought purchaſe of their fathers' blood.

Fai

Fair Liberty her head majeſtic rears,
Ten thouſand bleſſings in her boſom bears;
Serene ſhe ſmiles, revealing all her charms,
And calls her free-born youth to glorious arms.
Faction 's repell'd, and grumbling leaves her prey,
Forlorn ſhe ſits, and dreads the fatal day,
When eaſtern gales ſhall ſweep her hopes away.
Such ardent zeal your Muſe alone could raiſe,
Alone reward it with immortal praiſe.
Ages to come ſhall celebrate your fame,
And reſcued Britain bleſs the poet's name.
So when the dreaded powers of Sparta fail'd,
Tyrtæus and Athenian wit prevail'd.
Too weak the laws by wiſe Lycurgus made,
And rules ſevere without the Muſes' aid:
He touch'd the trembling ſtrings, the poet's ſong
Reviv'd the faint, and made the feeble ſtrong;
Recall'd the living to the duſty plain,
And to a better life reſtor'd the ſlain.
The victor-hoſt amaz'd, with horror view'd
Th' aſſembling troops, and all the war renew'd;
To more than mortal courage quit the field,
And to their foes th' unfiniſh'd trophies yield.

An Imitation of HORACE, Book IV. Ode ix.

Inſcribed to the Right Honourable James Stanhope, Eſq; one of his Majeſty's principal Secretaries of State, afterwards Earl Stanhope.

BORN near Avona's winding ſtream
I touch the trembling lyre,
No vulgar thoughts, no vulgar theme,
Shall the bold Muſe inſpire.
'Tis immortality 's her aim;
Sublime ſhe mounts the ſkies,
She climbs the ſteep aſcent to fame,
Nor ever ſhall want force to riſe,
While ſhe ſupports her flight with Stanhope's name.
What though majeſtic Milton ſtands alone
Inimitably great!
Bow low, ye bards, at his exalted throne,
And lay your labours at his feet;
Capacious ſoul! whoſe boundleſs thoughts ſurvey
Heaven, hell, earth, ſea;
Lo! where th' embattled gods appear,
The mountains from their ſeats they tear,
And ſhake th' empyreal heavens with impious war.
Yet, nor ſhall Milton's ghoſt repine
At all the honours we beſtow
On Addiſon's deſerving brow,
By whom convinc'd, we own his work divine,
Whoſe ſkilful pen has done his merit right,
And ſet the jewel in a fairer light.

Enliven'd

Enliven'd by his bright Eſſay
Each flowery ſcene appears more gay,
New beauties ſpring in Eden's fertile groves,
And by his culture Paradiſe improves.
Garth, by Apollo doubly bleſs'd,
Is by the god entire poſſeſs'd:
Age, unwilling to depart,
Begs life from his prevailing ſkill;
Youth, reviving from his art,
Borrows its charms and power to kill:
But when the patriot's injur'd fame,
His country's honour, or his friends,
A more extenſive bounty claim,
With joy the ready Muſe attends,
Immortal honours ſhe beſtows,
A gift the Muſe alone can give;
She crowns the glorious victor's brows,
And bids expiring virtue live.
Nymphs yet unborn ſhall melt with amorous flames
That Congreve's lays inſpire;
And Philips warm the gentle ſwains
To love and ſoft deſire.
Ah! ſhun, ye fair, the dangerous ſounds,
Alas! each moving accent wounds,
The ſparks conceal'd revive again
The god reſtor'd, reſumes his reign,
In killing joys and pleaſing pain.
Thus does each bard in different garb appear,
Each Muſe has her peculiar air,
And in propriety of dreſs becomes more fair;

To each, impartial Providence
Well-choſen gifts beſtows,
He varies his munificence,
And in divided ſtreams the heavenly bleſſing flows.

II.

If we look back on ages paſt and gone,
When infant Time his race begun,
The diſtant view ſtill leſſens to our ſight,
Obſcur'd in clouds, and veil'd in ſhades of night.
The Muſe alone can the dark ſcenes diſplay,
Enlarge the proſpect, and diſcloſe the day.
'Tis ſhe the records of times paſt explores,
And the dead hero to new life reſtores,
To the brave man who for his country died,
Erects a laſting pyramid,
Supports his dignity and fame,
When mouldering pillars drop his name.
In full proportion leads her warrior forth,
Diſcovers his neglected worth,
Brightens his deeds, by envious ruſt o'ercaſt,
T' improve the preſent age, and vindicate the paſt.
Did not the Muſe our crying wrongs repeat,
Ages to come no more ſhould know
Of Lewis by oppreſſion great
Than we of Nimrod now:
The meteor ſhould but blaze and die,
Depriv'd of the reward of endleſs infamy.
Ev'n that brave chief, who ſet the nations free,
The greateſt name the world can boaſt,

Without

Without the Muſe's aid, ſhall be
Sunk in the tide of time, and in oblivion loſt.
The ſculptor's hand may make the marble live,
Or the bold pencil trace
The wonders of that lovely face,
Where every charm, and every grace,
That man can wiſh, or heaven can give,
In happy union join'd, confeſs
The hero born to conquer, and to bleſs.
Yet vain, alas! is every art,
Till the great work the Muſe compleat,
And everlaſting fame impart,
That ſoars aloft, above the reach of fate.
Hail, happy bard! on whom the gods beſtow
A genius equal to the vaſt deſign,
Whoſe thoughts ſublime in eaſy numbers flow,
While Marlborough's virtues animate each line.
How ſhall our trembling ſouls ſurvey
The horrors of each bloody day;
The wreaking carnage of the plain
Incumber'd with the mighty ſlain,
The ſtrange variety of death,
And the ſad murmurs of departing breath?
Scamander's ſtreams ſhall yield to Danube's flood,
To the dark boſom of the deep purſued
By fiercer flames, and ſtain'd with nobler blood.
The gods ſhall arm on either ſide,
Th' important quarrel to decide;
The grand event embroil the realms above,
And faction revel in the court of Jove;

While heaven, and earth, and ſea, and air,
Shall feel the mighty ſhock and labour of the war.

III.

Virtue conceal'd obſcurely dies,
Loſt in the mean diſguiſe
Of abject ſloth, depreſs'd, unknown.
Rough in its native bed the unwrought diamond lies,
Till chance, or art, reveal its worth,
And call its latent glories forth;
But when its radiant charms are view'd,
Becomes the idol of the crowd,
And adds new luſtre to the monarch's crown.
What Britiſh harp can lie unſtrung,
When Stanhope's fame demands a ſong?
Upward, ye Muſes, take your wanton flight,
Tune every lyre to Stanhope's praiſe,
Exert your moſt triumphant lays,
Nor ſuffer ſuch heroic deeds to ſink in endleſs night.
The golden Tagus ſhall forget to flow,
And Ebro leave its channel dry,
Ere Stanhope's name to time ſhall bow,
And loſt in dark oblivion lie.
Where ſhall the Muſe begin her airy flight?
Where firſt direct her dubious way;
Loſt in variety of light,
And dazzled in exceſs of day?
Wiſdom and valour, probity and truth,
At once upon the labouring fancy throng,
The conduct of old age, the fire of youth,
United in one breaſt perplex the poet's ſong.

Thoſe

Thoſe virtues which diſpers'd and rare
The gods too thriftily beſtow'd,
And ſcatter'd to amuſe the crowd,
When former heroes were their care;
T' exert at once their power divine,
In thee, brave chief, collected ſhine.
So from each lovely blooming face
Th' ambitious artiſt ſtole a grace,
When in one finiſh'd piece he ſtrove
To paint th' all-glorious Queen of Love.
Thy provident unbiaſs'd mind
Knowing in arts of peace and war,
With indefatigable care,
Labours the good of human kind:
Erect in dangers, modeſt in ſucceſs,
Corruption's everlaſting bane,
Where injur'd merit finds redreſs,
And worthleſs villains wait in vain.
Though fawning knaves beſiege thy gate,
And court the honeſt man they hate;
Thy ſteady virtue charges through,
Alike unerring to ſubdue,
As when on Almanara's plain the ſcatter'd ſquadrons flew.
Vain are th' attacks of force or art,
Where Cæſar's arm defends a Cato's heart.
Oh! could thy generous ſoul diſpenſe
Through this unrighteous age its ſacred influence;
Could the baſe crowd from thy example learn
To trample on their impious gifts with ſcorn,

With

With ſhame confounded to behold
A nation for a trifle ſold,
Dejected ſenates ſhould no more
Their champion's abſence mourn,
Contending boroughs ſhould thy name return;
Thy bold Philippicks ſhould reſtore
Britannia's wealth, and power, and fame,
Nor liberty be deem'd an empty name,
While tyrants trembled on a foreign ſhore.
No ſwelling titles, pomp, and ſtate,
The trappings of a magiſtrate,
Can dignify a ſlave, or make a traitor great.
For, careleſs of external ſhow,
Sage Nature dictates whom t' obey,
And we the ready homage pay,
Which to ſuperior gifts we owe.
Merit like thine repuls'd an empire gains,
And virtue, though neglected, reigns.
The wretch is indigent and poor,
Who brooding ſits o'er his ill-gotten ſtore;
Trembling with guilt, and haunted by his ſin,
He feels the rigid judge within.
But they alone are bleſs'd, who wiſely know
T' enjoy the little which the gods beſtow,
Proud of their glorious wants, diſdain
To barter honeſty for gain;
No other ill but ſhame they fear,
And ſcorn to purchaſe life too dear:
Profuſely laviſh of their blood,
For their dear friends or country's good,

If Britain conquer, can rejoice in death,
And in triumphant ſhouts reſign their breath.

To Dr. MACKENZIE.

O Thou, whoſe penetrating mind,
Whoſe heart benevolent, and kind,
Is ever preſent in diſtreſs;
Glad to preſerve, and proud to bleſs:
Oh! leave not Arden's faithful grove,
On Caledonian hills to rove.
But hear our fond united prayer,
Nor force a county to deſpair.
Let homicides in Warwick-Lane,
With hecatombs of victims ſlain,
Butcher for knighthood, and for gain;
While thou purſueſt a nobler aim,
Declining intereſt for fame.
Wheree'er thy Maker's image dwells,
In gilded roofs, or ſmoky cells,
The ſame thy zeal: o'erjoy'd to ſave
Thy fellow-creature from the grave:
For well thy ſoul can underſtand
The poor man's call is God's command;
No frail, no tranſient good, his fee;
But heaven, and bleſs'd eternity.
Nor are thy labours here in vain,
The pleaſure over-pays the pain.
True happineſs (if underſtood)
Conſiſts alone, in doing good;

Speak,

Speak, all ye wife, can God beſtow,
Or man a greater pleaſure know?
See where the grateful father bows!
His tears confeſs how much he owes:
His ſon, the darling of his heart,
Reſtor'd by your prevailing art;
His houſe, his name, redeem'd by you,
His ancient honours bloom anew.
But oh! what idioms can expreſs
The vaſt tranſcendant happineſs
The faithful huſband feels? his wife,
His better half, recall'd to life:
See, with what rapture! ſee him view
The ſhatter'd frame rebuilt by you!
See health rekindling in her eyes!
See baffled death give up his prize!
Tell me, my friend, canſt thou forbear,
In this gay ſcene to claim a ſhare?
Does not thy blood more ſwiftly flow?
Thy heart with ſecret tranſports glow?
Health, life, by heaven's indulgence ſent,
And thou the glorious inſtrument!
Safe in thy art, no ills we fear,
Thy hand ſhall plant Elyſium here;
Pale Sickneſs ſhall thy triumphs own,
And ruddy Health exalt her throne.
The fair, renew'd in all her charms,
Shall fly to thy protecting arms;
With gracious ſmiles repay thy care,
And leave her lovers in deſpair.

While

While multitudes applaud and bleſs
Their great aſylum in diſtreſs,
My humble Muſe, among the crowd,
Her joyful Pœans ſings aloud.
Could I but with Mæonian flight
Sublimely ſoar through fields of light,
Above the ſtars thy name ſhould ſhine,
Nor great Machaon's rival thine!
But father Phœbus, who has done
So much for thee his favourite ſon,
His other gifts on me beſtows
With partial hands, nor hears my vows:
Oh! let a grateful heart ſupply,
What the penurious powers deny!

THE WIFE.

IMPERIAL Jove (as poets ſung of old)
Was coupled to a more imperial ſcold,
A jealous, termagant, inſulting jade,
And more obſervant than a wither'd maid:
She watch'd his waters with unweary'd eyes,
And chac'd the god through every ſly diſguiſe,
Out-brav'd his thunder with her louder voice,
And ſhook the poles with everlaſting noiſe.
At midnight revels when the goſſips met,
He was the theme of their eternal chat:
This aſk'd what form great Jove would next deviſe,
And when his godſhip would again Tauriſe?

That

That hinted at the wanton life he led
With Leda, and with baby Ganymede:
Scandals and lyes went merrily about,
With heavenly lambs-wool, and nectarial ſtout.
Home ſhe returns erect with luſt and pride,
At bed and board alike unſatisfy'd;
The hen-peck'd God her angry preſence flies,
Or at her feet the paſſive thunderer lies,
In vain: ſtill more ſhe raves, ſtill more ſhe ſtorms,
And heaven's high vaults echo her loud alarms:
To Bacchus, merry blade, the god repairs,
To drown in nectar his domeſtic cares,
The Fury thither too purſues the chace,
Palls the rich juice, and poiſons every glaſs;
Wine, that makes cowards brave, the dying ſtrong,
Is a poor cordial 'gainſt a woman's tongue.
To arms! to arms! th' impetuous Fury cries,
The jolly God th' impending ruin flies:
His trembling tigers hide their fearful heads,
Scar'd at a fierceneſs which their own exceeds;
Bottles aloft like burſting bombs reſound,
And ſmoking ſpout their liquid ruin round;
Like ſtorms of hail the ſcatter'd fragments fly,
Bruis'd bowls and broken glaſs obſcure the ſky;
Tables, and chairs, and ſtools, together hurl'd,
With univerſal wreck fright all the nether world.
Such was the clamour, ſuch great Jove's ſurprize,
When by gigantic hands the mountains riſe,
To wreſt his thunder, and invade the ſkies.

Who

Who would not envy Jove eternal life,
And wiſh for godhead clogg'd with ſuch a wife?
If e'er it be my wayward fate to wed,
Avert, ye powers, a Juno from my bed!
Let her be fooliſh, ugly, crooked, old,
Let her be whore, or any thing but ſcold!
With prayers inceſſant for my lot I crave
The quiet cuckold, not the hen-peck'd ſlave;
Or give me peace on earth, or give it in the grave!

In Memory of the Rev. Mr. MOORE.

OF humble birth, but of more humble mind,
By learning much, by virtue more refin'd,
A fair and equal friend to all mankind.
Parties and ſects, by fierce diviſions torn,
Forget their hatred, and conſent to mourn;
Their hearts unite in undiſſembled woe,
And in one common ſtream their ſorrows flow.
Each part in life with equal grace he bore,
Obliging to the rich, a father to the poor.
From ſinful riots ſilently he fled,
But came unbidden to the ſick man's bed.
Manners and men he knew, and when to preſs
The poor man's cauſe, and plead it with ſucceſs.
No penal laws he ſtretch'd, but won by love
His hearers' hearts, unwilling to reprove.
When ſour rebukes and harſher language fail,
Could with a lucky jeſt, or merry tale,
O'er ſtubborn ſouls in Virtue's cauſe prevail.

Whene'er

Whene'er he preach'd, the throng attentive ſtood,
Feaſted with manna, and celeſtial food:
He taught them how to live, and how to die;
Nor did his actions give his words the lye.
Go, happy ſoul! ſublimely take thy flight
Through fields of æther, in long tracks of light,
The gueſt of angels; range from place to place,
And view thy great Redeemer face to face.
Juſt God! eternal ſource of power and love!
Whom we lament on earth, give us above;
Oh! grant us our companion and our friend,
In bliſs without alloy, and without end!

EPITAPH

Upon HUGH LUMBER, Huſbandman.

IN Cottages and homely cells,
True Piety neglected dwells;
Till call'd to heaven, her native ſeat,
Where the good man alone is great:
'Tis then this humble duſt ſhall riſe,
And view his judge with joyful eyes;
While haughty tyrants ſhrink afraid,
And call the mountains to their aid.

The HIP. To WILLIAM COLMORE, Eſq;

The Day after the great Meteor, in March 1715.

THIS diſmal morn, when eaſt winds blow,
And every languid pulſe beats low,
With face moſt ſorrowfully grim,
And head oppreſs'd with wind and whim,
Grave as an owl, and juſt as witty,
To thee I twang my doleful ditty;
And in mine own dull rhymes would find
Muſic to ſoothe my reſtleſs mind:
But oh! my friend, I ſing in vain,
No doggrel can relieve my pain;
Since thou art gone my heart's deſire,
And heaven, and earth, and ſea conſpire,
To make my miſeries compleat;
Where ſhall a wretched Hip retreat?
What ſhall a drooping mortal do,
Who pines for ſunſhine and for you?
If in the dark alcove I dream,
And you, or Phillis, is my theme,
While love or friendſhip warm my ſoul,
My ſhins are burning to a coal.
If rais'd to ſpeculations high,
I gaze the ſtars and ſpangled ſky,
With heart devout and wondering eye,
Amaz'd I view ſtrange globes of light,
Meteors with horrid luſtre bright,
My guilty trembling ſoul affright.

To mother earth's prolific bed,
Penſive I ſtoop my giddy head,
From thence too all my hopes are fled.
Nor flowers, nor graſs, nor ſhrubs appear,
To deck the ſmiling infant year;
But blaſts my tender bloſſoms wound,
And deſolation reigns around.
If ſea-ward my dark thoughts I bend,
O! where will my misfortunes end?
My loyal ſoul diſtracted meets
Attainted dukes, and *Spaniſh fleets.
Thus jarring elements unite,
Pregnant with wrongs, and arm'd with ſpight,
Succeſſive miſchiefs every hour
On my devoted head they pour.
Whate'er I do, wheree'er I go,
'Tis ſtill an endleſs ſcene of woe.
'Tis thus diſconſolate I mourn,
I faint, I die, till thy return;
'Till thy briſk wit, and humorous vein,
Reſtore me to myſelf again.
Let others vainly ſeek for eaſe,
From Galen and Hippocrates,
I ſcorn ſuch nauſeous aids as theſe.
Haſte then, my dear, unbrib'd attend,
The beſt elixir is a friend.

* An invaſion from Spain was then expected.

TO

TO A LADY,

Who made me a Preſent of a Silver Pen.

FAIR-ONE, accept the thanks I owe,
'Tis all a grateful heart can do.
If e'er my ſoul the Muſe inſpire
With raptures and poetic fire,
Your kind munificence I'll praiſe,
To you a thouſand altars raiſe:
Jove ſhall deſcend in golden rain,
Or die a ſwan; but ſing in vain.
Phœbus the witty and the gay,
Shall quit the chariot of the day,
To baſk in your ſuperior ray.
Your charms ſhall every god ſubdue,
And every goddeſs envy you.
Add this but to your bounty's ſtore,
This one great boon, I aſk no more:
O gracious nymph, be kind as fair,
Nor with diſdain neglect my prayer,
So ſhall your goodneſs be confeſs'd,
And I your ſlave entirely bleſs'd;
This pen no vulgar theme ſhall ſtain,
The nobleſt palm your gift ſhall gain,
To write to you, nor write in vain.

Preſenting to a Lady a White Roſe and a Red on the Tenth of June.

IF this pale roſe offend your ſight,
It in your boſom wear;
'Twill bluſh to find itſelf leſs white,
And turn Lancaſtrian there.

But, Celia, ſhould the red be choſe,
With gay vermilion bright;
'Twould ſicken at each bluſh that glows,
And in deſpair turn white.

Let politicians idly prate,
Their Babels build in vain;
As uncontrolable as fate,
Imperial Love ſhall reign.

Each haughty faction ſhall obey,
And whigs and tories join,
Submit to your deſpotic ſway,
Confeſs your right divine.

Yet this, my gracious monarch, own,
They 're tyrants that oppreſs;
'Tis mercy muſt ſupport your throne,
And 'tis like heaven to bleſs.

THE

THE BOWLING-GREEN.

WHERE fair Sabrina's wandering currents flow,
A large ſmooth plain extends its verdant brow,
Here every morn while fruitful vapours feed
The ſwelling blade, and bleſs the ſmoaking mead,
A cruel tyrant reigns: like time, the ſwain
Whets his unrighteous ſcythe; and ſhaves the plain.
Beneath each ſtroke the peeping flowers decay,
And all th' unripen'd crop is ſwept away,
The heavy roller next he tugs along,
Whifs his ſhort pipe, or roars a rural ſong,
With curious eye then the preſs'd turf he views,
And every riſing prominence ſubdues.
Now when each craving ſtomach was well-ſtor'd,
And Church and King had travel'd round the board,
Hither at Fortune's ſhrine to pay their court,
With eager hopes the motley tribe reſort;
Attornies ſpruce, in their plate-button'd frocks,
And roſy parſons fat, and orthodox:
Of every ſect, whigs, papiſts, and high-flyers,
Cornuted aldermen, and hen-peck'd ſquires:
Fox-hunters, quacks, ſcribblers in verſe and proſe,
And half-pay captains, and half-witted beaux;
On the green cirque the ready racers ſtand,
Diſpos'd in pairs, and tempt the bowler's hand:
Each poliſh'd ſphere does his round brother own,
The twins diſtinguiſh'd by their marks are known.

As the ſtrong rein guides the well-manag'd horſe,
Here weighty lead infus'd directs their courſe.
Theſe in the ready road drive on with ſpeed,
But thoſe in crooked paths more artfully ſucceed.
So the tall ſhip that makes ſome dangerous bay,
With a ſide wind obliquely ſlopes her way.
Lo! there the ſilver tumbler fix'd on high,
The victor's prize, inviting every eye!
The champions, or conſent, or chance divide,
While each man thinks his own the ſurer ſide,
And the jack leads, the ſkilful bowler's guide.

Bendo ſtrip'd firſt, from foreign coaſts he brought
A chaos of receipts, and anarchy of thought;
Where the tumultuous whims to faction prone,
Still juſtled monarch reaſon from her throne:
More dangerous than the porcupine's his quill,
Inur'd to ſlaughter, and ſecure to kill.
Let looſe, juſt heaven! each virulent diſeaſe,
But ſave us from ſuch murderers as theſe:
Might Bendo live but half a patriarch's age,
Th' unpeopled world would ſink beneath his rage;
Nor need t' appeaſe the juſt creator's ire
A ſecond deluge or conſuming fire.
He winks one eye, and knits his brow ſevere,
Then from his hand launches the flying ſphere;
Out of the green the guiltleſs wood he hurl'd,
Swift as his patients from this nether world:
Then grinn'd malignant, but the jocund crowd
Deride his ſenſeleſs rage, and ſhout aloud.

Next,

Next, Zadoc, 'tis thy turn, imperious prieſt!
Still late at church, but early at a feaſt.
No turkey-cock appears with better grace,
His garments black, vermilion paints his face;
His wattles hang upon his ſtiffen'd band,
His platter feet upon the trigger ſtand,
He graſps the bowl in his rough brawny hand.
Then ſquatting down, with his grey goggle eyes
He takes his aim, and at the mark it flies.
Zadoc purſues, and wabbles o'er the plain,
But ſhakes his ſtrutting paunch, and ambles on in vain;
For, oh! wide-erring to the left it glides,
The inmate lead the lighter wood miſguides.
He ſharp reproofs with kind intreaties joins,
Then on the counter ſide with pain reclines;
As if he meant to regulate its courſe,
By power attractive, and magnetic force.
Now almoſt in deſpair, he raves, he ſtorms,
Writhes his unwieldy trunk in various forms:
Unhappy Proteus! ſtill in vain he tries
A thouſand ſhapes, the bowl erroneous flies,
Deaf to his prayers, regardleſs of his cries.
His puffing cheeks with riſing rage inflame,
And all his ſparkling rubies glow with ſhame.
Bendo's proud heart, proof againſt Fortune's frown,
Reſolves once more to make the prize his own:
Cautious he plods, ſurveying all the green,
And meaſures with his eye the ſpace between.
But, as on him 'twas a peculiar curſe,
To fall from one extreme into a worſe;

Conſcious of too much vigour, now for fear
He ſhould exceed, at hand he checks the ſphere.
Soon as he found its languid force decay,
And the too weak impreſſion die away;
Quick after it he ſkuds, urges behind
Step after ſtep, and now, with anxious mind,
Hangs o'er the bowl, ſlow-creeping on the plain,
And chides its faint efforts, and bawls amain.
Then on the guiltleſs green the blame to lay,
Curſes the mountains that obſtruct his way;
Brazens it out with an audacious face,
His inſolence improving by diſgrace.

Zadoc, who now with three black mugs had chear'd
His drooping heart, and his ſunk ſpirits rear'd,
Advances to the trigg with ſolemn pace,
And ruddy hope ſits blooming on his face.
The bowl he pois'd, with pain his hams he bends,
On well-choſe ground unto the mark it tends:
Each adverſe heart pants with unuſual fear,
With joy he follows the propitious ſphere;
Alas! how frail is every mortal ſcheme!
We build on ſand, our happineſs a dream.
Bendo's ſhort bowl ſtops the proud victor's courſe,
Purloins his fame, and deadens all its force.
At Bendo from each corner of his eyes
He darts malignant rays, then muttering flies
Into the bower; there, panting and half dead,
In thick mundungus clouds he hides his head.

Muſe, raiſe thy voice, to win the glorious prize,
Bid all the fury of the battle riſe:

Theſe

Theſe but the light-arm'd champions of the field,
See Griper there! a veteran well ſkill'd;
This able pilot knows to ſteer a cauſe
Through all the rocks and ſhallows of the laws:
Or if 'tis wreck'd, his trembling client ſaves
On the next plank, and diſappoints the waves:
In this, at leaſt, all hiſtories agree,
That, though he loſt his cauſe, he ſav'd his fee.
When the fat client looks in jovial plight,
How complaiſant the man! each point how right!
But if th' abandon'd orphan puts his caſe,
And poverty ſits ſhrinking on his face,
How like a cur he ſnarls! when at the door
For broken ſcraps he quarrels with the poor.
The farmer's oracle, when rent-day 's near,
And landlords, by forbearance, are ſevere;
When huntſmen treſpaſs, or his neighbour's ſwine,
Or tatter'd crape extorts by right divine.
Him all the rich their contributions pay,
Him all the poor with aching hearts obey:
He in his ſwanſkin doublet ſtruts along,
Now begs, and now rebukes, the preſſing throng.
A paſſage clear'd, he takes his aim with care,
And gently from his hand lets looſe the ſphere:
Smooth as a ſwallow o'er the plain it flies,
While he purſues its track with eager eyes;
Its hopeful courſe approv'd, he ſhouts aloud,
Claps both his hands, and juſtles through the crowd,
Hovering a while, ſoon at the mark it ſtood,
Hung o'er inclin'd, and fondly kiſs'd the wood;

Loud

Loud is th' applauſe of every betting friend,
And peals of clamorous joy the concave rend.
But in each hoſtile face, a diſmal gloom
Appears; the ſad preſage of loſs to come;
'Mong theſe, Trebellius with a mournful air
Of livid hue, juſt dying with deſpair,
Shuffles about, ſkrews his chop-fallen face,
And no whipp'd gigg ſo often ſhifts his place.
Then gives his ſage advice with wondrous ſkill,
Which no man ever heeds, or ever will:
Yet he perſiſts, inſtructing to confound,
And with his cane points out the dubious ground.
Strong Nimrod now, freſh as the riſing dawn
Appears, his ſinewy limbs, and ſolid brawn,
The gazing crowd admires. He nor in courts
Delights, nor pompous balls; but rural ſports
Are his ſoul's joy. At the horn's briſk alarms
He ſhakes th' unwilling Phillis from his arms;
Mounts with the ſun, begins his bold career,
To chaſe the wily fox, or rambling deer.
So Hercules, by Juno's dread command,
From ſavage beaſts and monſters freed the land.
Hark! from the covert of yon gloomy brake,
Harmonious thunder rolls, the foreſts ſhake:
Men, boys, and dogs, impatient for the chace,
Tumultuous tranſports flush in every face;
With ears erect the courſer paws the ground,
Hills, vales, and hollow rocks, with chearing cries reſound:
Drive down the precipice (brave youths) with ſpeed,
Bound o'er the river banks, and ſmoke along the mead.

But

But whither would the devious Muſe purſue
The pleaſing theme, and my paſt joys renew?
Another labour now demands thy ſong,
Stretch'd in two ranks, behold th' expecting throng,
As Nimrod pois'd the ſphere: his arm he drew
Back like an arrow in the Parthian yew,
Then launch'd the whirling globe, and full as ſwift it flew:
Bowls daſh'd on bowls confounded all the plain,
Safe ſtood the foe, well-cover'd by his train.
Aſſaulted tyrants thus their guard defends,
Eſcaping by the ruin of their friends.
But now, he ſtands expos'd, their order broke,
And ſeems to dread the next deciſive ſtroke.
So at ſome bloody ſiege, the ponderous ball
Batters with ceaſeleſs rage the crumbling wall,
(A breach once made) ſoon galls the naked town,
Riots in blood, and heaps on heaps are thrown.
Each avenue thus clear'd, with aching heart
Griper beheld, exerting all his art;
Once more reſolves to check his furious foe,
Block up the paſſage, and elude the blow.
With cautious hand, and with leſs force, he threw
The well-pois'd ſphere, that gently circling flew,
But ſtopping ſhort, cover'd the mark from view.
So little Teucer on the well-fought field,
Securely ſkulk'd behind his brother's ſhield.
Nimrod, in dangers bold, whoſe heart elate,
Nor courted fortune's ſmiles, nor fear'd her hate;
Perplex'd, but not diſcourag'd, walk'd around,
With curious eye examin'd all the ground;
Not the leaſt opening in the front was found.

Sideway

Sideway he leans, declining to the right,
And marks his way, and moderates his might.
Smooth-gliding o'er the plain, th' obedient ſphere
Held on its dubious road, while hope and fear
Alternate ebb'd and flow'd in every breaſt:
Now rolling nearer to the mark it preſs'd;
Then chang'd its courſe, by the ſtrong biaſs rein'd,
And on the foe diſcharg'd the force that yet remain'd.
Smart was the ſtroke, away the rival fled,
The bold intruder triumph'd in his ſtead.
Victorious Nimrod ſeiz'd the glittering prize,
Shouts of outrageous joy invade the ſkies;
Hands, tongues, and caps, exalt the victor's fame,
Sabrina's banks return him loud acclaim.

The LAMENTATION of DAVID over SAUL and JONATHAN.

PROSTRATE on earth the bleeding warrior lies,
And Iſrael's beauty on the mountains dies;
How are the mighty fallen!
Huſh'd be my ſorrows, gently fall my tears,
Leſt my ſad tale ſhould reach the aliens ears:
Bid Fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim
In heathen Gath, or Aſcalon, our ſhame;
Leſt proud Philiſtia, leſt our haughty foe,
With impious ſcorn inſult our ſolemn woe.
O Gilboa! ye hills aſpiring high,
The laſt ſad ſcene of Iſrael's tragedy:

No

No fattening dews be on thy lawns diſtill'd,
No kindly ſhowers refreſh the thirſty field;
No hallow'd fruits thy barren ſoil ſhall raiſe,
No ſpotleſs kids, that on our altars blaze;
Loneſome and wild ſhall thy bleak ſummits riſe,
Accurs'd by men, and hateful to the ſkies.
On thee the ſhields of mighty warriors lay,
The ſhield of Saul was vilely caſt away;
The Lord's anointed Saul! his ſacred blood
Diſtain'd thy brow, and ſwell'd the common flood.
How are the mighty fallen!

Wheree'er their bands the royal heroes led,
The combat thicken'd, and the mighty bled;
The ſlaughter'd hoſts beneath their falchions die,
And wing'd with death unerring arrows fly;
Unknowing to return, ſtill urge the foe,
As fate inſatiate, and as ſure the blow.
The ſon, who next his conquering father fought,
Repeats the wonders his example taught:
Eager his ſire's illuſtrious ſteps to trace,
And by heroic deeds aſſert his race.

The royal eagle thus her ripening brood
Trains to the quarry, and directs to blood:
His darling thus, the foreſt monarch rears,
A firm aſſociate for his future wars;
In union terrible, they ſeize the prey,
The mountains tremble, and the woods obey.

In peace united, as in war combin'd,
Were Jonathan's and Saul's affections join'd,

Paternal

Paternal grace with filial duty vy'd,
And love the knot of nature cloſer ty'd.
Ev'n fate relents, reveres the ſacred hand,
And undivided bids their friendſhip ſtand.
From earth to heaven enlarg'd, their joys improve,
Still fairer, brighter ſtill they ſhine above,
Bleſt in a long eternity of love.

Daughters of Iſrael, o'er the royal urn
Wail and lament; the king, the father, mourn.
Oh! now at leaſt indulge a pious woe,
'Tis all the dead receive, the living can beſtow.
Caſt off your rich attire and proud array,
Let undiſſembled ſorrows cloud the day:
Thoſe ornaments victorious Saul beſtow'd,
With gold your necks, your robes with purple glow'd:
Quit crowns, and garlands, for the ſable weed,
To ſongs of triumph let dumb grief ſucceed
Let all our grateful hearts for our dead patron bleed.
How are the mighty fallen!

Though thus diſtreſs'd, though thus o'erwhelm'd with grief,
Light is the burthen that admits relief;
My labouring ſoul ſuperior woes oppreſs,
Nor rolling time can heal, nor fate redreſs.
Another Saul your ſorrows can remove,
No ſecond Jonathan ſhall bleſs my love.

O Jonathan! my friend, my brother dear!
Eyes, ſtream afreſh, and call forth every tear:
Swell, my ſad heart, each faultering pulſe beat low,
Down ſink my head beneath this weight of woe:

Hear

Hear my laments, ye hills! ye woods, return
My ceaſeleſs groans; with me, ye turtles, mourn!
How pleaſant haſt thou been! each lovely grace,
Each youthful charm, ſate blooming on thy face:
Joy from thine eyes in radiant glories ſprung,
And manna dropt from thy perſuaſive tongue.
Witneſs, great heaven! (from you thoſe ardours came)
How wonderful his love! the kindeſt dame
Lov'd not like him, nor felt ſo warm a flame.
No earthly paſſion to ſuch height aſpires,
And ſeraphs only burn with purer fires.
In vain, while honour calls to glorious arms,
And Iſrael's cauſe the pious patriot warms:
In vain, while deaths promiſcuous fly below,
Nor youth can bribe, nor virtue ward the blow.

To a YOUNG LADY, with the ILIAD of HOMER tranſlated.

GO, happy volume, to the fair impart
The ſecret wiſhes of a wounded heart:
Kind advocate! exert thy utmoſt zeal,
Deſcribe my paſſion, and my woes reveal.
Oft ſhalt thou kiſs that hand where roſes bloom,
And the white lily breathes its rich perfume;
On thee her eyes ſhall ſhine, thy leaves employ
Each faculty, and ſooth her ſoul with joy.
Watch the ſoft hour, when peaceful ſilence reigns,
And Philomel alone like me complains:

When

When envious prudes no longer haunt the fair,
But end a day of calumny in prayer:
O'er Quarles or Bunyan nod, in dreams relent,
Without diſguiſe give all their paſſions vent,
And mourn their wither'd charms, and youthful prime miſpent.
Then by the waxen taper's glimmering light,
With thee the ſtudious maid ſhall paſs the night;
Shall feel her heart beat quick in every page,
And tremble at the ſtern Pelides' rage:
With horror view the half-drawn blade appear,
And the deſponding tyrant pale with fear;
To calm that ſoul untam'd, ſage Neſtor fails,
And ev'n celeſtial wiſdom ſcarce prevails.
Then lead her to the margin of the main,
And let her hear th' impatient chief complain;
Toſs'd with ſuperior ſtorms, on the bleak ſhores
He lies, and louder than the billows roars.
Next the dread ſcene unfold of war and blood,
Hector in arms triumphant, Greece ſubdued;
The partial gods who with their foes conſpire,
The dead, the dying, and the fleet on fire.
But tell, oh! tell the cauſe of all this woe,
The fatal ſource from whence theſe miſchiefs flow;
Tell her 'twas love deny'd the hero fir'd,
Depriv'd of her whom moſt his heart deſir'd.
Not the dire vengeance of the thundering Jove,
Can match the boundleſs rage of injur'd love.
Stop the fierce torrent, and its billows riſe,
Lay waſte the ſhores, invade both earth and ſkies:

Confine

Confine it not, but let it gently flow,
It kindly chears the ſmiling plains below,
And everlaſting ſweets upon its borders grow.

To Troy's proud walls the wondering maid convey,
With pointed ſpires and golden turrets gay,
The work of gods: thence let the fair behold
The court of Priam, rich in gems and gold;
His numerous ſons, his queen's majeſtic pride,
Th' aſpiring domes, th' apartments ſtretching wide,
Where on their looms Sidonian virgins wrought,
And weav'd the battles which their lovers fought.
Here let her eyes ſurvey thoſe fatal charms,
The beauteous prize that ſet the world in arms;
Through gazing crowds, bright progeny of Jove,
She walks, and every panting heart beats love.
Ev'n ſapleſs age new bloſſoms at the ſight,
And views the fair deſtroyer with delight:
Beauty's vaſt power, hence to the nymph make known,
In Helen's triumphs let her read her own;
Nor blame her ſlaves, but lay the guilt on fate,
And pardon failings which her charms create.

Raſh bard! forbear, nor let thy flattering Muſe,
With pleaſing viſions, thy fond heart abuſe;
Vain are thy hopes preſumptuous, vain thy prayer,
Bright is her image, and divinely fair:
But oh! the goddeſs in thy arms is fleeting air.
So dreams th' ambitious man when rich Tokay,
Or Burgundy, refines his vulgar clay:
The white rod trembles in his potent hand,
And crowds obſequious wait his high command;

Upon his breaſt he views the radiant ſtar,
And gives the word around him, peace or war:
In ſtate he reigns, for one ſhort, buſy night,
But ſoon convinc'd by the next dawning light,
Curſes the fading joys that vaniſh from his ſight.

AN EPISTLE TO ALLAN RAMSAY.

NEAR fair Avona's ſilver tide,
Whoſe waves in ſoft meanders glide,
I read, to the delighted ſwains,
Your jocund ſongs and rural ſtrains.
Smooth as her ſtreams your numbers flow,
Your thoughts in varied beauties ſhow,
Like flowers that on her borders grow.
While I ſurvey, with raviſh'd eyes,
His * friendly gift, my valued prize,
Where ſiſter Arts, with charms divine,
In their full bloom and beauty ſhine,
Alternately my ſoul is bleſt.
Now I behold my welcome gueſt,
That graceful, that engaging air,
So dear to all the brave and fair.
Nor has th' ingenious artiſt ſhown
His outward lineaments alone,

* Lord Somervile was pleaſed to ſend me his own picture, and Mr. Ramſay's works. SOMERVILE.

But

But in th' expreſſive draught deſign'd,
The nobler beauties of his mind;
True friendſhip, love, benevolence,
Unſtudied wit, and manly ſenſe.
Then, as your book I wander o'er,
And feaſt on the delicious ſtore
(Like the laborious buſy bee,
Pleas'd with the ſweet variety),
With equal wonder and ſurprize,
I ſee reſembling portraits riſe.
Brave archers march in bright array,
In troops the vulgar line the way.
Here the droll figures ſlyly ſneer,
Or coxcombs at full length appear.
There woods and lawns, a rural ſcene,
And ſwains that gambol on the green.
Your pen can act the pencil's part
With greater genius, fire, and art.
Believe me, bard, no hunted hind
That pants againſt the ſouthern wind,
And ſeeks the ſtream through unknown ways;
No matron in her teeming days,
E'er felt ſuch longings, ſuch deſires,
As I to view thoſe lofty ſpires,
Thoſe domes, where fair Edina ſhrouds
Her towering head amid the clouds.
But oh! what dangers interpoſe!
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with ſnows,
Proud winter floods with rapid force,
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe.

But ſure we bards, whoſe purer clay,
Nature has mixt with leſs allay,
Might ſoon find out an eaſier way.
Do not ſage matrons mount on high,
And ſwitch their broom-ſticks through the ſky;
Ride poſt o'er hills, and woods, and ſeas,
From Thule to th' Heſperides *?
And yet the men of Greſham own
That this and ſtranger feats are done,
By a warm fancy's power alone.
This granted; why can't you and I
Stretch forth our wings, and cleave the ſky?
Since our poetic brains, you know,
Than theirs muſt more intenſely glow.
Did not the Theban ſwan take wing,
Sublimely ſoar, and ſweetly ſing?
And do not we of humbler vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier ſtrain,
Mount ſheer out of the reader's ſight,
Obſcurely loſt in clouds and night?
Then climb your Pegaſus with ſpeed,
I 'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed:
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To ſwell the flood with crimſon gore;
Like the Cadmean murdering brood,
Each thirſting for his brother's blood.
For now all hoſtile rage ſhall ceaſe;
Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,

* The Scilly iſlands were ſo called by the antients.

Our

Our honeſt hands and hearts ſhall join,
O'er jovial banquets, ſparkling wine.
Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,
And I ſhall bring my bonny Kate.
But hold—oh! take a ſpecial care,
T' admit no prying Kirkman there;
I dread the Penitential Chair.
What a ſtrange figure ſhould I make,
A poor abandon'd Engliſh rake;
A ſquire well-born, and ſix foot high,
Perch'd in that ſacred pillory?
Let ſpleen and zeal be baniſh'd thence,
And troubleſome impertinence,
That tells his ſtory o'er again:
Ill-manners and his ſaucy train,
And ſelf-conceit, and ſtiff-rumpt pride,
That grin at all the world beſide;
Foul ſcandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies;
Fame's buſy hawker, light as air,
That feeds on frailties of the fair:
Envy, hypocriſy, deceit,
Fierce party-rage, and warm debate;
And all the hell-hounds that are foes
To friendſhip and the world's repoſe.
But mirth inſtead, and dimpling ſmiles,
And wit, that gloomy care beguiles;
And joke, and pun, and merry tale,
And toaſts, that round the table ſail:

While laughter, bursting through the crowd
In vollies, tells our joys aloud.
Hark! the shrill piper mounts on high,
The woods, the streams, the rocks reply,
To his far-sounding melody.
Behold each labouring squeeze prepare
Supplies of modulated air.
Observe Croudero's active bow,
His head still noddling to and fro,
His eyes, his cheeks, with raptures glow.
See, see the bashful nymphs advance,
To lead the regulated dance;
Flying still, the swains pursuing,
Yet with backward glances wooing.
This, this shall be the joyous scene;
Nor wanton elves that skim the green
Shall be so blest, so blythe, so gay,
Or less regard what dotards say.
My Rose shall then your Thistle greet,
The Union shall be more compleat;
And, in a bottle and a friend,
Each national dispute shall end.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE EPISTLE,

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

SIR, I had your's, and own my pleasure,
On the receipt, exceeded measure.
You write with so much spirit and glee,
Sae smooth, sae strong, correct and free;

That

That any he (by you allow'd
To have ſome merit) may be proud.
If that 's my fault, bear you the blame,
Wha've lent me ſic a lift to fame.
Your ain tours high, and widens far,
Bright glancing like a firſt-rate ſtar,
And all the world beſtow due praiſe
On the Collection of your lays;
Where various arts and turns combine,
Which even in parts firſt poets ſhine:
Like Mat and Swift ye ſing with eaſe,
And can be Waller when you pleaſe.
Continue, ſir, and ſhame the crew
That 's plagu'd with having nought to do,
Who fortune in a merry mood
Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,
But has deny'd a genius fit
For action or aſpiring wit;
Such kenna how t' employ their time,
And think activity a crime:
Aught they to either do, or ſay,
Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!
When money, their Factotum, 's able
To furniſh them a numerous rabble,
Who will, for daily drink and wages,
Be chairmen, chaplains, clerks, and pages:
Could they, like you, employ their hours
In planting theſe delightful flowers,
Which carpet the poetic fields,
And laſting funds of pleaſure yields;

Nae mair they 'd gaunt and gove away,
Or ſleep or loiter out the day,
Or waſte the night damning their ſauls
In deep debauch, and bawdy brawls:
Whence pox and poverty proceed
An early eild, and ſpirits dead.
Reverſe of you;—and him you love,
Whoſe brighter ſpirit tours above
The mob of thoughtleſs lords and beaux,
Who in his ilka actions ſhows
"True friendſhip, love, benevolence,
"Unſtudy'd wit, and manly ſenſe."
Allow here what you 've ſaid your ſell,
Nought can o' expreſt ſo juſt and well:
To him and her, worthy his love,
And every bleſſing from above,
A ſon is given, God ſave the boy,
For theirs and every Som'ril's joy.
Ye wardins round him take your place,
And raiſe him with each manly grace;
Make his meridian virtues ſhine,
To add freſh luſtres to his line:
And many may the mother ſee
Of ſuch a lovely progeny.
Now, ſir, when Boreas nae mair thuds
Hail, ſnaw and ſleet, frae blacken'd clouds;
While Caledonia's hills are green,
And a' her ſtraths delight the een;
While ilka flower with fragrance blows,
And a' the year its beauty ſhows;

Before

Before again the winter lour,
What hinders then your northern tour?
Be ſure of welcome: nor believe
Thoſe wha an ill report would give
To Ed'nburgh and the land of cakes,
That nought what 's neceſſary lacks.
Here plenty's goddeſs frae her horn
Pours fiſh and cattle, claith and corn,
In blyth abundance;—and yet mair,
Our men are brave, our ladies fair.
Nor will North Britain yield for ſouth
Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,
To any but her ſiſter South.—
True, rugged roads are curſed driegh,
And ſpeats aft roar frae mountains high:
The body tires—poor tottering clay,
And likes with eaſe at hame to ſtay;
While ſauls ſtride warlds at ilka ſtend,
And can their widening views extend.
Mine ſees you, while you chearfu' roam
On ſweet Avona's flowery howm,
There recollecting, with full view,
Thoſe follies which mankind purſue;
While, conſcious of ſuperior merit,
You riſe with a correcting ſpirit;
And, as an agent of the gods,
Laſh them with ſharp ſatyric rods:
Labour divine!—Next, for a change,
O'er hill and dale I ſee you range,

After

Good-manners guides his pen. Learn'd without pride,
In dubious points not forward to decide.
If here and there uncommon beauties riſe,
From flower to flower he roves with glad ſurprize.
In failings no malignant pleaſure takes,
Nor rudely triumphs over ſmall miſtakes.
No nauſeous praiſe, no biting taunts offend,
W' expect a cenſor, and we find a friend.
Poets, improv'd by his correcting care,
Shall face their foes with more undaunted air,
Stripp'd of their rags, ſhall like Ulyſſes ſhine,
With more heroic port, and grace divine.
No pomp of learning, and no fund of ſenſe,
Can e'er atone for loſt benevolence.
May Wykeham's ſons, who in each art excel,
And rival antient bards in writing well,
While from their bright examples taught they ſing,
And emulate their flights with bolder wing,
From their own frailties learn the humbler part,
Mildly to judge in gentleneſs of heart!
Such critics, Ramſay, jealous for our fame,
Will not with malice inſolently blame,
But lur'd by praiſe the haggard Muſe reclaim.
Retouch each line till all is juſt and neat,
A whole of proper parts, a work almoſt compleat.
So when ſome beauteous dame, a reigning toaſt,
The flower of Forth, and proud Edina's boaſt,
Stands at her toilet in her tartan plaid,
In all her richeſt head-geer trimly clad,

The

The curious hand-maid, with obſervant eye,
Corrects the ſwelling hoop that hangs awry;
Through every plait her buſy fingers rove,
And now ſhe plies below, and then above,
With pleaſing tattle entertains the fair,
Each ribbon ſmooths, adjuſts each rambling hair,
Till the gay nymph in her full luſtre ſhine,
And Homer's Juno was not half ſo fine.

To the AUTHOR of the ESSAY ON MAN.

WAS ever work to ſuch perfection wrought;
How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
Not ſparingly adorn'd with ſcatter'd rays,
But one bright beauty, one collected blaze:
So breaks the day upon the ſhades of night,
Enlivening all with one unbounded light.
To humble man's proud heart, thy great deſign;
But who can read this wondrous work divine,
So juſtly plann'd, and ſo politely writ,
And not be proud, and boaſt of human wit?
Yet juſt to thee, and to thy precepts true,
Let us know man, and give to God his due;
His image we, but mix'd with coarſe allay,
Our happineſs to love, adore, obey;
To praiſe him for each gracious boon beſtow'd,
For this thy work, for every leſſer good,
With proſtrate hearts before his throne to fall,
And own the great Creator all in all.

The

The Muſe, which ſhould inſtruct, now entertains,
On trifling ſubjects, in enervate ſtrains;
Be it thy taſk to ſet the wanderer right,
Point out her way in her aërial flight;
Her noble mien, her honours loſt reſtore,
And bid her deeply think, and proudly ſoar.
Thy theme ſublime, and eaſy verſe, will prove
Her high deſcent, and miſſion from above.
Let others now tranſlate; thy abler pen
Shall vindicate the ways of God to men;
In Virtue's cauſe ſhall glorioufly prevail,
When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail.
Made wiſe by thee, whoſe happy ſtyle conveys
The pureſt morals in the ſofteſt lays,
As angels once, ſo now we mortals bold
Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
Thy kind reforming Muſe ſhall lead the way
To the bright regions of eternal day.

EPISTLE to Mr. THOMSON,

On the firſt Edition of his SEASONS.

SO bright, ſo dark, upon an April day,
The ſun darts forth, or hides his various ray;
So high, ſo low, the lark aſpiring ſings,
Or drops to earth again with folded wings;
So ſmooth, ſo rough, the ſea that laves our ſhores,
Smiles in a calm, or in a tempeſt roars.
Believe me, Thomſon, 'tis not thus I write,
Severely kind, by envy ſour'd or ſpite:

Nor

Nor would I rob thy brows to grace my own;
Such arts are to my honeſt ſoul unknown.
I read thee over as a friend ſhould read,
Griev'd when you fail, o'erjoy'd when you ſucceed.
Why ſhould thy Muſe, born ſo divinely fair,
Want the reforming toilet's daily care?
Dreſs the gay maid, improve each native grace,
And call forth all the glories of her face:
Studiouſly plain, and elegantly clean,
With unaffected ſpeech, and eaſy mien,
Th' accompliſh'd nymph, in all her beſt attire,
Courts ſhall applaud, and proſtrate crowds admire.
Diſcreetly daring, with a ſtiffen'd rein,
Firm in thy ſeat the flying ſteed reſtrain.
Though few thy faults, who can perfection boaſt?
Spots in the ſun are in his luſtre loſt:
Yet ev'n thoſe ſpots expunge with patient care,
Nor fondly the minuteſt error ſpare.
For kind and wiſe the parent, who reproves
The ſlighteſt blemiſh in the child he loves.
Read Philips much, conſider Milton more;
But from their droſs extract the purer ore.
To coin new words, or to reſtore the old,
In ſouthern bards is dangerous and bold;
But rarely, very rarely, will ſucceed,
When minted on the other ſide of Tweed.
Let perſpicuity o'er all preſide—
Soon ſhalt thou be the nation's joy and pride.
The rhyming, jingling tribe, with bells and ſong,
Who drive their limping Pegaſus along,

Shall

Shall learn from thee in bolder flights to riſe,
To ſcorn the beaten road, and range the ſkies.
A genius ſo refin'd, ſo juſt, ſo great,
In Britain's iſle ſhall fix the Muſes' ſeat,
And new Parnaſſus ſhall at home create:
Rules from thy works each future bard ſhall draw,
Thy works, above the critic's nicer law,
And rich in brilliant gems without a flaw.

To the Right Hon. Lady ANNE COVENTRY.

Upon viewing her fine Chimney-piece of Shell-work.

THE greedy merchant ploughs the ſea for gain,
And rides exulting o'er the watery plain;
While howling tempeſts, from their rocky bed,
Indignant break around his careful head.
The royal fleet the liquid waſte explores,
And ſpeaks in thunder to the trembling ſhores;
The voice of wrath awak'd the nations hear,
The vanquiſh'd hope, and the proud victors fear;
Thoſe quit their chain, and theſe reſign their palm,
While Britain's awful flag commands a calm.
The curious ſage, nor gain nor fame purſues,
With other eyes the boiling deep he views;
Hangs o'er the cliff inquiſitive to know
The ſecret cauſes of its ebb and flow:
Whence breathe the winds that ruffle its ſmooth face,
Or ranks in claſſes all the fiſhy race,

From

From thoſe enormous monſters of the main,
Who in their world, like other tyrants, reign,
To the poor cockle-tribe, that humble band
Who cleave to rocks, or loiter on the ſtrand,
Yet ev'n their ſhells the forming hand divine
Has, with diſtinguiſh'd luſtre, taught to ſhine.
What bright enamel! and what various dyes!
What lively tints delight our wondering eyes!
Th' Almighty Painter glows in every line:
How mean, alas! is Raphael's bold deſign,
And Titian's colouring, if compar'd to thine!
Juſtly ſupreme! let us thy power revere,
Thou fill'ſt all ſpace! all-beauteous every where!
Thy riſing ſun with bluſhes paints the morn,
Thy ſhining lamps the face of night adorn;
Thy flowers the meads, thy nodding trees the hills;
The vales thy paſtures green, and bubbling rills;
Thy coral groves, thy rocks, that amber weep,
Deck all the gloomy manſions of the deep;
Thy yellow ſands diſtinct with golden ore,
And theſe thy varicgated ſhells the ſhore.
To all thy works ſuch grandeur haſt thou lent,
And ſuch extravagance of ornament.
For the falſe traitor, man, this pomp and ſhow!
A ſcene ſo gay, for us poor worms below!
No—for thy glory all theſe beauties riſe,
Yet may improve the good, inſtruct the wiſe.
You, madam, ſprung from Beaufort's royal line,
Who, loſt to courts, can in your cloſet ſhine,

Beſt know to uſe each bleſſing he beſtows,
Beſt know to praiſe the power from whence it flows.
Shells in your hand the Parian rock defy,
Or agat, or Ægyptian porphyry—
More gloſſy they, their veins of brighter dye.
See! where your riſing pyramids aſpire,
Your gueſts ſurpriz'd the ſhining pile admire!
In future times, if ſome great Phidias riſe,
Whoſe chiſſel with his miſtreſs Nature vies,
Who, with ſuperior ſkill, can lightly trace
In the hard marble block the ſofteſt face:
To crown this piece, ſo elegantly neat,
Your well-wrought buſto ſhall the whole compleat;
O'er your own work from age to age preſide,
Its author once, and then its greateſt pride.

ADDRESS to his ELBOW-CHAIR, new cloathed.

MY dear companion, and my faithful friend!
If Orpheus taught the liſtening oaks to bend;
If ſtones and rubbiſh, at Amphion's call,
Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall;
Why ſhouldſt not *thou* attend my humble lays,
And hear my grateful harp reſound thy praiſe?
True, thou art ſpruce and fine, a very beau;
But what are trappings and external ſhow?
To real worth alone I make my court;
Knaves are my ſcorn, and coxcombs are my ſport.
Once I beheld thee far leſs trim and gay;
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;

The

The ſafe retreat of every lurking mouſe;
Derided, ſhunn'd; the lumber of my houſe!
Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before!
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my ſires of yore!
'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round;
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
Yet grateful *then*, my conſtancy I prov'd;
I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I lov'd;
I lov'd thee, *more*; nor, like a courtier, ſpurn'd
My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.
With conſcious ſhame, yet frankly, I confeſs,
That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee leſs.
Where vanity, where pleaſure call'd, I ſtray'd;
And every wayward appetite obey'd.
But ſage experience taught me how to prize
Myſelf; and how, this world: ſhe bade me riſe
To nobler flights, regardleſs of a race
Of factious emmets; pointed where to place
My bliſs, and lodg'd me in thy ſoft embrace.
Here on thy yielding down I ſit ſecure;
And, patiently, what heaven has ſent, endure;
From all the futile cares of buſineſs free;
Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be*:
Here mark the fleeting hours; regret the paſt;
And ſeriouſly prepare to meet the laſt.
So ſafe on ſhore the penſion'd ſailor lies;
And all the malice of the ſtorm defies:
With eaſe of body bleſt, and peace of mind,
Pities the reſtleſs crew he left behind;

Whilſt, in his cell, he meditates alone
On his great voyage, to the world unknown.

SONG.

I.

AS o'er Aſteria's fields I rove,
The bliſsful ſeat of peace and love,
Ten thouſand beauties round me riſe,
And mingle pleaſure with ſurprize.
By nature bleſt in every part,
Adorn'd with every grace of art,
This paradiſe of blooming joys
Each raptur'd ſenſe, at once, employs.

II.

But when I view the radiant queen,
Who form'd this fair enchanting ſcene;
Pardon, ye grots! ye cryſtal floods!
Ye breathing flowers! ye ſhady woods!
Your coolneſs now no more invites;
No more your murmuring ſtream delights;
Your ſweets decay, your verdure 's flown;
My ſoul 's intent on her alone.

PARA-

PARAPHRASE upon a FRENCH SONG.

" Venge moi d'une ingrate maitreſſe,
" Dieu du vin, j'implore bon yvreſſe."

KIND relief in all my pain,
Jolly Bacchus! hear my prayer,
Vengeance on th' ingrateful fair!
In thy ſmiling cordial bowl,
Drown the ſorrows of my ſoul,
All thy deity employ,
Gild each gloomy thought with joy,
Jolly Bacchus! ſave, oh ſave,
From the deep devouring grave,
A poor, deſpairing, dying ſwain.
Haſte away,
Haſte away,
Laſh thy tigers, do not ſtay,
I 'm undone if thou delay.
If I view thoſe eyes once more,
Still ſhall love, and ſtill adore,
And be more wretched than before.
See the glory round her face!
See her move!
With what a grace!—
Ye Gods above!
Is ſhe not one of your immortal race?—
Fly, ye winged Cupids, fly,
Dart like lightning through the ſky:

Would ye in marble temples dwell,
The dear-one to my arms compel;
Bring her in bands of myrtle tied;
Bid her forget, and bid her hide,
All her ſcorn and all her pride.
Would ye that your ſlave repay
A ſmoaking hecatomb each day;
O reſtore
The beauteous Goddeſs I adore;
O reſtore, with all her charms,
The faithleſs vagrant to my arms!

HUDIBRAS and MILTON reconciled.

To Sir ADOLPHUS OUGHTON.

"" Si fractus illabatur orbis,
" Impavidum ferient ruinæ." Hor.

DEAR knight, how great a drudge is he
Who would excel in poetry!
And yet how few have learnt the art,
T' inform the head, or touch the heart!
Some, with a dry and barren brain,
Poor rogues! like coſtive lap-dogs ſtrain;
While others with a flux of wit,
The reader and their friends beſh-t.
Would you (Sir Knight) my judgement know?
He ſtill writes worſt who writes *ſo-ſo*.
In this the mighty ſecret lies,
To elevate, and to ſurprize:

Thus

Thus far my pen at random run,
The fire was out, the clock ſtruck one.
When, lo! ſtrange hollow murmurs from without,
Invade my ears. In every quarter rouz'd,
The warring winds ruſh from their rocky caves
Tumultuous; the vapours dank, or dry,
Beneath their ſtandards rang'd, with lowering front
Darken the welkin. At each dreadful ſhock
Oaks, pines, and elms; down to their mother earth
Bend low their ſuppliant heads: the nodding towers
Menace deſtruction, and old Edrick's houſe
From its foundation ſhakes. The bellying clouds
Burſt into rain, or gild their ſable ſkirts
With flakes of ruddy fire; fierce elements
In ruin reconcil'd! redoubled peals
Of ceaſeleſs thunder roar. Convulſions rend
The firmament. The whole creation ſtands
Mute and appall'd, and trembling waits its doom.
And now perhaps, dear friend, you wonder
In this dread ſcene of wind, rain, thunder,
What a poor guilty wretch could do;
Then hear—(for, faith, I tell you true)
I water'd, ſhook my giddy head,
Gravely broke wind, and went to bed.

Upon MIRANDA's leaving the Country.

THE ſun departing hides his head,
The lily and the roſe are dead,
The birds forget to ſing;

The cooing turtles now no more
Repeat their amorous ditties o'er,
But watch th' approaching ſpring.

For ſoon the merry month of May
Reſtores the bright all-chearing ray;
Soft notes charm every grove;
The flowers ambroſial incenſe breathe,
And all above, and all beneath,
Is fragrance, joy, and love.

So when Miranda hence retires,
Each ſhepherd only not expires:
How rueful is the ſcene!
How the dull moments creep along!
No ſportive dance, no rural ſong,
No gambols on the green.

Yet, when the radiant nymph appears,
Each field its richeſt livery wears,
All nature's blithe and gay;
The ſwains tranſported with delight,
After a long and gloomy night,
Bleſs the reviving day.

While thus, indulgent to our prayer
Kind heaven permitted us to ſhare
A bleſſing ſo divine;
While ſmiling hope gave ſome relief,
And joys alternate ſooth'd our grief,
What ſhepherd could repine?

But now—her fatal loſs we mourn,
Never, oh! never to return
To theſe deſerted plains;
Undone, abandon'd to deſpair,
Alas! 'tis winter all the year
To us unhappy ſwains.

Ye little Loves, lament around;
With empty quivers ſtrew the ground,
Your bows unbent lay down;
Harmleſs your wounds, pointleſs your darts,
And frail your empire o'er our hearts,
Till ſhe your triumphs crown.

Ye Nymphs, ye Fawns, complaining ſighs,
Ye Graces, let your treſſes fly,
The ſport of every wind:
Ye mimic Echoes tell the woods,
Repeat it to the murmuring floods,
She's gone! ſhe's gone! unkind!

Break, ſhepherds, break each tuneleſs reed,
Let all your flocks at random feed,
Each flowery garland tear;
Since Wit and Beauty quit the plain,
Paſt pleaſures but enhance our pain,
And life's not worth our care.

TO

TO PHYLLIS.

THOUGH cloſe immur'd, poor captive maid!
Young Danaë play'd a wanton's part;
The gold that in her lap was laid,
Soon found a paſſage to her heart.

Ambitious Semele, beguil'd
By Juno's unrelenting hate,
Amid the bright deſtruction ſmil'd,
Enjoy'd her God, and dy'd in ſtate.

The ſwan on Leda's whiter breaſt,
Artful deceiver! neſtling lay,
With joy ſhe claſp'd her downy gueſt,
Fond of a bird ſo ſoft and gay.

What boon can faithful merit ſhare,
Where intereſt reigns, or pride, or ſhow?
'Tis the rich banker wins the fair,
The garter'd knight, or feather'd beau.

No more my panting heart ſhall beat,
Nor Phyllis claim one parting groan;
Her tears, her vows, are all a cheat,
For woman loves herſelf alone.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of HALIFAX,

With the Fable of the Two Springs.

O Halifax! a name for ever dear
To Phœbus, and which all the Nine revere;
Accept this humble pledge of my eſteem,
So juſtly thine, benevolence my theme.
In myſtic tales, and parables, of old
Grave Eaſtern Seers inſtructive leſſons told;
Wiſe Greece from them receiv'd the happy plan,
And taught the brute to pedagogue the man.
The matron Truth appears with better grace,
When well-wrought fables veil her reverend face:
Dry precept may inſtruct, but can't delight,
While pleaſing fictions all our powers excite.
Our buſy minds each faculty employ,
And range around, and ſtart their game with joy;
Pleas'd with the chace, make the rich prey their own,
And glory in the conqueſts they have won.
Fable alone can crown the poet's brow,
Upon his works immortal charms beſtow:
And 'twere a ſin that method to diſprove,
Which Heaven has fix'd by ſanctions from above.
My humble Muſe in calm retirement roves
Near moſſy fountains, and near ſhady groves:
Yet there, ev'n there, her loyal hands would raiſe
Some rural trophy to her monarch's praiſe;
Inſtruct thoſe fountains and thoſe groves to ſhow,
What copious bleſſings from his bounty flow;

While

While flowers and ſhrubs bleſs his propitious aid,
His urn refreſhing, or protecting ſhade.
Great friend of human kind! thy pious hand
Nor wounds to kill, nor conquers to command.
Let haughty tyrants of falſe glory dream,
Without remorſe purſue the bloody ſcheme;
To fame forbidden tread the lawleſs way,
And o'er the ravag'd world extend their ſway:
'Tis thine, great George, to guard thy favourite iſle
From open force, and every ſecret wile,
To raiſe th' oppreſs'd, to make the captives ſmile;
To pay juſt heaven what righteous monarchs owe,
And, like that heaven, to bleſs the world below:
To build new temples, to repair the old,
To bring the ſtraggling ſheep into the fold,
And by wiſe laws reſtore an age of gold.
Ye bliſsful ſeats where Tame and Iſis join,
Lovely retirement of the ſacred Nine,
Parent of arts, and once my ſweet abode,
Can ye forget the bleſſings he beſtow'd?
Can ſophiſtry prevail againſt that prince,
Whoſe mercy and beneficence convince?
Oh! touch each tuneful ſtring, let every Muſe
From all her ſtores her nobleſt Pæans chuſe;
Pay what ſhe can in tributary lays,
And to his virtue grant ſupplies of praiſe.
To all the world your grateful hearts make known,
And in your monarch's fame record your own.
His fame—which Envy's breath can never blaſt,
But ages yet to come ſhall join the paſt,
And Brunſwick's glory with the world ſhall laſt.

A SONG

A SONG for the LUTE.

GENTLY, my lute, move every ſtring,
Soft as my ſighs, reveal my pain;
While I, in plaintive numbers, ſing
Of ſlighted vows, and cold diſdain.

In vain her airs, in vain her art,
In vain ſhe frowns when I appear;
Thy notes ſhall melt her frozen heart;
She cannot hate, if ſhe can hear.

And ſee ſhe ſmiles! through all the groves
Triumphant Iö-Pæans ſound:
Clap all your wings, ye little Loves;
Ye ſportive Graces, dance around.

Ye liſtening oaks, bend to my ſong;
Not Orpheus play'd a nobler lay:
Ye ſavages, about me throng;
Ye rocks, and harder hearts, obey.

She comes, ſhe comes, relenting fair!
To fill with joy my longing arms;
What faithful lover can deſpair,
Who thus with verſe, and muſick, charms?

THE

THE COQUET.

WHEN tortur'd by the cruel fair,
And almoſt mad with wild deſpair,
My fleeting ſpirits rove;
One cordial glance reſtores her ſlave,
Redeems me from the gaping grave,
And ſoothes my ſoul to love.

Thus in a ſea of doubt I'm toſs'd,
Now ſunk, now thrown upon the coaſt;
What wretch can long endure
Such odd, perplexing pangs as theſe,
When neither mortal the diſeaſe,
Nor yet compleat the cure?

Proud tyrant! ſince to ſave, or kill,
Depends on thy capricious will,
This milder ſentence give;
Reverſe my ſtrange, untoward fate,
Oh! let me periſh by thy hate,
Or by thy kindneſs live!

The SUPERANNUATED LOVER.

DEAD to the ſoft delights of love,
Spare me, O! ſpare me, cruel boy;
Nor ſeek in vain that heart to move,
Which pants no more with amorous joy.

Of

Of old, thy faithful hardy ſwain,
(When ſmit with fair Paſtora's charms)
I ſerv'd thee many a long campaign,
And wide I ſpread thy conquering arms.

Now, mighty God, diſmiſs thy ſlave,
To feeble age let youth ſucceed;
Recruit among the ſtrong and brave,
And kindly ſpare an invalide.

Adieu, fond hopes, fantaſtic cares,
Ye killing joys, ye pleaſing pains!
My ſoul for better gueſts prepares,
Reaſon reſtor'd, and virtue reigns.

But why, my Cloe, tell me why?
Why trickles down this ſilent tear?
Why do theſe bluſhes riſe and die?
Why ſtand I mute when thou art here?

Ev'n ſleep affords my ſoul no reſt,
Thee bathing in the ſtream I view;
With thee I dance, with thee I feaſt,
Thee through the gloomy grove purſue.

Triumphant God of gay deſires!
Thy vaſſal's raging pains remove;
I burn, I burn, with fiercer fires,
Oh! take my life, or crown my love.

ADVICE

ADVICE to the LADIES.

WHO now regards Chloris, her tears, and her whining,
Her ſighs, and fond wiſhes, and aukward repining?
What a pother is here, with her amorous glances,
Soft fragments of Ovid, and ſcraps of romances!

A nice prude at fifteen! and a romp in decay!
Cold December affects the ſweet bloſſoms of May;
To fawn in her dotage, and in her bloom ſpurn us,
Is to quench love's bright torch, and with touchwood to burn us.

Believe me, dear maids, there 's no way of evading;
While ye piſh, and cry nay, your roſes are fading:
Though your paſſion ſurvive, your beauty will dwindle,
And our languiſhing embers can never rekindle.

When bright in your zeniths we proſtrate before ye,
When ye ſet in a cloud, what fool will adore ye?
Then, ye fair, be adviſ'd, and ſnatch the kind bleſſing,
And ſhew your good conduct by timely poſſeſſing.

ANACREONTIC. To CLOE drinking.

WHEN, my dear Cloe, you reſign
One happy hour to mirth and wine,
Each glaſs you drink ſtill paints your face
With ſome new victorious grace:
Charms in reſerve my ſoul ſurprize,
And by freſh wounds your lover dies.

Who

Who can reſiſt thee, lovely fair!
That wit! that ſoft engaging air!
Each panting heart its homage pays,
And all the vaſſal world obeys.
God of the grape, boaſt now no more
Thy triumphs on far Indus' ſhore:
Each uſeleſs weapon now lay down,
Thy tigers, car, and ivy-crown;
Give but this juice in full ſupplies,
And truſt thy fame to Cloe's eyes.

To a DISCARDED TOAST.

CELIA, confeſs 'tis all in vain,
To patch the ruins of thy face;
Nor of ill-natur'd Time complain,
That robs it of each blooming grace.

If Love no more ſhall bend his bow,
Nor point his arrows from thine eye,
If no lac'd fop, nor feather'd beau,
Deſpairing at thy feet ſhall die:

Yet ſtill, my charmer, wit like thine
Shall triumph over age and fate;
Thy ſetting beams with luſtre ſhine,
And rival their meridian height.

Beauty, fair flower! ſoon fades away,
And tranſient are the joys of love;
But wit, and virtue, ne'er decay,
Ador'd below, and bleſs'd above.

THE PERJURED MISTRESS.

From Horace, Epod. xv. ad Neæram.

'TWAS night, and heaven intent with all its eyes
Gaz'd on the dear deceitful maid;
A thouſand pretty things ſhe ſaid,
A thouſand artful tricks ſhe play'd,
From me, deluded me, her falſehood to diſguiſe.

She claſp'd me in her ſoft encircling arms,
She preſs'd her glowing cheek to mine,
The clinging ivy, or the curling vine,
Did never yet ſo cloſely twine;
Who could be man and bear the luſtre of her charms?

And thus ſhe ſwore: by all the powers above,
When winter ſtorms ſhall ceaſe to roar,
When ſummer ſuns ſhall ſhine no more,
When wolves their cruelty give o'er,
Neæra then, and not till then, ſhall ceaſe to love.

Ah! falſe Neæra! perjur'd fair! but know,
I have a ſoul too great to bear
A rival's proud inſulting air,
Another may be found as fair,
As fair, ungrateful nymph! and far more juſt than you.

Shouldſt thou repent, and at my feet be laid,
Dejected, penitent, forlorn,
And all thy former follies mourn,
Thy proffer'd paſſion I would ſcorn:
The Gods ſhall do me right on that devoted head.

And

And you, ſpruce ſir, who inſolently gay,
Exulting, laugh at my diſgrace,
Boaſt with vain airs, and ſtiff grimace,
Your large eſtate, your handſome face,
Proud of a fleeting bliſs, the pageant of a day:

You too ſhall ſoon repent this haughty ſcorn;
When, fickle as the ſea or wind,
The proſtitute ſhall change her mind,
To ſuch another coxcomb kind;
Then ſhall I clap my wings, and triumph in my turn.

To a YOUNG LADY, who ſpent the Night in Tears, upon a Report that her Brother was to fight a Duel the next Morning.

PASTORA weeps, let every lover mourn,
Her grief is no leſs fatal than her ſcorn:
Thoſe ſhining orbs inflict an equal pain,
O'erflown with tears, or pointed with diſdain.
When doubts and fears invade that tender breaſt,
Where peace, and joy, and love ſhould ever reſt;
As flowers depriv'd of the ſun's genial ray,
Earthward we bend, and ſilently decay;
In ſpight of all philoſophy can do,
Our hearts relent, the burſting torrents flow,
We feel her pains, and propagate her woe.
Each mournful Muſe laments the weeping fair,
The Graces all their comely treſſes tear,
Love drags his wings, and droops his little head,
And Venus mourns as for Adonis dead.

Patience, dear maid, nor without cauſe complain,
O laviſh not thoſe precious drops in vain:
Under the ſhield of your prevailing charms,
Your happy brother lives ſecure from harms,
Your bright reſemblance all my rage diſarms.
Your influence unable to withſtand,
The conſcious ſteel drops from my trembling hand;
Low at your feet the guilty weapon lies,
The foe repents, and the fond lover dies.
Æneas thus by men and Gods purſued,
Feeble with wounds, defil'd with duſt and blood,
Beauty's bright Goddeſs interpos'd her charms,
And ſav'd the hopes of Troy from Grecian arms.

To Dr. M——— reading Mathematicks.

VAIN our purſuits of knowledge, vain our care;
The coſt and labour we may juſtly ſpare.
Death from this coarſe alloy refines the mind,
Leaves us at large t' expatiate unconfin'd;
All ſcience opens to our wondering eyes,
And the good man is in a moment wiſe.

FROM MARTIAL. Epig. xlvii.

WOULD you, my friend, find out the true receipt,
To live at eaſe, and ſtem the tide of fate;
The grand elixir thus you muſt infuſe,
And theſe ingredients to be happy chuſe:

Firſt an eſtate, not got with toil and ſweat,
But unincumber'd left, and free from debt:
For let that be your dull forefather's care,
To pinch and drudge for his deſerving heir;
Fruitful and rich, in land that's ſound and good,
That fills your barns with corn, your hearth with wood;
That cold nor hunger may your houſe infeſt,
While flames invade the ſkies, and pudding crowns the feaſt.
A quiet mind, ſerene, and free from care,
Nor puzzling on the bench, nor noiſy at the bar;
A body ſound, that phyſick cannot mend;
And the beſt phyſick of the mind, a friend,
Equal in birth, in humour, and in place,
Thy other ſelf, diſtinguiſh'd but by face;
Whoſe ſympathetic ſoul takes equal ſhare
Of all thy pleaſure, and of all thy care.
A modeſt board, adorn'd with men of ſenſe,
No French ragouts, nor French impertinence.
A merry bottle to engender wit,
Not over-dos'd, but *quantum ſufficit*:
Equal the error is in each exceſs,
Nor dulneſs leſs a ſin, than drunkenneſs.
A tender wife diſſolving by thy ſide,
Eaſy and chaſte, free from debate and pride,
Each day a miſtreſs, and each night a bride.
Sleep undiſturb'd, and at the dawn of day,
The merry horn, that chides thy tedious ſtay;
A horſe that 's clean, ſure-footed, ſwift, and ſound,
And dogs that make the echoing clifts reſound;

That ſweep the dewy plains, out-fly the wind,
And leave domeſtic ſorrows far behind.
Pleas'd with thy preſent lot, nor grudging at the paſt,
Not fearing when thy time ſhall come, nor hoping for
thy laſt.

To a GENTLEMAN, who married his Caſt Miſtreſs.

From HORACE, Book III. Ode ix.

D. WHILE I was yours, and yours alone,
Proud, and tranſported with your charms,
I envy'd not the Perſian throne,
But reign'd more glorious in your arms.

B. While you were true, nor Suky fair
Had chac'd poor Bruny from your breaſt;
Not Ilia could with me compare,
So fam'd, or ſo divinely bleſt.

D. In Suky's arms entranc'd I lie,
So ſweetly ſings the warbling fair!
For whom moſt willingly I'd die,
Would Fate the gentle Syren ſpare.

B. Me Billy burns with mutual fire,
For whom I'd die, in whom I live,
For whom each moment I'd expire,
Might he, my better part, ſurvive.

D. Should I once more my heart reſign,
Would you the penitent receive?

Would

Would Suky ſcorn'd atone my crime?
And would my Bruny own her ſlave?

B. Though brighter ſhe than blazing ſtar,
More fickle thou than wind or ſea,
With thee, my kind returning dear,
I 'd live, contented die with thee.

A DAINTY NEW BALLAD:

Occaſioned by a Clergyman's Widow of Seventy Years of Age, being married to a young Exciſeman.

THERE liv'd in our good town,
A relict of the gown,
A chaſte and humble dame;
Who, when her man of God
Was cold as any clod,
Dropt many a tear in vain.

But now, good people, learn all,
No grief can be eternal;
Nor is it meet, I ween,
That folks ſhould always whimper,
There is a time to ſimper,
As quickly ſhall be ſeen.

For Love that little urchin,
About this widow lurching,
Had ſlily fix'd his dart;
The ſilent creeping flame
Boil'd ſore in every vein,
And glow'd about her heart.

So, when a pipe we ſmoke,
And from the flint provoke
  The ſparks that twinkling play;
The touchwood old and dry
With heat begins to fry,
  And gently waſtes away.

With art ſhe patch'd up nature,
Reforming every feature,
  Reſtoring every grace:
To gratify her pride,
She ſtopp'd each cranny wide,
  And painted o'er her face.

Nor red, nor eke the white,
Was wanting to invite,
  Nor coral lips that pout;
But, oh! in vain ſhe tries,
With darts to arm thoſe eyes
  That dimly ſquint about.

With order and with care,
Her pyramid of hair
  Sublimely mounts the ſky;
And, that ſhe might prevail,
She bolſter'd up her tail,
  With rumps three ſtories high.

With many a rich perfume,
She purify'd her room,
  As there was need, no doubt;

For

For on theſe warm occaſions,
Offenſive exhalations
Are apt to fly about.

On beds of roſes lying,
Expecting, wiſhing, dying,
Thus languiſh'd for her love
The Cyprian Queen of old,
As merry bards have told,
All in a myrtle grove.

In pale of mother church,
She fondly hop'd to lurch,
But, ah me! hop'd in vain;
No doctor could be found,
Who this her caſe profound
Durſt venture to explain.

At length a youth full ſmart,
Who oft by magic art
Had div'd in many a hole;
Or kilderkin, or tun,
Or hogſhead, 'twas all one,
He 'd ſound it with his pole.

His art, and eke his face,
So ſuited to her caſe,
Engag'd her love-ſick heart;
Quoth ſhe, My pretty Diver,
With thee I 'll live for ever,
And from thee never part.

For thee my bloom reviving,
For thee freſh charms ariſing,
Shall melt thee into joy;
Nor doubt, my pretty ſweeting,
Ere nine months are compleating,
To ſee a bonny boy.

As ye have ſeen, no doubt,
A candle when juſt out,
In flames break forth again;
So ſhone this widow bright,
All blazing in deſpight
Of threeſcore years and ten.

CANIDIA's EPITHALAMIUM.

Upon the ſame.

TIME as malevolent, as old,
To blaſt Canidia's face,
(Which once 'twas rapture to behold)
With wrinkles and diſgrace.

Not ſo in blooming beauty bright,
Each envying virgin's pattern,
She reign'd with undiſputed right
A *prieſteſs of St. Cattern.

* She was bar-keeper at the Cattern-wheel in Oxford.

Each

ich ſprightly ſoph, each brawny thrum,
Spent his firſt runnings here;
nd hoary doctors dribbling come,
To languiſh and deſpair.

ow at her feet the proſtrate arts
Their humble homage pay;
'o her the tyrant of their hearts,
Each bard directs his lay.

ut now, when impotent to pleaſe,
Alas! ſhe would be doing;
Reverſing Nature's wiſe decrees,
She goes herſelf a-wooing.

Though brib'd with all her pelf, the ſwain
Moſt awkwardly complies;
Preſs'd to bear arms, he ſerves in pain,
Or from his colours flies.

So does an ivy, green when old,
And ſprouting in decay;
In juiceleſs, joyleſs arms infold
A ſapling young and gay.

The thriving plant, if better join'd,
Would emulate the ſkies;
But, to that wither'd trunk confin'd,
Grows ſickly, pines, and dies.

HUNT.

HUNTING-SONG.

BEHOLD, my friend, the roſy-finger'd Morn,
With bluſhes on her face,
Peeps o'er yon azure hill;
Rich gems the trees enchaſe,
Pearls from each buſh diſtil,
Ariſe, ariſe, and hail the light new-born.

Hark! hark! the merry horn calls, come away:
Quit, quit thy downy bed;
Break from Amynta's arms;
Oh! let it ne'er be ſaid,
That all, that all her charms,
Though ſhe 's as Venus fair, can tempt thy ſtay.

Perplex thy ſoul no more with cares below,
For what will pelf avail?
Thy courſer paws the ground,
Each beagle cocks his tail,
They ſpend their mouths around,
While health, and pleaſure, ſmiles on every brow.

Try, huntſmen, all the brakes, ſpread all the plain,
Now, now, ſhe 's gone away,
Strip, ſtrip, with ſpeed purſue;
The jocund God of day,
Who fain our ſport would view,
See, ſee, he flogs his fiery ſteeds in vain.

Pour

Pour down, like a flood from the hills, brave boys,
On the wings of the wind
The merry beagles fly;
Dull Sorrow lags behind:
Ye ſhrill echoes, reply;
Catch each flying ſound, and double our joys.

Ye rocks, woods, and caves, our muſick repeat:
The bright ſpheres thus above,
A gay refulgent train,
Harmoniouſly move
O'er yon celeſtial plain
Like us whirl along, in concert ſo ſweet.

Now Puſs threads the brakes, and heavily flies,
At the head of the pack
Old Fidler bears the bell,
Every foil he hunts back,
And aloud rings her knell,
Till, forc'd into view, ſhe pants, and ſhe dies.

In life's dull round thus we toil, and we ſweat;
Diſeaſes, grief, and pain,
An implacable crew,
While we double in vain,
Unrelenting purſue,
Till, quite hunted down, we yield with regret.

This moment is ours, come live while ye may,
What 's decreed by dark fate
Is not in our own power,

Since

Since to-morrow 's too late,
Take the preſent kind hour:
With wine chear the night, as ſports bleſs the day.

A TRANSLATION of HORACE, Ep. x.

Horace recommends a Country Life, and diſſuades his Friend from Ambition and Avarice.

HEALTH to my friend loſt in the ſmoky town,
From him who breathes in country air alone,
In all things elſe thy ſoul and mine are one;
And like two aged long acquainted doves,
The ſame our mutual hate, the ſame our mutual loves.
Cloſe, and ſecure, you keep your lazy neſt,
My wandering thoughts won't let my pinions reſt:
O'er rocks, ſeas, woods, I take my wanton flight,
And each new object charms with new delight.
To ſay no more, my friend, I live, and reign,
Lord of myſelf; I 've broke the ſervile chain,
Shook off with ſcorn the trifles you deſire,
All the vain empty nothings fops admire.
Thus the lean ſlave of ſome fat pamper'd prieſt
With greedy eyes at firſt views each luxurious feaſt;
But, quickly cloy'd, now he no more can eat
Their godly viands, and their holy meat:
Wiſely ambitious to be free and poor,
Longs for the homely ſcraps he loath'd before.
Seek'ſt thou a place where nature is obſerv'd,
And cooler reaſon may be mildly heard;

To

To rural ſhades let thy calm ſoul retreat,
Theſe are th' Elyſian fields, this is the happy ſeat,
Proof againſt winter's cold, and ſummer's heat.
Here no invidious care thy peace annoys,
Sleep undiſturb'd, uninterrupted joys;
Your marble pavements with diſgrace muſt yield
To each ſmooth plain, and gay enamel'd field:
Your muddy aquæducts can ne'er compare
With country ſtreams, more pure than city air;
Our yew and bays inclos'd in pots ye prize,
And mimic little beauties we deſpiſe.
The roſe and woodbine marble walls ſupport,
Holly and ivy deck the gaudy court:
But yet in vain all ſhifts the artiſt tries,
The diſcontented twig but pines away and dies.
The houſe ye praiſe that a large proſpect yields,
And view with longing eyes the pleaſure of the fields;
'Tis thus ye own, thus tacitly confeſs,
Th' inimitable charms the peaceful country bleſs.
In vain from nature's rules we blindly ſtray,
And puſh th' uneaſy monitrix away:
Still ſhe returns, nor lets our conſcience reſt,
But night and day inculcates what is beſt,
Our trueſt friend, though an unwelcome gueſt.
As ſoon th' unſkilful fool that 's blind enough,
To call rich Indian damaſk Norwich ſtuff,
Shall become rich by trade; as he be wiſe,
Whoſe partial ſoul and undiſcerning eyes
Can't at firſt ſight, and at each tranſient view,
Diſtinguiſh good from bad, or falſe from true.

He

He that too high exalts his giddy head
When Fortune ſmiles, if the jilt frowns, is dead:
Th' aſpiring fool, big with his haughty boaſt,
Is the moſt abject wretch when all his hopes are loſt.
Sit looſe to all the world, nor aught admire,
Theſe worthleſs toys too fondly we deſire;
Since when the darling 's raviſh'd from our heart,
The pleaſure 's over-balanc'd by the ſmart.
Confine thy thoughts, and bound thy looſe deſires,
For thrifty nature no great coſt requires:
A healthful body, and thy miſtreſs kind,
An humble cot, and a more humble mind:
Theſe once enjoy'd, the world is all thy own,
From thy poor cell deſpiſe the tottering throne,
And wakeful monarchs in a bed of down.
The ſtag well arm'd, and with unequal force,
From fruitful meadows chac'd the conquer'd horſe;
The haughty beaſt that ſtomach'd the diſgrace,
In meaner paſtures not content to graze,
Receives the bit, and man's aſſiſtance prays.
The conqueſt gain'd, and many trophies won,
His falſe confederate ſtill rode boldly on;
In vain the beaſt curſ'd his perfidious aid,
He plung'd, he rear'd, but nothing could perſuade
The rider from his back, or bridle from his head.
Juſt ſo the wretch that greedily aſpires,
Unable to content his wild deſires;
Dreading the fatal thought of being poor,
Loſes a prize worth all his golden ore,
The happy freedom he enjoy'd before.

About

About him ſtill th' uneaſy load he bears,
Spurr'd on with fruitleſs hopes, and curb'd with anxious fears.
The man whoſe fortunes ſit not to his mind,
The way to true content ſhall never find;
If the ſhoe pinch, or if it prove too wide,
In that he walks in pain, in this he treads aſide.
But you, my friend, in calm contentment live,
Always well pleas'd with what the Gods ſhall give;
Let not baſe ſhining pelf thy mind deprave,
Tyrant of fools, the wiſe man's drudge and ſlave;
And me reprove if I ſhall crave for more,
Or ſeem the leaſt uneaſy to be poor.
Thus much I write, merry, and free from care,
And nothing covet, but thy preſence here.

THE MISER'S SPEECH.

From HORACE, Epod. II.

HAPPY the man, who, free from care,
Manures his own paternal fields,
Content, as his wife fathers were,
T' enjoy the crop his labour yields.

Nor uſury torments his breaſt,
That barters happineſs for gain,
Nor war's alarms diſturb his reſt,
Nor hazards of the faithleſs main:

Nor at the loud tumultuous bar,
With coſtly hoiſe, and dear debate,
Proclaims an everlaſting war;
Nor fawns on villains baſely great.

But for the vine ſelects a ſpouſe,
Chaſte emblem of the marriage-bed,
Or prunes the too luxuriant boughs,
And grafts more happy in their ſtead.

Or hears the lowing herds from far,
That fatten on the fruitful plains,
And ponders with delightful care,
The proſpect of his future gains.

Or ſhears his ſheep that round him graze,
And droop beneath their curling loads;
Or plunders his laborious bees
Of balmy nectar, drink of gods!

His chearful head when Autumn rears,
And bending boughs reward his pains,
Joyous he plucks the luſcious pears,
The purple grape his finger ſtains.

Each honeſt heart 's a welcome gueſt,
With tempting fruit his tables glow,
The Gods are bidden to the feaſt,
To ſhare the bleſſings they beſtow.

Under an oak's protecting ſhade,
In flowery meads profuſely gay,
Supine he leans his peaceful head,
And gently loiters life away.

The vocal ſtreams that murmuring flow,
Or from their ſprings complaining creep,
The birds that chirp on every bough,
Invite his yielding eyes to ſleep.

But, when bleak ſtorms and lowering Jove
Now ſadden the declining year,
Through every thicket, every grove,
Swift he purſues the flying deer.

With deep-hung hounds he ſweeps the plains;
The hills, the vallies, ſmoak around:
The woods repeat his pleaſing pains,
And Echo propagates the ſound.

Or, puſh'd by his victorious ſpear,
The griſly boar before him flies,
Betray'd by his prevailing fear
Into the toils, the monſter dies.

His towering falcon mounts the ſkies,
And cuts through clouds his liquid way;
Or elſe with ſly deceit he tries
To make the leſſer game his prey.

Who, thus poſſeſs'd of ſolid joy,
Would Love, that idle imp, adore?
Cloe 's coquet, Myrtilla 's coy,
And Phyllis is a perjur'd whore.

Adieu, fantaſtic idle flame!
Give me a profitable wife,
A careful, but obliging dame,
To ſoften all the toils of life:

Who ſhall with tender care provide,
Againſt her weary ſpouſe return,
With plenty ſee his board ſupply'd,
And make the crackling billets burn:

And while his men and maids repair
To fold his ſheep, to milk his kine,
With unbought dainties feaſt her dear,
And treat him with domeſtic wine.

I view with pity and diſdain
The coſtly trifles coxcombs boaſt,
Their Bourdeaux, Burgundy, Champaign,
Though ſparkling with the brighteſt toaſt.

Pleas'd with ſound manufacture more,
Than all the ſtum the knaves impoſe,
When the vain cully treats his whore,
At Brawn's, the Mitre, or the Roſe.

Let fops their ſickly palates pleaſe,
With luxury's expenſive ſtore,
And feaſt each virulent diſeaſe
With dainties from a foreign ſhore.

I, whom my little farm ſupplies,
Richly on nature's bounty live;
The only happy are the wiſe,
Content is all the Gods can give.

While thus on wholeſome cates I feaſt,
Oh! with what rapture I behold
My flocks in comely order haſte
T' enrich with ſoil the barren fold!

The

The languid ox approaches ſlow,
To ſhare the food his labours earn;
Painful he tugs th' inverted plough,
Nor hunger quickens his return.

My wanton ſwains, uncouthly gay,
About my ſmiling hearth delight,
To ſweeten the laborious day,
By many a merry tale at night.

Thus ſpoke old Gripe, when bottles three
Of Burton ale, and ſea-coal fire,
Unlock'd his breaſt; reſolv'd to be
A generous, honeſt, country ſquire.

That very night his money lent,
On bond, or mortgage, he call'd in,
With lawful uſe of ſix *per cent.*
Next morn, he put it out at ten.

FABLE I.

THE CAPTIVE TRUMPETER.

" — Quo non præſtantior alter
" Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu."
VIRG.

A Party of huſſars of late
For prog and plunder ſcour'd the plains,
Some French Gens d'Armes ſurpriz'd, and beat,
And brought their trumpeter in chains.

In doleful plight, th' unhappy bard
For quarter begg'd on bended knee,
Pity, Meſſieurs! In truth 'tis hard
To kill a harmleſs enemy.

Theſe hands, of ſlaughter innocent,
Ne'er brandiſh'd the deſtructive ſword,
To you or yours no hurt I meant,
O take a poor muſician's word.

But the ſtern foe, with generous rage,
Scoundrel! reply'd, Thou firſt ſhalt die,
Who, urging others to engage,
From fame and danger baſely fly.

The brave by law of arms we ſpare,
Thou by the hangman ſhalt expire;
'Tis juſt, and not at all ſevere,
To ſtop the breath that blew the fire.

FABLE

FABLE II.

The Bald-pated WELSHMAN, and the FLY.

" — Qui non moderabitur iræ,
" Infectum volet eſſe, dolor quod ſuaſerit & mens,
" Dum pœnas odio per vim feſtinat inulto." HOR.

A Squire of Wales, whoſe blood ran higher
Than that of any other ſquire,
Haſty and hot; whoſe peeviſh honour
Reveng'd each ſlight was put upon her,
Upon a mountain's top one day
Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray;
He fum'd, he raw'd, he curs'd, he ſwore,
Exhal'd a ſea at every pore:
At laſt, ſuch inſults to evade,
Sought the next tree's protecting ſhade;
Where, as he lay diſſolv'd in ſweat,
And wip'd off many a rivulet,
Off in a pet the beaver flies,
And flaxen wig, time's beſt diſguiſe,
By which, folks of maturer ages
Vie with ſmooth beaux, and ladies pages:
Though 'twas a ſecret rarely known,
Ill-natur'd age had cropt his crown,
Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
A large ſmooth plain extends his brow.
Thus as he lay with numſkul bare,
And courted the refreſhing air,

New perſecutions ſtill appear,
A noiſy fly offends his ear.
Alas! what man of parts and ſenſe
Could bear ſuch vile impertinence?
Yet ſo diſcourteous is our fate,
Fools always buz about the great.
This inſect now, whoſe active ſpight,
Teaz'd him with never-ceaſing bite,
With ſo much judgement play'd his part,
He had him both in tierce and quart:
In vain with open hands he tries,
To guard his ears, his noſe, his eyes;
For now at laſt, familiar grown,
He perch'd upon his worſhip's crown,
With teeth and claws his ſkin he tore,
And ſtuff'd himſelf with human gore.
At laſt, in manners to excel,
Untruſs'd a point, ſome authors tell.
But now what rhetorick could aſſuage
The furious ſquire, ſtark mad with rage?
Impatient at the foul diſgrace,
From inſect of ſo mean a race;
And plotting vengeance on his foe,
With double fiſt he aims a blow:
The nimble fly eſcap'd by flight,
And ſkip'd from this unequal fight.
Th' impending ſtroke with all its weight
Fell on his own beloved pate.
Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed,
He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

MORAL.

Let ſenates hence learn to preſerve their ſtate,
And ſcorn the fool, below their grave debate,
Who by th' unequal ſtrife grows popular and great.
Let him buz on, with ſenſeleſs rant defy
The wiſe, the good; yet ſtill 'tis but a fly.
With puny foes the toil 's not worth the coſt,
Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be loſt:
Let cranes and pigmies in mock-war engage,
A prey beneath the generous eagle's rage.
True honour o'er the clouds ſublimely wings;
Young Ammon ſcorns to run with leſs than kings.

FABLE III.

THE ANT AND THE FLY.

"Quem res plus nimio delectavêre ſecundæ,
"Mutatæ quatient."— HOR.

THE careful ant that meanly fares,
And labours hardly to ſupply,
With wholeſome cates and homely tares,
His numerous working family;

Upon a viſit met one day
His couſin fly, in all his pride,
A courtier inſolent and gay,
By Goody Maggot near ally'd:

The

The humble inſect humbly bow'd,
And all his loweſt congees paid,
Of an alliance wondrous proud
To ſuch a huffing tearing blade.

The haughty fly look'd big, and ſwore
He knew him not, nor whence he came;
Huff'd much, and with impatience bore
The ſcandal of ſo mean a claim.

Friend Clodpate, know, 'tis not the mode
At court, to own ſuch clowns as thee,
Nor is it civil to intrude
On flies of rank and quality.

I—who, in joy and indolence,
Converſe with monarchs and grandees,
Regaling every nicer ſenſe
With olios, ſoups, and fricaſſees;

Who kiſs each beauty's balmy lip,
Or gently buz into her ear,
About her ſnowy boſom ſkip,
And ſometimes creep the Lord knows where!

The ant, who could no longer bear
His couſin's inſolence and pride,
Toſs'd up his head, and with an air
Of conſcious worth, he thus reply'd:

Vain inſect! know, the time will come,
When the court-ſun no more ſhall ſhine,
When froſts thy gaudy limbs benumb,
And damps about thy wings ſhall twine;

When

When ſome dark naſty hole ſhall hide
And cover thy neglected head,
When all this lofty ſwelling pride
Shall burſt, and ſhrink into a ſhade:

Take heed, leſt fortune change the ſcene:
Some of thy brethren I remember,
In June have mighty princes been,
But begg'd their bread before December.

MORAL.

This precious offspring of a t—d
Is firſt a pimp, and then a lord;
Ambitious to be great, not good,
Forgets his own dear fleſh and blood.
Blind Goddeſs! who delight'ſt in joke,
O fix him on thy loweſt ſpoke;
And ſince the ſcoundrel is ſo vain,
Reduce him to his filth again.

FABLE IV.

The WOLF, the FOX, and the APE.

"Clodius accuſat Mœchos, Catilina Cethegum."
JUV.

THE wolf impeach'd the fox of theft,
The fox the charge deny'd;
To the grave ape the caſe was left,
In juſtice to decide.

Wiſe

Wiſe pug with comely buttocks ſate,
And nodded o'er the laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd well through the debate,
And thus adjudg'd the cauſe:

The goods are ſtole, but not from thee,
Two pickled rogues well met,
Thou ſhalt be hang'd for perjury,
He for an errant cheat.

MORAL.

Hang both, judicious brute, 'twas bravely ſaid,
May villains always to their ruin plead!
When knaves fall out, and ſpitefully accuſe,
There 's nothing like the reconciling nooſe.
O hemp! the nobleſt gift propitious heaven
To mortals with a bounteous hand has given,
To ſtop malicious breath, to end debate,
To prop the ſhaking throne, and purge the ſtate.

FABLE V.

THE DOG AND THE BEAR.

" — Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi,
" Seditione, dolis, ſcelere, atque libidine & irâ
" Iliacos intra muros, peccatur, & extra." HOR.

TOWSER, of right Hockleian ſire,
A dog of mettle and of fire,
With Urſin grim, an errant bear,
Maintain'd a long and dubious war:

Oft

Oft Urſin on his back was toſt,
And Towſer many a collop loſt;
Capricious Fortune would declare,
Now for the dog, then for the bear.
Thus having try'd their courage fairly,
Brave Urſin firſt deſir'd a parly;
Stout combatant (quoth he) whoſe might
I 've felt in many a bloody fight,
Tell me the cauſe of all this pother,
And why we worry one another?
That 's a moot point, the cur reply'd,
Our maſters only can decide.
While thee and I our hearts blood ſpill,
They prudently their pockets fill;
Halloo us on with all their might,
To turn a penny by the fight.
If that's the caſe, return'd the bear,
'Tis time at laſt to end the war;
Thou keep thy teeth, and I my claws,
To combat in a nobler cauſe;
Sleep in a whole ſkin, I adviſe,
And let them bleed, who gain the prize.

MORAL.

Parties enrag'd on one another fall,
The butcher and the bear-ward pocket all.

FABLE VI.

The Wounded Man, and the Swarm of Flies.

" E malis minimum"—

SQUALID with wounds, and many a gaping ſore,
A wretched Lazar lay diſtreſs'd;
A ſwarm of flies his bleeding ulcers tore,
And on his putrid carcaſs feaſt.

A courteous traveller, who paſs'd that way,
And ſaw the vile Harpeian brood,
Offer'd his help the monſtrous crew to ſlay,
That rioted on human blood.

Ah! gentle ſir, th' unhappy wretch reply'd,
Your well-meant charity refrain;
The angry Gods have that redreſs deny'd,
Your goodneſs would increaſe my pain.

Fat, and full-fed, and with abundance cloy'd,
But now and then theſe tyrants feed;
But were, alas! this pamper'd brood deſtroy'd,
The lean and hungry would ſucceed.

MORAL.

The body politick muſt ſoon decay,
When ſwarms of inſects on its vitals prey;
When blood-ſuckers of ſtate, a greedy brood,
Feaſt on our wounds, and fatten with our blood.

What

What muſt we do in this ſevere diſtreſs?
Come, doctor, give the patient ſome redreſs:
The quacks in politicks a change adviſe,
But cooler counſels ſhould direct the wiſe.
'Tis hard indeed; but better this, than worſe;
Miſtaken bleſſings prove the greateſt curſe.
Alas! what would our bleeding country gain,
If, when this viperous brood at laſt is ſlain,
The teeming Hydra pullulates again;
Seizes the prey with more voracious bite,
To ſatisfy his hungry appetite?

FABLE VII.

THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

"Hunc ego per Syrtes, Libyæque extrema triumphum
"Ducere maluerim, quam ter capitolia curru
"Scandere Pompeii, quam frangere colla Jugurthæ"
LUC.

A Prowling wolf that ſcour'd the plains,
To eaſe his hunger's griping pains;
Ragged as courtier in diſgrace,
Hide-bound, and lean, and out of caſe;
By chance a well-fed dog eſpy'd,
And being kin, and near ally'd,
He civilly ſalutes the cur,
How do you, cuz? Your ſervant, ſir!
O happy friend! how gay thy mien!
How plump thy ſides, how ſleek thy ſkin!

Triumphant

Triumphant plenty ſhines all o'er,
And the fat melts at every pore!
While I, alas! decay'd and old,
With hunger pine'd, and ſtiff with cold,
With many a howl, and hideous groan,
Tell the relentleſs woods my moan.
Pr'ythee, my happy friend! impart
Thy wondrous, cunning, thriving art.
Why, faith, I'll tell thee as a friend,
But firſt thy ſurly manners mend;
Be complaiſant, obliging, kind,
And leave the wolf for once behind.
The wolf, whoſe mouth began to water,
With joy and rapture gallop'd after,
When thus the dog; At bed and board,
I ſhare the plenty of my lord;
From every gueſt I claim a fee,
Who court my lord by bribing me:
In mirth I revel all the day,
And many a game at romps I play:
I fetch and carry, leap o'er ſticks,
And twenty ſuch diverting tricks.
'Tis pretty, faith, the wolf reply'd,
And on his neck the collar ſpy'd:
He ſtarts, and without more ado
He bids the abject wretch adieu:
Enjoy your dainties, friend; to me
The nobleſt feaſt is liberty.
The famiſh'd wolf upon theſe deſart plains,
Is happier than a fawning cur in chains.

MORAL.

MORAL.

Thus bravely ſpoke the nurſe of ancient Rome,
Thus the ſtarv'd Swiſs, and hungry Griſons roam,
On barren hills, clad with eternal ſnow,
And look with ſcorn on the prim ſlaves below.
Thus Cato 'ſcap'd by death the tyrant's chains,
And walks unſhackled in th' Elyſian plains.
Thus, Britons, thus, your great forefathers ſtood
For liberty, and fought in ſeas of blood.
To barren rocks, and gloomy woods confin'd,
Their virtues by neceſſity refin'd,
Nor cold, nor want, nor death, could ſhake their
ſteady mind.
No ſaucy Druid then durſt cry aloud,
And with his ſlaviſh cant debauch the crowd:
No paſſive legions in a ſcoundrel's cauſe
Pillage a city, and affront the laws.
The ſtate was quiet, happy, and ſerene,
For Boadicea was the Britons queen;
Her ſubjects their juſt liberties maintain'd,
And in her peoples hearts the happy monarch reign'd.

FABLE VIII.

THE OYSTER.

" — In jus
" Acres procurrunt, magnum ſpectaculum uterque."
HOR.

TWO comrades, as grave authors ſay,
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye critics, if ye pleaſe, define)
Had found an oyſter in their way.

Conteſt and foul debate aroſe,
Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
And high words ſoon improv'd to blows.

Actions on actions hence ſucceed,
Each hero 's obſtinately ſtout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn, and counſel fee'd.

The parſon of the place, good man!
Whoſe kind and charitable heart
In human ills ſtill bore a part,
Thrice ſhook his head, and thus began.

Neighbours and friends, refer to me
This doughty matter in diſpute,
I 'll ſoon decide th' important ſuit,
And finiſh all without a fee.

Give

Give me the oyſter then—'tis well—
He opens it, and at one ſup
Gulps the conteſted trifle up,
And ſmiling gives to each a ſhell.

Henceforth let fooliſh diſcord ceaſe,
Your oyſter 's good as e'er was eat;
I thank you for my dainty treat,
God bleſs you both, and live in peace.

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
From this learn common ſenſe;
Nor thruſt your neighbours into gaols,
For every ſlight offence.

Baniſh thoſe vermin of debate,
That on your ſubſtance feed;
The knaves, who now are ſerv'd in plate,
Would ſtarve, if fools agreed.

FABLE IX.

THE SHEEP AND THE BUSH.

"Lætus ſorte tuâ vives ſapientèr."— HOR.

A Sheep, well-meaning brute! one morn
Retir'd beneath a ſpreading thorn,
A pealing ſtorm to ſhun;
Eſcap'd indeed both rain and wind,
But left, alas! his fleece behind:
Was it not wiſely done?

MORAL.

Beneath the blaſt while pliant oſiers bend,
The ſtubborn oak each furious wind ſhall rend;
Diſcreetly yield, and patiently endure,
Such common evils as admit no cure.
Theſe Fate ordains, and Heaven's high will has ſent:
In humble littleneſs ſubmit content.
But thoſe thy folly brings, in time prevent.

FABLE X.

THE FROGS CHOICE.

Ὦ πόποι, οἷον δή νυ Θεὸς βροῖοὶ ἀπιόωνται.
Ἐξ ἡμέων γάρ φασι κάκ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Σφῆσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἄλγι' ἔχουσιν.

IN a wild ſtate of nature, long
The frogs at random liv'd,
The weak a prey unto the ſtrong,
With anarchy oppreſs'd and griev'd.
At length the lawleſs rout,
Taught by their ſufferings, grew devout:
An embaſſy to Jove they ſent,
And begg'd his highneſs would beſtow
Some ſettled form of government,
A king to rule the fens below.
Jove, ſmiling, grants their odd requeſt,
A king th' indulgent power beſtow'd,

(Such

(Such as might ſuit their genius beſt):
A beam of a prodigious ſize,
With all its cumberous load,
Came tumbling from the ſkies.
The waters daſh againſt the ſhore,
The hollow caverns roar;
The rocks return the dreadful ſound,
Convulſions ſhake the ground.
The multitude with horror fled,
And in his oozy bed
Each ſkulking coward hid his head.

When all is now grown calm again,
And ſmoothly glides the liquid plain,
A frog more reſolute and bold,
Peeping with caution from his hold;
Recover'd from his firſt ſurprize,
As o'er the wave his head he popt,
He ſaw—but ſcarce believ'd his eyes,
On the ſame bank where firſt he dropt,
Th' imperial lubber lies,
Stretch'd at his eaſe, careleſs, content:
Is this the monarch Jove has ſent,
(Said he) our warlike troops to lead?
Ay! 'tis a glorious prince indeed!
By ſuch an active general led,
The routed mice our arms ſhall dread,
Subdued ſhall quit their claim:
Old Homer ſhall recant his lays,
For us new trophies raiſe,
Sing our victorious arms, and juſtify our fame.

Then laughing impudently loud,
He ſoon alarm'd the daſtard croud.
The croaking nations with contempt
Behold the worthleſs indolent,
On wings of winds, ſwift ſcandal flies,
Libels, lampoons, and lyes,
Hoarſe treaſons, tuneleſs blaſphemies.
With active leap at laſt upon his back they ſtride,
And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove their prayers addreſt,
And once more Jove grants their requeſt:
A ſtork he ſends of monſtrous ſize,
Red lightning flaſhing in his eyes;
Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
The gazing crowds preſs'd to his court;
Admire his ſtately mien, his haughty port,
And only not adore.
Addreſſes of congratulation,
Sent from each loyal corporation,
Full-freight with truth and ſenſe,
Exhauſted all their eloquence.
But now, alas! 'twas night; kings muſt have meat:
The Grand Vizier firſt goes to pot,
Three Baſſas next, happy their lot!
Gain'd Paradiſe by being eat.
And this, ſaid he, and this is mine,
And this, by right divine:
In ſhort, 'twas all for public weal,
He ſwallow'd half a nation at a meal.

Again they beg Almighty Jove,
This cruel tyrant to remove.
With fierce reſentment in his eyes,
The frowning Thunderer replies;
Thoſe evils which yourſelves create,
Raſh fools! ye now repent too late;
Made wretched by the public voice,
Not through neceſſity, but choice!
Be gone!—Nor wreſt from Heaven ſome heavier curſe,
Better bear this, this ſtork, than worſe.

MORAL.

Oppreſs'd with happineſs, and ſick with eaſe,
Not Heaven itſelf our fickle minds can pleaſe.
Fondly we wiſh, cloy'd with celeſtial ſtore,
The leeks and onions which we loath'd before:
Still roving, ſtill deſiring, never pleas'd,
With plenty ſtarv'd, and ev'n with health diſeas'd.
With partial eyes each preſent good we view,
Nor covet what is beſt, but what is new.
Ye powers above, who make mankind your care,
To bleſs the ſupplicant, reject his prayer!

FABLE XI.

LIBERTY and LOVE; or, the TWO SPARROWS.

"— Dos eſt uxoria, lites." OVID.

A Sparrow and his mate,
(Believe me, gentle Kate)
Once lov'd like I and you;

With mutual ardour join'd,
No turtles e'er ſo kind,
  So conſtant, and ſo true.

They hopp'd from ſpray to ſpray,
They bill'd, they chirp'd all day,
  They cuddled cloſe all night;
To bliſs they wak'd each morn,
In every buſh and thorn,
  Gay ſcenes of new delight.

At length the fowler came,
(The knave was much to blame)
  And this dear pair trepann'd;
Both in one cage confin'd,
Why, faith and troth, 'twas kind;
  Nay, hold—that muſt be ſcann'd.

Fair liberty thus gone,
And one coop'd up with one,
  'Twas aukward, new, and ſtrange;
For better and for worſe,
O diſmal, fatal curſe!
  No more abroad to range.

No carols now they ſing,
Each droops his little wing,
  And mourns his cruel fate:
Clouds on each brow appear,
My honey, and my dear,
  Is now quite out of date.

They

They pine, lament, and moan,
'Twould melt an heart of ſtone,
To hear their ſad complaint:
Nor he ſupply'd her wants,
Nor ſhe refrain'd from taunts,
That might provoke a ſaint.

Hard words improve to blows,
For now, grown mortal foes,
They peck, they ſcratch, they ſcream;
The cage lies on the floor,
The wires are ſtain'd with gore,
It ſwells into a ſtream.

Dear Kitty, would you know
The cauſe of all this woe,
It is not hard to gueſs;
Whatever does conſtrain,
Turns pleaſure into pain,
'Tis Choice alone can bleſs.

When both no more are free,
Inſipid I muſt be,
And you loſe all your charms;
My ſmother'd paſſion dies,
And even your bright eyes,
Neceſſity diſarms.

Then let us love, my fair,
But unconſtrain'd as air,
Each join a willing heart;

Let

But roughly daſh againſt the ſhore,
And toſs their ſpumy heads, and proudly roar.
The careful farmer with ſurprize,
Sees the tumultuous torrent riſe;
With buſy looks the ruſtic band appear,
To guard their growing hopes, the promiſe of the year.
All hands unite, with dams they bound
The raſh rebellious ſtream around;
In vain ſhe foams, in vain ſhe raves,
In vain ſhe curls her feeble waves,
Beſieg'd at laſt on every ſide,
Her ſource exhauſted and her channel dry'd,
(Such is the fate of impotence and pride!)
A ſhallow pond ſhe ſtands confin'd,
The refuge of the croaking kind.
Ruſhes and ſags, an inbred foe,
Choak up the muddy pool below;
The tyrant ſun on high
Exacts his uſual ſubſidy;
And the poor pittance that remains,
Each gaping cranny drains.
Too late the fool repents her haughty boaſt,
A nameleſs nothing, in oblivion loſt.

Her ſiſter ſpring, benevolent and kind,
With joy ſees all around her bleſt,
The good ſhe does, into her generous mind
Returns again with intereſt.
The farmer oft invokes her aid
When Sirius nips the tender blade;

Her

Her ſtreams a ſure elixir bring,
Gay plenty decks the fields, and a perpetual ſpring.
Wheree'er the gardener ſmooths her eaſy way,
Her ductile ſtreams obey.
Courteous ſhe viſits every bed,
Narciſſus rears his drooping head,
By her diffuſive bounty fed.
Reviv'd from her indulgent urn,
Sad Hyacinth forgets to mourn,
Rich in the bleſſings ſhe beſtows,
All nature ſmiles wheree'er ſhe flows.
Enamour'd with a nymph ſo fair,
See where the river Gods appear.
A nymph ſo eminently good,
The joy of all the neighbourhood;
They claſp her in their liquid arms,
And riot in th' abundance of her charms.
Like old Alpheus fond, their wanton ſtreams they join'd,
Like Arethuſa ſhe, as lovely, and as kind.
Now ſwell'd into a mighty flood,
Her channel deep and wide,
Still ſhe perſiſts in doing good,
Her bounty flows with every tide.
A thouſand rivulets in her train
With fertile waves enrich the plain:
The ſcaly herd, a numerous throng,
Beneath her ſilver billows glide along,
Whoſe ſtill-increaſing ſhoals ſupply
The poor man's wants, the great one's luxury:

Here

Here all the feather'd troops retreat,
Securely ply their oary feet,
Upon her floating herbage gaze,
And with their tuneful notes reſound her praiſe.
Here flocks and herds in ſafety feed,
And fatten in each flowery mead:
No beaſts of prey appear
The watchful ſhepherd to beguile,
No monſters of the deep inhabit here,
Nor the voracious ſhark, nor wily crocodile;
But Delia and her nymphs, chaſte ſylvan queen,
By mortals prying eyes unſeen,
Bathe in her flood, and ſport upon her borders green.
Here merchants, careful of their ſtore,
By angry billows toſt,
Anchor ſecure beneath her ſhore,
And bleſs the friendly coaſt.
Soon mighty fleets in all their pride
Triumphant on her ſurface ride:
The buſy trader on her banks appears,
An hundred different tongues ſhe hears.
At laſt, with wonder and ſurprize,
She ſees a ſtately city riſe;
With joy the happy flood admires
The lofty domes, the pointed ſpires;
The porticos, magnificently great,
Where all the crowding nations meet;
The bridges that adorn her brow,
From bank to bank their ample arches ſtride,
Through which her curling waves in triumph glide,
And in melodious murmurs flow.

Now

Now grown a port of high renown,
The treaſure of the world her own;
Both Indies with their precious ſtores,
Pay yearly tribute to her ſhores.
Honour'd by all, a rich, well-peopled ſtream,
Nor father Thames himſelf of more eſteem.

MORAL.

The power of kings (if rightly underſtood)
Is but a grant from heaven of doing good)
Proud tyrants, who malicioufly deſtroy,
And ride o'er ruins with malignant joy;
Humbled in duſt, ſoon to their coſt ſhall know
Heaven our avenger, and mankind their foe;
While gracious monarchs reap the good they ſow:
Bleſſing, are bleſs'd; far ſpreads their juſt renown,
Conſenting nations their dominion own,
And joyful happy crowds ſupport their throne.
In vain the powers of earth and hell combine,
Each guardian angel ſhall protect that line,
Who by their virtues prove their right divine.

FABLE XIII.

THE BALD BATCHELOR:

Being a Paraphraſe upon the Second Fable in the Second Book of PHÆDRUS.

" Frigidus in Venerem ſenior, fruſtraque laborem
" Ingratum trahit: & ſi quando at prælia ventum eſt,
" Ut quondam in ſtipulis magnus ſine viribus ignis,
" Incaſſum furit. Ergo animos ævumque notabis
"Præcipuè."— VIRG. Geor. lib. iii.

A Batchelor, who, paſt his prime,
Had been a good one in his time,
Had ſcour'd the ſtreets, had whor'd, got drunk,
Had fought his man, and kept his punk:
Was ſometimes rich, but oftener poor,
With early duns about his door;
Being a little off his mettle,
Thought it convenient now to ſettle:
Grew wondrous wiſe at forty-five,
Reſolving to be grave, and thrive.
By chance he caſt his roguiſh eye
Upon a dame who liv'd hard by;
A widow debonair and gay,
October in the dreſs of May;
Artful to lay both red and white,
Skill'd in repairs, and, ev'n in ſpight
Of time and wrinkles, kept all tight.

But

But he, whoſe heart was apt to rove,
An arrant wanderer in love;
Beſides this widow, had Miſs Kitty,
Juicy and young, exceeding witty:
On her he thought, ſerious or gay,
His dream by night, his toaſt by day;
He thought, but not on her alone,
For who would be confin'd to one?
Between them both ſtrange work he made;
Gave this a ball, or maſquerade;
With that, at ſerious ombre play'd:
The ſelf-ſame compliments he ſpoke,
The ſelf-ſame oaths he ſwore, he broke;
Alternately on each beſtows
Frail promiſes and ſhort-liv'd vows.
Variety! kind ſource of joy!
Without whoſe aid all pleaſures cloy;
Without thee, who would ever prove
The painful drudgeries of love?
Without thee, what indulgent wight
Would read what we in garrets write?
But, not to make my tale perplex'd,
And keep more cloſely to my text;
'Tis fit the courteous reader know
This middle-aged man had been a beau.
But, above all, his head of hair
Had been his great peculiar care;
To which his ſerious hours he lent,
Nor deem'd the precious time miſpent.

'Twas long, and curling, and jet black,
Hung to the middle of his back;
Black, did I ſay? Ay, once 'twas ſo,
But cruel time had ſmok'd the beau,
And powder'd o'er his head with ſnow.
As an old horſe that had been hard rid,
Or from his maſter's coach diſcarded,
Forc'd in a tumbril to go filler,
Or load for ſome poor rogue a miller;
On his grave noddle, o'er his eyes,
Black hairs and white promiſcuous riſe;
Which chequer o'er his reverend pate,
And prove the keffel more ſedate:
So with this worthy ſquire it far'd,
Yet he nor time nor labour ſpar'd,
But, with exceſſive coſt and pains,
Still made the beſt of his remains.
Each night beneath his cap he furl'd it,
Each morn in modiſh ringlets curl'd it;
Now made his comely treſſes ſhine,
With orange-butter, jeſſamine;
Then with ſweet powder and perfumes
He purify'd his upper rooms.
So when a jockey brings a mare,
Or horſe, or gelding, to a fair,
Though he be ſpavin'd, old, and blind,
With founder'd feet, and broken wind;
Yet, if he 's maſter of his trade,
He 'll curry well, and trim the jade,

To

To make the cheat go glibly down,
And bubble ſome unwary clown.
What woman made of fleſh and blood,
So ſweet a gallant e'er withſtood?
They melt, they yield, both, both are ſmitten,
The good old puſs, and the young kitten;
And, being now familiar grown,
Each look'd upon him as her own;
No longer talk'd of dear, or honey,
But of plain downright matrimony.
At that dread word his worſhip ſtarted,
And was (we may ſuppoſe) faint-hearted;
Yet, being reſolv'd to change his ſtate,
Winks both his eyes, and truſts to fate.
But now new doubts and ſcruples riſe,
To plague him with perplexities;
He knew not which, alas! to chuſe,
This he muſt take, and that refuſe.
As when ſome idle country lad
Swings on a gate, his wooden pad;
To right, to left, he ſpurs away,
But neither here nor there can ſtay;
Till, by the catch ſurpriz'd, the lout
His journey ends, where he ſet out:
Ev'n ſo this dubious lover ſtray'd,
Between the widow and the maid;
And, after ſwinging to and fro,
Was juſt *in æquilibrio.*
Yet ſtill a lover's warmth he ſhows,
And makes his viſits and his bows;

Domeſtic grown, both here and there,
Nor Pug, nor Shock, were half ſo dear:
With bread and butter, and with tea,
And madam's toilet, who but he?
There fix'd a patch, or broke a comb;
At night, the widow's drawing-room.
O ſweet viciſſitude of love!
Who would covet heaven above,
Were men but thus allow'd to rove?
But, alas! ſome curs'd event,
Some unexpected accident,
Humbles our pride, and ſhows the odds
Between frail mortals and the gods:
This by the ſequel will appear
A truth moſt evident and clear.
As on the widow's panting breaſt
He laid his peaceful head to reſt,
Dreaming of pleaſures yet in ſtore,
And joys he ne'er had felt before;
His grizly locks appear diſplay'd,
In all their pomp of light and ſhade.
Alas! my future ſpouſe, ſaid ſhe,
What do mine eyes aſtoniſh'd ſee?
Marriage demands equality.
What will malicious neighbours ſay,
Should I, a widow young and gay,
Marry a man both old and grey?
Thoſe hideous hairs!—with that a tear
Did in each cryſtal ſluice appear;

She

She fetch'd a deep ſigh from her heart,
As who ſhould ſay, Beſt friends muſt part!
Then mus'd a while; there is but one,
But this expedient left alone,
To ſave that dear head from diſgrace;
Here, Jenny, fetch my tweaſer-caſe.
To work then went the treacherous fair,
And grubb'd up here and there a hair:
But, as ſhe meant not to renew
His charms, but ſet her own to view;
And by this foil more bright appear,
In youthful bloom when he was near,
The cunning gypſy nipt away
The black, but ſlily left the grey.
O Dalilah! perfidious fair!
O ſex ingenious to enſnare!
How faithleſs all your doings are!
Whom nature form'd your lord, your guide,
You his precarious power deride,
Tool of your vanity and pride.
The ſquire, who, thus deceiv'd, ne'er dreamt
What the deceitful traitreſs meant;
Thrice kiſs'd her hand, and then retir'd,
With more exalted thoughts inſpir'd:
To his fair Filly next repairs,
With ſtatelier port, and youthful airs.
Lord! ſir—(ſaid ſhe) you 're mighty gay,
But I muſt tell you by the way,
That no brood gooſe was e'er ſo gray.

Here, let this hand eradicate
Thoſe foul diſhonours of your pate.
For ſhe, poor thing! whoſe virgin heart,
Unſkill'd in every female art,
In pure ſimplicity believ'd
His youth might this way be retriev'd;
At leaſt his age diſguis'd, and ſhe,
From ſpightful prudes, and cenſure free;
With earneſt diligence and care,
Grubb'd by the roots each grizzled hair;
Some few black hairs ſhe left behind,
But not one of the ſilver kind.
But when ſhe ſaw what work ſhe 'd made,
His bald broad front, without a ſhade,
And all his hatchet face diſplay'd,
With ſcarce ſix hairs upon a ſide,
His large out-ſpreading luggs to hide;
She laugh'd, ſhe ſcream'd; and Nan, and Beſs,
In concert laugh'd, and ſcream'd no leſs.
Home ſkulk'd the ſquire, and hid his face,
Sore-ſmitten with the foul diſgrace:
Softly he knock'd, but truſty John,
Who knew his hour was twelve, or one,
Rubb'd both his eyes, and yawn'd, and ſwore,
And quickly blunder'd to the door.
But, ſtarting back at this diſaſter,
Vow'd that old Nick had hagg'd his maſter:
The landlady, in ſore affright,
Fell into fits, and ſwoon'd out-right;

The

The neighbourhood was rais'd, and call'd,
The maids miſcarry'd, children bawl'd,
The cur, whom oft his bounty fed,
With many a ſcrap, and bit of bread;
Now own'd him not; but in the throng
Growl'd at him as he ſneak'd along.
To bed he went, 'tis true, but not
Or clos'd his eyes, or ſlept one jot;
Not Niſus was in ſuch deſpair,
Spoil'd of his kingdom and his hair:
Not ev'n Belinda made ſuch moan,
When her dear favourite lock was gone.
He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd amain,
All his paſt life run o'er again;
Damn'd every female bite to Tyburn,
From mother Eve, to mother Wyburn,
Each youthful vanity abjur'd,
Whores, box and dice, and claps ill-cur'd:
And, having loſt by female art
This darling idol of his heart,
Thoſe precious locks, that might out-vie
The trim-curl'd God who lights the ſky;
Reſolv'd to grow devout and wiſe,
Or what 's almoſt the ſame—preciſe;
Canted, and whin'd, and talk'd moſt oddly,
Was very ſlovenly and godly
(For nothing makes devotion keen,
Like diſappointment and chagrin):
In fine, he ſet his houſe in order,
And piouſly put on a border.

MORAL.

To you, gay ſparks, who waſte your youthful prime,
Old Æſop ſends this monitory rhyme;
Leave, leave, for ſhame your trulls at Sh—er hall,
And marry in good time, or not at all.
Of all the monſters Smithfield e'er could ſhow,
There 's none ſo hideous as a batter'd beau.
Truſt not the noon of life, but take the morn;
Will Honeycomb is every female's ſcorn.
Let him be rich, high-born, book-learn'd, and wiſe,
Believe me, friends, in every woman's eyes,
'Tis back, and brawn, and ſinew, wins the prize.

FABLE XIV.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

" Fortuna ſævo læta negotio, &
" Ludum inſolentem ludere pertinax
" Tranſmutat incertos honores." Hor.

CANTO I.

SOME authors, more abſtruſe than wiſe,
Friendſhip confine to ſtricter ties,
Require exact conformity,
In perſon, age, and quality;
Their humours, principles, and wit,
Muſt, like exchequer tallies, hit.
Others, leſs ſcrupulous, opine
That hands and hearts in love may join,

Though

Though different inclinations ſway,
For Nature 's more in fault than they.
Whoe'er would ſift this point more fully,
May read St. Evremond and Tully;
With me the doctrine ſhall prevail
That 's *à propos* to form my tale.

Two brethren (whether twins or no
Imports not very much to know)
Together bred; as fam'd their love
As Leda's brats begot by Jove:
As various too their tempers were;
That briſk, and frolick, debonair;
This more conſiderate and ſevere.
While Bob, with diligence would pore
And con by heart his battle-door,
Frank play'd at romps with John the groom,
Or ſwitch'd his hobby round the room.
The ſtriplings now too bulky grown,
To make dirt-pies, and lounge at home,
With aching hearts to ſchool are ſent,
Their humours ſtill of various bent:
The ſilent, ſerious, ſolid boy,
Came on apace, was daddy's joy,
Conſtrued, and pars'd, and ſaid his part,
And got *Quæ-genus* all by heart.
While Franky, that unlucky rogue,
Fell in with every whim in vogue,
Valued not Lilly of a ſtraw,
A rook at chuck, a dab at taw.

His

His bum was often brush'd, you 'll say,
'Tis true, now twice, then thrice a day:
So leeches at the breech are fed,
To cure vertigos in the head.
But, by your leave, good doctor Freind,
Let me this maxim recommend;
" A genius can't be forc'd;" nor can
You make an ape an alderman:
The patch-work doublet well may suit,
But how would furs become the brute?
In short, the case is very plain,
When maggots once are in the brain,
Whole loads of birch are spent in vain.
Now to pursue this hopeful pair
To Oxford, and the Lord knows where,
Would take more ink than I can spare.
Nor shall I here minutely score
The volumes Bob turn'd o'er and o'er,
The laundresses turn'd up by Frank,
With many a strange diverting prank;
'Twould jade my Muse, though better fed,
And kept in body-cloaths and bread.
When bristles on each chin began
To sprout, the promise of a man,
The good old gentleman expir'd,
And decently to Heaven retir'd:
The brethren, at their country seat,
Enjoy'd a pleasant, snug retreat;
Their cellars and their barns well stor'd,
And plenty smoaking on their board:

Ale and tobacco for the vicar,
For gentry ſometimes better liquor.
Judicious Bob had read all o'er
Each weighty ſtay'd philoſopher,
And therefore rightly underſtood
The real from th' apparent good;
Subſtantial bliſs, intrinſic joys,
From buſtle, vanity, and noiſe;
Could his own happineſs create,
And bring his mind to his eſtate:
Liv'd in the ſame calm, eaſy round,
His judgement clear, his body ſound;
Good humour, probity, and ſenſe,
Repaid with peace and indolence:
While rakiſh Frank, whoſe active ſoul
No bounds, no principle control,
Flies o'er the world where pleaſure calls,
To races, maſquerades, and balls;
At random roves, now here, now there,
Drinks with the gay, and toaſts the fair.
As when the full-fed reſty ſteed
Breaks from his groom, he flies with ſpeed;
His high-arch'd neck he proudly rears,
Upon his back his tail he bears,
His main upon his ſhoulders curls,
O'er every precipice he whirls,
He plunges in the cooling tides,
He laves his ſhining pamper'd ſides,
He ſnuffs the females on the plain,
And to his joy he ſprings amain,

To

To this, to that, impetuous flies,
Nor can the ſtud his luſt ſuffice;
Till nature flags, his vigour ſpent,
With drooping tail, and nerves unbent,
The humble beaſt returns content,
Waits tamely at the ſtable door,
As tractable as e'er before.
This was exactly Franky's caſe;
When blood ran high he liv'd apace;
But pockets drain'd, and every vein,
Look'd ſilly, and came home again.
At length extravagance and vice,
Whoring and drinking, box and dice,
Sunk his exchequer; cares intrude,
And duns grow troubleſome and rude.
What meaſures ſhall poor Franky take
To manage wiſely the laſt ſtake,
With ſome few pieces in his purſe,
And half a dozen brats at nurſe?
Penſive he walk'd, lay long a-bed,
Now bit his nails, then ſcratch'd his head,
At laſt reſolv'd: Reſolv'd! on what?
There 's not a penny to be got;
The queſtion now remains alone,
Whether 'tis beſt to hang or drown.
Thank you for that, good friendly devil!
You 're very courteous, very civil;
Other expedients may be try'd,
The man is young, the world is wide,

And,

And, as judicious authors ſay,
"Every dog ſhall have his day;"
What if we ramble for a while?
Seek Fortune out, and court her ſmile,
Act every part in life to win her,
Firſt try the ſaint, and then the ſinner;
Preſs boldly on; ſlighted, purſue;
Repuls'd, again the charge renew;
Give her no reſt, attend, intreat,
And ſtick at nothing to be great.
Fir'd with theſe thoughts, the youth grew vain,
Look'd on the country with diſdain;
Where Virtue's fools her laws obey,
And dream a lazy life away;
Thinks poverty the greateſt ſin,
And walks on thorns till he begin:
But firſt before his brother laid
The hopeful ſcheme, and begg'd his aid.
Kind Bob was much abaſh'd, to ſee
His brother in extremity,
Reduc'd to rags for want of thought,
A beggar, and not worth a groat.
He griev'd full ſore, gave good advice,
Quoted his authors grave and wiſe,
All who with wholeſome morals treat us,
Old Seneca and Epictetus.
What 's my unhappy brother doing?
Whither rambling? whom purſuing
An idle, tricking, giddy jade,
A phantom, and a fleeting ſhade;

Graſp'd

Graſp'd in this coxcomb's arms a while,
The falſe jilt fawns, then a fond ſmile;
On that ſhe leers, he like the reſt
Is ſoon a bubble and a jeſt;
But live with me, juſt to thyſelf,
And ſcorn the bitch, and all her pelf;
Fortune 's ador'd by fools alone,
The wiſe man always makes his own.
But 'tis, alas! in vain t' apply
Fine ſayings and philoſophy,
Where a poor youth's o'er-heated brain,
Is ſold to intereſt and gain,
And pride and fierce ambition reign.
Bob found it ſo, nor did he ſtrive
To work the nail that would not drive;
Content to do the beſt he could,
And as became his brotherhood,
Gave him what money he could ſpare,
And kindly paid his old arrear,
Bought him his equipage and cloaths,
So thus ſupply'd away he goes,
For London town he mounts, as gay
As tailors on their wedding-day.
Not many miles upon the road,
A widow's ſtately manſion ſtood;
What if dame Fortune ſhould be there?
(Said Frank) 'tis ten to one, I ſwear:
I 'll try to find her in the crowd,
She loves the wealthy and the proud.

Away

Away he ſpurs, and at the door
Stood gallant gentry many a ſcore,
Penelope had never more.
Here tortur'd cats-gut ſqueals amain,
Guittars in ſofter notes complain,
And lutes reveal the lover's pain.
Frank, with a careleſs, eaſy mien,
Sung her a ſong, and was let in.
The reſt with envy burſt, to ſee
The ſtranger's odd felicity.
Low bow'd the footman at the ſtairs,
The gentleman at top appears:
And is your lady, ſir, at home?
Pray walk into the drawing-room.
But here my Muſe is too well bred,
To prattle what was done or ſaid;
She lik'd the youth, his dreſs, his face,
His calves, his back, and every grace:
Supper was ſerv'd, and down they ſit,
Much meat, good wine, ſome little wit.
The grace-cup drunk, or dance, or play;
Frank choſe the laſt, was very gay,
Had the good luck the board to ſtrip,
And punted to her ladyſhip.
The clock ſtrikes one, the gentry bow'd,
Each to his own apartment ſhow'd;
But Franky was in piteous mood,
Slept not a wink; he raves, he dies,
Smit with her jointure and her eyes.

Reſtleſs

Reſtleſs as in a lion's den,
He ſprawl'd and kick'd about till ten:
But, as he dreamt of future joys,
His ear was ſtartled with a noiſe,
Six trumpets and a kettle-drum;
Up in a hurry flies the groom,
Lord, ſir! get dreſs'd, the colonel's come:
Your horſe is ready at the door,
You may reach Uxbridge, ſir, by four.
Poor Franky muſt in haſte remove,
With diſappointment vex'd, and love;
To dirt abandon'd, and deſpair,
For lace and feather won the fair.
Now for the town he jogs apace,
With leaky boots and ſun-burnt face;
And, leaving Acton in his rear,
Began to breathe ſulphureous air.
Arriv'd at length, the table ſpread,
Three bottles drunk, he reels to bed.
Next morn his buſy thoughts begun,
To riſe and travel with the ſun;
Whims heap'd on whims his head turn'd round,
But how dame Fortune might be found,
Was the momentous grand affair,
His ſecret wiſh, his only care.
Damme, thought Franky to himſelf,
I 'll find this giddy wandering elf;
I 'll hunt her out in every quarter,
Till ſhe beſtow the ſtaff or garter:

I 'll

I 'll viſit good Lord Sunderland,
Who keeps the jilt at his command;
Or elſe ſome courteous dutcheſs may
Take pity on a run-away.
Dreſs'd to a pink, to court he flies,
At this levee, and that, he plies;
Bows in his rank, an humble ſlave,
And meanly fawns on every knave;
With maids of honour learns to chat,
Fights for this lord, and pimps for that.
Fortune he ſought from place to place,
She led him ſtill a wild-gooſe chace;
Always prepar'd with ſome excuſe,
The hopeful younker to amuſe;
Was buſy, indiſpos'd, was gone
To Hampton-court, or Kenſington;
And, after all her wiles and dodgings,
She ſlipp'd clear off, and bilk'd her lodgings.
Jaded, and almoſt in deſpair,
A gameſter whiſper'd in his ear;
Who would ſeek Fortune, ſir, at court?
At H—l's is her chief reſort;
'Tis there her midnight hours ſhe ſpends,
Is very gracious to her friends;
Shows honeſt men the means of thriving,
The beſt, good-natur'd Goddeſs living.
Away he trudges with his rook,
Throws many a main, is bit, is broke;
With dirty knuckles, aching head,
Diſconſolate he ſneaks to bed.

CANTO II.

HOW humble, and how complaiſant,
Is a proud man reduc'd to want!
With what a ſilly, hanging face,
He bears his unforeſeen diſgrace!
His ſpirits flag, his pulſe beats low,
The Gods, and all the world his foe;
To thriving knaves a ridicule,
A butt to every wealthy fool.
For where is courage, wit, or ſenſe,
When a poor rake has loſt his pence?
Let all the learn'd ſay what they can,
'Tis ready money makes the man;
Commands reſpect wheree'er we go,
And gives a grace to all we do.
With ſuch reflections Frank diſtreſs'd,
The horrors of his ſoul expreſs'd:
Contempt, the baſket, and a gaol,
By turns his reſtleſs mind aſſail;
Aghaſt the diſmal ſcene he flies,
And death grows pleaſing in his eyes:
For ſince his rhino was all flown,
To the laſt ſolitary crown,
Who would not, like a Roman, dare
To leave that world he could not ſhare?
The piſtol on his table lay,
And Death fled hovering o'er his prey;

There

There wanted nothing now to do,
But touch the trigger, and adieu.
As he was ſaying ſome ſhort prayers,
He heard a wheezing on the ſtairs,
And looking out, his aunt appears;
Who from Moorfields, breathleſs and lame,
To ſee her graceleſs godſon came:
The ſalutations being paſt,
Coughing, and out of wind, at laſt
In his great chair ſhe took her place,
How does your brother? is my niece
Well marry'd? when will Robin ſettle?
He anſwer'd all things to a tittle;
Gave ſuch content in every part,
He gain'd the good old beldam's heart.
"Godſon, ſaid ſhe, alas! I know
"Matters with you are but ſo-ſo:
"You 're come to town, I underſtand,
"To make your fortune out of hand;
"Your time and patrimony loſt,
"To beg a place, or buy a poſt.
"Believe me, godſon, I 'm your friend;
"Of this great town, this wicked end
"Is ripe for judgement; Satan's ſeat,
"The ſink of ſin, and hell compleat.
"In every ſtreet of trulls a troop,
"And every cook-wench wears a hoop;
"Sodom was leſs deform'd with vice,
"Lewdneſs of all kinds, cards and dice."

Frank bluſh'd (which, by the way, was more
Than ever he had done before);
And own'd it was a wretched place,
Unfit for any child of grace.
The good old aunt o'erjoy'd to ſee
Theſe glimmerings of ſanctity;
"My dear, ſaid ſhe, this purſe is yours,
"It coſt me many painful hours;
"Take it, improve it, and become
"By art and induſtry a plumb.
"But leave, for ſhame, this impious ſtreet,
"All over mark'd with cloven feet;
"In our more holy quarter live,
"Where both your ſoul and ſtock may thrive;
"Where righteous citizens repair,
"And heaven and earth the godly ſhare,
"Gain this by jobbing, that by prayer.
"At Jonathan's go ſmoke a pipe,
"Look very ſerious, dine on tripe;
"Get early up, late cloſe your eyes,
"And leave no ſtone unturn'd to riſe;
"Then each good day at Salter's-Hall
"Pray for a bleſſing upon all."
Lowly the raviſh'd Franky bows,
While joy ſat ſmiling on his brows;
And without ſcruple, in a trice,
He took her money and advice.
Not an extravagant young heir,
Beſet with duns, and in deſpair,
When joyful tidings reach his ear,

And

And dad retires by Heaven's commands,
To leave his chink to better hands;
Not wandering ſailors almoſt loſt,
When they behold the wiſh'd-for coaſt;
Not culprit when the knot is plac'd,
And kind reprieve arrives in haſte;
E'er felt a joy in ſuch exceſs,
As Frank reliev'd from this diſtreſs.
A thouſand antic tricks he play'd,
The purſe he kiſs'd, ſwore, curs'd, and pray'd;
Counted the pieces o'er and o'er,
And hugg'd his unexpected ſtore;
Built ſtately caſtles in the air,
Supp'd with the great, enjoy'd the fair;
Pick'd out his title and his place,
Was ſcarce contented with Your Grace.
Strange viſions working in his head,
Frantic, half mad, he ſtrokes to bed;
Sleeps little; if he ſleeps, he dreams
Of ſceptres, and of diadems.
"Fortune, ſaid he, ſhall now no more
"Trick and deceive me as of yore:
"This paſſport ſhall admittance gain,
"In ſpight of all the jilt's diſdain:
"'Tis this the tyrant's pride diſarms,
"And brings her bluſhing to my arms;
"This golden bough my wiſh ſhall ſpeed,
"And to th' Elyſian Fields ſhall lead."
The morn ſcarce peep'd, but up he roſe,
Impatient, huddled on his clothes;

Call'd the next coach, gave double pay,
And to Change-Alley whirl'd away.
'Tis here dame Fortune every day
Opens her booth, and shows her play;
Here laughing sits behind the scene,
Dances her puppets here unseen,
And turns her whimsical machine.
Powel, with all his wire and wit,
To her great genius must submit:
Exact at twelve the goddess shows,
And fame aloud her trumpet blows;
Harangues the mob with shams and lyes,
And bids their actions fall, or rise.
Old Chaos here his throne regains,
And here in odd confusion reigns;
All order, all distinction lost,
Now high, now low, the fools are tost.
Here lucky coxcombs vainly rear
Their giddy heads, there in despair
Sits humbled pride, with down-cast look,
Bankrupts restor'd, and misers broke,
Strange figures here our eyes invade,
And the whole world is masquerade;
A carman in a hat and feather,
A lord in frieze, his breeches leather:
Tom Whiplash in his coach of state,
Drawn by the tits he drove of late:
A colonel of the bold train-bands,
Selling his equipage and lands.

Hard

Hard-by a cobler bidding fair,
For the gold-chain, and next lord mayor:
A butcher bluſtering in the crowd,
Of his late purchas'd 'ſcutcheon proud,
Retains his cleaver for his creſt,
His motto too beneath the reſt,
" Virtue and merit is a jeſt,"
Two toaſts with all their trinkets gone,
Padding the ſtreets for half-a-crown:
A daggled counteſs and her maid,
Her houſe-rent and her ſlaves unpaid,
A tailor's wife in rich brocade.
All ſects, all parties, high and low,
At Fortune's ſhrine devoutly bow;
Nought can their ardent zeal reſtrain,
Where each man's godlineſs is gain.
From taverns, meeting-houſes, ſtews,
Atheiſts and Quakers, bawds and Jews,
Stateſmen and fidlers, beaux and porters,
Blue aprons here, and there blue garters.
As human race of old began
From ſtones and clods, transform'd to man,
So from each dunghill, ſtrange ſurprize!
In troops the recent gentry riſe,
Of muſhroom growth, they wildly ſtare,
And ape the great with awkward air;
So Pinkethman upon the ſtage,
Mounting his aſs in warlike rage,
With ſimpering Dicky for his page,

In Lee's mad rant, with monkey face,
Burleſques the prince of Ammon's race.
Induſtrious Frank, among the reſt,
Bought, ſold, and cavil'd, bawl'd and preſs'd;
Lodg'd in a garret on the ſpot,
Follow'd inſtructions to a jot,
The praying part alone forgot.
Learnt every dealing term of art,
And all th' ingenious cant by heart;
Nor doubted but he ſoon ſhould find
Dame Fortune complaiſant and kind.
After her oft he call'd aloud,
But ſtill ſhe vaniſh'd in the crowd;
Now with ſmooth looks and tempting ſmiles
The faithleſs hypocrite beguiles;
Then with a cool and ſcornful air,
Bids the deluded wretch deſpair;
Takes pet without the leaſt pretence,
And wonders at his inſolence.
Thus with her fickle humours vex'd,
And between hopes and fears perplex'd;
His patience quite worn out, at laſt
Reſolves to throw one deſperate caſt.
" 'Tis vain, ſaid he, to whine and wooe,
" 'Tis one briſk ſtroke the work muſt do.
" Fortune is like a widow won,
" And truckles to the bold alone;
" I 'll puſh at once and venture all,
" At leaſt I ſhall with honour fall."

But,

But, curſe upon the treacherous jade,
Who thus his ſervices repaid;
When now he thought the world his own,
He bought a bear, and was undone.

CANTO III.

AS there is ſomething in a face,
An air, and a peculiar grace,
Which boldeſt painters cannot trace;
That more than features, ſhape, or hair,
Diſtinguiſhes the happy fair;
Strikes every eye, and makes her known
A ruling toaſt through all the town:
So in each action 'tis ſucceſs
That gives it all its comelineſs;
Guards it from cenſure and from blame,
Brightens and burniſhes our fame.
For what is virtue, courage, wit,
In all men, but a lucky hit?
But, *vice versâ*, where this fails,
The wiſeſt conduct nought avails;
The man of merit ſoon ſhall find
The world to proſperous knaves inclin'd,
Himſelf the laſt of all mankind.
Too true poor Frank this theſis found,
Bankrupt, deſpoil'd, and run aground,
In durance vile detain'd and loſt,
And all his mighty projects croſt:

With

With grief and ſhame at once oppreſt,
Tears ſwell his eyes, and ſighs his breaſt;
A poor, forlorn, abandon'd rake,
Where ſhall he turn? what meaſures take?
Betray'd, deceiv'd, and ruin'd quite,
By his own greedy appetite;
He mourns his fatal luſt of pelf,
And curſes Fortune and himſelf:
In limbo pent, would fain get free,
Importunate for liberty.
So when the watchful hungry mouſe,
At midnight prowling round the houſe,
Winds in a corner toaſted cheeſe,
Glad the luxurious prey to ſeize;
With whiſkers curl'd, and round black eyes,
He meditates the luſcious prize,
Till caught, trepann'd, laments too late
The rigorous decrees of fate:
Reſtleſs his freedom to regain,
He bites the wire, and climbs in vain.
The wretched captive thus diſtreſs'd,
His buſy thoughts allow no reſt:
Fond on each project to depend,
Kind Hope his only faithful friend;
Odd whimſies floating in his brain,
He plots, contrives, but all in vain,
Approves, rejects, and thinks again.
As when the ſhipwreck'd wretch is toſt
From wave to wave, and almoſt loſt,

Beat

Beat by the billows from the ſhore,
Returns half drown'd, and hugs once more
The friendly plank he graſp'd before:
So Frank, when all expedients fail,
To ſave his carcaſs from a gaol,
Eat up with vermin and with care,
And almoſt ſinking in deſpair,
Reſolves once more to make his court
To his old aunt, his laſt reſort:
Takes pen in hand, now writes, now tears,
Then blots his paper with his tears,
Ranſacks his troubled ſoul, to raiſe
Each tender ſentiment and phraſe;
And every lame excuſe ſupplies
With artful colouring and diſguiſe;
Kind to himſelf, lays all the blame
On Fortune, that capricious dame:
In ſhort, informs her all was loſt,
And ſends it by the penny-poſt.
Soon as the ancient nymph had read
The fatal ſcroll, ſhe took her bed,
Cold palſies ſeize her trembling head;
She groans, ſhe ſighs, ſhe ſobs, ſhe ſmears
Her ſpectacles and beard with tears;
Her noſe that wont to ſympathize
With all th' o'erflowings of her eyes,
Adown in pearly drops diſtils,
Th' united ſtream each chaſm fills.
Geneva now, nor Nants will do,
Her toothleſs gums their hold let go;

And

And on the ground, O fatal ſtroke!
The ſhort coæval pipe is broke;
With vapours choak'd, entranc'd ſhe lies,
Belches, and prays, and ſ—ts, and dies.
But ſleep, that kind reſtorative,
Recall'd her ſoul, and bid her live;
With cooler thoughts the caſe ſhe weigh'd,
And brought her reaſon to her aid.
Away ſhe hobbles, and with ſpeed
Reſolves to ſee the captive freed;
Wipe off this ſtain and foul diſgrace,
And vindicate her ancient race.
With her a ſage director comes,
More weighty than a brace of plumbs,
A good man in the city cant,
Where caſh, not morals, makes the faint.
T' improve a genius ſo polite,
The clumſy thing was dubb'd a knight:
Fortune's chief confident and friend,
Grown fat by many a dividend;
And ſtill her favour he retains,
By want of merit and of brains;
On her top ſpoke ſublime he ſits,
The jeſt and theme of ſneering wits:
For fools in Fortune's pillory plac'd
Are mounted to be more diſgrac'd.
This rich old Hunks, as Woodcock wiſe,
Was call'd the younker to adviſe:
" Young man, ſaid he, refrain from tears,
" While joyful tidings bleſs thine ears;

" Up

" Up and be doing, boy, and try
" To conquer fate by induſtry;
" For know that all of mortal race,
" Are born to loſſes and diſgrace:
" Ev'n I broke twice, I, heretofore
" A tailor deſpicably poor,
" In every hole for ſhelter crept,
" On the ſame bulk, botch'd, lous'd, and ſlept,
" With ſcarce one penny to prepare
" A friendly halter in deſpair;
" My credit like my garment torn,
" Thread-bare, and ragged, over-worn:
" But ſoon I patch'd it up again,
" Theſe buſy hands, this working brain,
" Ne'er ceas'd from labour, pain, and ſweat,
" Till Fortune ſmil'd, and I was great.
" Now at each pompous city feaſt,
" Who but Sir Triſtram? Every gueſt
" Reſpectful bows. In each debate,
" My nod muſt give the ſentence weight:
" On me prime miniſters attend,
" And —— and Aiſlabie 's my friend:
" In embryo each bold project lies,
" Till my conſenting purſe ſupplies.
" This hand—nay do not think me vain,
" Soften'd the Swede, and humbled Spain.
" To me the fair, whom all adore,
" Addreſs their prayers, and own my power;
" When the poor toaſt by break of day
" Has punted all her gold away,

" Undreſs'd,

" Undreſs'd, and in her native charms,
" She flies to theſe indulgent arms;
" She curls each dimple in her face
" To win the good Sir Triſtram's grace;
" Offers her brilliants with a ſmile,
" That might an anchoret beguile;
" And when my potent aid is lent,
" Away the dear-one wheels content.
" He that can money get, my boy,
" Shall every other good enjoy;
" Be rich, and every boon receive,
" That man can wiſh, or Heaven can give.
" Now to the means, dear youth, attend,
" By which thy ſorrows ſoon ſhall end:
" Thy good old aunt reſolves to bail
" Her hopeful godſon out of gaol;
" But what is freedom to the poor?
" The man who begs from door to door
" Is free; in lazy wretchedneſs
" He lives, till Heaven his ſubſtance bleſs;
" But, having learnt to cog and chouſe,
" To cut a purſe, or break a houſe,
" Then ſoon he mends his old apparel,
" Eats boil'd and roaſt, and taps his barrel;
" Drinks double bub, with all his might,
" And hugs his doxy every night:
" Thy ſprightly genius ne'er ſhall lie
" Depreſs'd by want and penury;
" Go, with a proſperous merry gale,
" To the Sou[illegible] adventurous ſail;

" For

" Fat Plenty dwells on thoſe rich ſhores,
" Abundance opens all her ſtores;
" Ingots and pearls for beads are ſold,
" And rivers glide on ſands of gold;
" Profit and Pleaſure, hand in hand,
" Smile on the fields, and bleſs the land;
" The ſwains unlabour'd harveſts reap,
" Fountains run wine, and whores are cheap.
" Fortune is always true and kind,
" Nor veers, as here, with every wind;
" Not, as in theſe penurious iſles,
" Retails her bleſſings and her ſmiles;
" But deals by wholeſale with her friends,
" And gluts them with her dividends.
" Then haſte, ſet ſail, the ſhip's unmoor'd,
" And waits to take thee now on board."
The youth o'erjoy'd this project hears,
From his flock-bed his head he rears,
And waters all his rags with tears.
In ſhort, he took his friend's advice,
Pack'd up his baggage in a trice;
Dancing for joy, on board he flew,
With all Potoſi in his view.

CANTO IV.

BEHOLD the youth juſt now ſet free
On land, immur'd again at ſea;
Stow'd with his cargo in the hold,
In queſt of other worlds for gold.

He

He who ſo late regal'd at eaſe,
On olios, ſoups, and fricaſſees;
Drank with the witty and the gay,
Sparkling Champaign, and rich Tokay;
Now breaks his faſt with Suffolk cheeſe,
And burſts at noon with pork and peaſe;
Inſtead of wine, content to ſip,
With noiſy tars, their nauſeous ſlip:
Their breath with chew'd mundungus ſweet,
Their jeſts more fulſome than their meat.
While thunder rolls, and ſtorms ariſe,
He ſnoring in his hammock lies;
In golden dreams enjoys the night,
And counts his bags with vaſt delight.
Mountains of gold erect his throne,
Each precious gem is now his own;
Kind Jove deſcends in golden fleet,
Pactolus murmurs at his feet;
The ſea gives up its hoarded ſtore,
Poſſeſſing all, he covets more.
O gold! attractive gold! in vain
Honour and conſcience would reſtrain
Thy boundleſs univerſal reign.
To thee each ſtubborn virtue bends,
The man oblig'd betrays his friends;
The patriot quits his country's cauſe,
And ſells her liberty and laws:
The pious prude 's no longer nice,
And ev'n lawn ſleeves can flatter vice.

At

At thy too abſolute command,
Thy zealots ranſack ſea and land:
Where'er thy beams their power diſplay,
The ſwarming inſects haſte away,
To baſk in thy refulgent ray.
Now the bold crew with proſperous wind,
Leave the retreating land behind;
Fearleſs they quit their native ſhore,
And Albion's cliffs are ſeen no more.
Then on the wide Atlantic borne,
Their rigging and their tackle torn;
Danger in various ſhapes appears,
Sudden alarms, and ſhivering fears.
Here, might ſome copious bard dilate,
And ſhow fierce Neptune drawn in ſtate;
While guards of Tritons clear his way,
And Nereids round his chariot play;
Then bid the ſtormy Boreas riſe,
And forky lightning cleave the ſkies;
The ſhip nigh foundering in the deep,
Or bounding o'er the ridgy ſteep:
Deſcribe the monſters of the main,
The Phocæ, and their finny train,
Tornados, hurricanes, and rain,
Spouts, ſhoals, and rocks of dreadful ſize,
And pirates lurking for their prize;
Amazing miracles rehearſe,
And turn all Dampier into verſe.
My negligent and humble Muſe
Leſs ambitious aims purſues;

Content with more familiar phraſe,
Nor deals in ſuch embroider'd lays;
Pleas'd if my rhyme juſt meaſure keeps,
And ſtretch'd at eaſe my reader ſleeps.
Hibernian matrons thus of old,
Their ſoporific ſtories told;
To ſleep in vain the patient ſtrove,
Perplex'd with buſineſs, croſs'd in love;
Till ſoothing tales becalm'd his breaſt,
And lull'd his troubled ſoul to reſt.
Suffice it only to recite,
They drank all day, they ſnor'd all night:
And, after many moons were paſt,
They made the wiſh'd-for ſhores at laſt.
Frank, with his cargo in his hand,
Leap'd joyful on the golden ſtrand;
Open'd his toy-ſhop in the port,
Trinkets of various ſize and ſort;
Bracelets and combs, bodkins and tweezers,
Bath-metal rings, and knives, and ſciſſars;
And in one lucky day got more
Than Bubble-boy in half a ſcore:
For Fortune now, no longer coy,
Smil'd on her darling favourite boy;
No longer from his arms retir'd,
But gave him all his heart deſir'd.
Ah! thoughtleſs youth! in time beware,
And ſhun the treacherous harlot's ſnare;
The wiſer ſavages behold,
Who truck not liberty for gold;

Proof

Proof againſt all her ſubtle wiles,
Regardleſs of her frowns or ſmiles;
If frugal Nature want ſupplies,
The lance or dart unerring flies:
The mountain boar their prey deſcends,
Or the fat kid regales their friends;
The jocund tribe, from ſun to ſun,
Feaſt on the prize their valour won.
Ceaſe, babbling Muſe, thy vain advice,
'Tis thrown away on avarice:
Bid hungry lions quit their prey,
Or ſtreams that down the mountains ſtray
Divert their courſe, return again,
And climb the ſteep from whence they came.
Unbleſt with his ill-gotten ſtore,
Th' inſatiate youth ſtill craves for more;
To counſel deaf, t' examples blind,
Scrapes up whatever he can find.
Now maſter of a veſſel grown,
With all the glittering freight his own,
To Fortune ſtill he makes his court,
And coaſts along from port to port.
Each rolling tide brings freſh ſupplies,
And heaps on heaps delight his eyes.
Through Panama's delicious bay,
The loaded veſſel ploughs her way;
With the rich freight oppreſs'd ſhe ſails,
And ſummons all the friendly gales.
Frank on her deck triumphant ſtood,
And view'd the calm tranſparent flood:

Let book-learn'd ſots, ſaid he, adore
Th' aſpiring hills that grace thy ſhore;
Thy verdant iſles, the groves that bow
Their nodding heads, and ſhade thy brow;
Thy face ſerene, thy gentle breaſt,
Where Syrens ſing, and Halcyons reſt:
Propitious flood! on me beſtow
The treaſures of thy depths below;
Which long in thy dark womb have ſlept,
From age to age ſecurely kept.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when, ſtrange ſurprize!
Th' indignant waves in mountains riſe,
And hurricanes invade the ſkies;
The ſhip againſt the ſhoals was ſtruck,
And in a thouſand pieces broke;
But one poor truſty plank, to ſave
Its owner from the watery grave:
On this he mounts, is caſt on ſhore,
Half dead, a bankrupt as before:
Spiritleſs, fainting, and alone,
On the bare beach he makes his moan.
Then climbs the ragged rock, t'explore
If aught was driving to the ſhore,
The poor remains of all his ſtore:
With greedy diligence prepar'd
To ſave whate'er the waves had ſpar'd.
But, oh! the wretch expects in vain
Compaſſion from the furious main;
Men, goods, are ſunk. Mad with deſpair
He beat his breaſt, he tore his hair:

Then

Then leaning o'er the craggy ſteep,
Look'd down into the boiling deep;
Almoſt reſolv'd to caſt himſelf,
And periſh with his dear, dear pelf.

CANTO V.

IF Heaven the thriving trader bleſs,
What fawning crowds about him preſs!
But, if he fail, diſtreſs'd and poor,
His mob of friends are ſeen no more:
For all men hold it meet to fly
Th' infectious breath of poverty.
Poor Frank, deſerted and forlorn,
Curſes the day that he was born:
Each treacherous crony hides his face,
Or ſtarts whene'er he haunts the place.
His wealth thus loſt, with that his friends,
On Fortune ſtill the youth depends:
One ſmile, ſaid he, can ſoon reſtore
A bankrupt wretch, and give him more;
She will not, ſure, refuſe her aid?
Fallacious hope! for the falſe jade
That very day took wing, was flown,
And on her wonted journey gone
(Intent her coſtly goods to ſell)
From Panama to Portobel:
Five hundred mules her baggage bear,
And groan beneath the precious ware,
The goddeſs rides ſublime in air;

And hence conveys a freſh ſupply,
For pride, debate, and luxury.
Frank, when he heard th' unwelcome news,
Like a ſtaunch hound the chace purſues,
Takes the ſame rout, doubles his ſpeed,
Nor doubts her help in time of need.
O'er the wide waſte, through pathleſs ways,
The ſolitary pilgrim ſtrays;
Now on the ſwampy deſart plain,
Through brakes of mangroves works with pain;
Then climbs the hills with many a groan,
And melts beneath the torrid zone.
With berries and green plantains fed,
On the parch'd earth he leans his head;
Fainting with thirſt, to heaven he cries,
But finds no ſtream but from his eyes.
Ah, wretch! thy vain laments forbear,
And for a worſe extreme prepare;
Sudden the lowering ſtorms ariſe,
The burſting thunder rends the ſkies,
Aſſant the ruddy lightning flies;
Darts through the gloom a tranſient ray,
And gives a ſhort, but dreadful day:
With pealing rain the woods reſound,
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid ground.
Benumb'd with cold, but more with fear,
Strange phantoms to his mind appear,
The wolves around him howl for food,
The ravenous tigers hunt for blood,

And

And canibals more fierce than they
(Monſters who make mankind their prey)
Riot and feaſt on human gore,
And, ſtill inſatiate, thirſt for more.
Half dead at every noiſe he hears,
His fancy multiplies his fears;
Whate'er he read or heard of old,
Whate'er his nurſe or Cruſoe told,
Each tragic ſcene his eyes behold:
Things paſt as preſent fear applies,
Their pains he bears, their deaths he dies.
At length the ſun began to peep,
And gild the ſurface of the deep,
Then on the reeking moiſture fed,
The ſcatter'd clouds before him fled,
The rivers ſhrunk into their bed:
Nature revives; the feather'd throng
Salute the morning with a ſong.
Frank with his fellow-brutes aroſe,
Yet dreaming ſtill he ſaw his foes,
Reels to and fro, laments and grieves,
And ſtarting, doubts if yet he lives.
At laſt his ſpirits mend their pace,
And Hope ſat dawning on his face;
Ev'n ſuch is human life, ſaid he,
A night of dread and miſery,
Till Heaven relents, relieves our pain,
And ſun-ſhine days return again.
O Fortune! who doſt now beſtow,
Frowning, this bitter cup of woe,

Do not thy faithful ſlave deſtroy,
But give th' alternative of joy.
Then many a painful ſtep he takes,
O'er hills and vales, through woods and brakes:
No ſturdy deſperate buccaneer
E'er ſuffer'd hardſhips more ſevere.
Stubborn, incorrigibly blind,
No dangers can divert his mind;
His tedious journey he purſues,
At laſt his eye tranſported views
Fair Portobel, whoſe riſing ſpires
Inflame his heart with new deſires.
Secure of Fortune's grace, he ſmiles,
And flattering Hope the wretch beguiles.
Though nature calls for ſleep and food,
Yet ſtronger avarice ſubdued;
Ev'n ſhameful nakedneſs and pain,
And thirſt and hunger, plead in vain:
No reſt he gives his weary feet,
Fortune he ſeeks from ſtreet to ſtreet;
Careful in every corner pries,
Now here, now there, impatient flies,
Whereever buſy crowds reſort,
The change, the market, and the port;
In vain he turns his eye-balls round,
Fortune was no where to be found;
The jilt, not many hours before,
With the Plate-fleet had left the ſhore:
Laughs at the credulous fool behind,
And joyful ſkuds before the wind.

Poor

Poor Frank forſaken on the coaſt,
All his fond hopes at once are loſt.
Aghaſt the ſwelling ſails he views,
And with his eye the fleet purſues,
Till, leſſen'd to his wearied ſight,
It leaves him to deſpair and night.
So when the faithleſs Theſeus fled
The Cretan nymph's deſerted bed,
Awak'd, at diſtance on the main,
She view'd the proſperous perjur'd ſwain,
And call'd th' avenging gods in vain.
Proſtrate on earth till break of day,
Senſeleſs and motionleſs he lay,
Till tears at laſt find out their way;
Guſh like a torrent from his eyes,
In bitterneſs of ſoul he cries,
" O, Fortune! now too late I ſee,
" Too late, alas! thy treachery.
" Wretch that I am, abandon'd, loſt,
" About the world at random toſt,
" Whither, oh whither ſhall I run?
" Sore pinch'd with hunger, and undone.
" In the dark mines go hide thy head
" Accurs'd, exchange thy ſweat for bread,
" Skulk under ground, in earth's dark womb
" Go ſlave, and dig thyſelf a tomb:
" There 's gold enough; pernicious gold!
" To which long ſince thy peace was ſold;
" Vain helpleſs idol! canſt thou ſave
" This ſhatter'd carcaſe from the grave?

" Reſtleſs

" Reſtleſs diſturber of mankind,
" Canſt thou give health, or peace of mind?
" Ah no, deceiv'd the fool ſhall be
" Who puts his confidence in thee.
" Fatally blind, my native home
" I left, in this rude world to roam;
" O, brother! ſhall I view no more
" Thy peaceful bowers? fair Albion's ſhore?
" Yes (if kind heaven my life ſhall ſpare)
" Some happy moments yet I 'll ſhare,
" In thy delightful bleſt retreat,
" With thee contemn the rich and great;
" Redeem my time miſpent, and wait
" Till death relieve th' unfortunate."
Adverſity, ſage uſeful gueſt,
Severe inſtructor, but the beſt;
It is from thee alone we know
Juſtly to value things below;
Right reaſon's ever faithful friend,
To thee our haughty paſſions bend;
Tam'd by thy rod, poor Frank at laſt
Repents of all his follies paſt;
Reſign'd, and patient to endure
Thoſe ills, which heaven alone can cure.
With vain purſuits and labours worn,
He meditates a quick return,
Longs to reviſit yet once more,
Poor prodigal! his native ſhore.
In the next ſhip for Britain bound,
Glad Frank a ready paſſage found;

Nor

Nor veſſel now, nor freight his own,
He fears no longer Fortune's frown;
No property but life his ſhare,
Life a frail good not worth his care;
Active and willing to obey,
A merry mariner and gay,
He hands the ſails, and jokes all day.
At night no dreams diſturb his reſt,
No paſſions riot in his breaſt;
For, having nothing left to loſe,
Sweet and unbroken his repoſe:
And now fair Albion's cliffs are ſeen,
And hills with fruitful herbage green:
His heart beats quick, the joy that ties
His faltering tongue burſts from his eyes.
At length, thus hail'd the well-known land,
And kneeling kiſs'd the happy ſtrand.
"And do I then draw native air,
"After an age of toil and care?
"O welcome parent iſle! no more
"The vagrant ſhall deſert thy ſhore,
"But, flying to thy kind embrace,
"Here end his life's laborious race."
So when the ſtag, intent to rove,
Quits the ſafe park and ſheltering grove,
Tops the high pale, ſtrolls unconfin'd,
And leaves the lazy herd behind,
Bleſt in his happy change a while,
Corn fields and flowery meadows ſmile,
The pamper'd beaſt enjoys the ſpoil;

Till

Till on the next returning morn,
Alarm'd, he hears the fatal horn;
Before the ſtaunch, blood-thirſty hounds,
Panting, o'er hills unknown he bounds,
With clamour every wood reſounds:
He creeps the thorny brakes with pain,
He ſeeks the diſtant ſtream in vain,
And now, by ſad experience wiſe,
To his dear home the rambler flies;
His old incloſure gains once more,
And joins the herd he ſcorn'd before.
Nor are his labours finiſh'd yet,
Hunger and thirſt, and pain and ſweat,
And many a tedious mile remains,
Before his brother's houſe he gains.
Without one doit his purſe to bleſs,
Nor very elegant his dreſs;
With a tarr'd jump, a crooked hat,
Scarce one whole ſhoe, and half a hat;
From door to door the ſtroller ſkip'd,
Sometimes reliev'd, but oftener whipp'd;
Sun-burnt and ragged, on he fares,
At laſt the manſion-houſe appears,
Timely relief for all his cares.
Around he gaz'd, his greedy ſight
Devours each object with delight;
Through each known haunt tranſported roves,
Gay ſmiling fields, and ſhady groves,
Once conſcious of his youthful loves.

About

About the hoſpitable gate
Crowds of dejected wretches wait;
Each day kind Bob's diffuſive hand,
Chear'd and refreſh'd the tatter'd band,
Proud the moſt god-like joy to ſhare,
He fed the hungry, cloath'd the bare.
Frank amongſt theſe his ſtation choſe,
With looks revealing inward woes;
When, lo! with wonder and ſurprize,
He ſaw dame Fortune in diſguiſe;
He ſaw, but ſcarce believ'd his eyes.
Her fawning ſmiles, her tricking air,
Th' egregious hypocrite declare;
A gypſy's mantle round her ſpread,
Of various dye, white, yellow, red;
Strange feats ſhe promis'd, clamour'd loud,
And with her cant amus'd the crowd:
There every day impatient ply'd,
Puſh'd to get in, but ſtill deny'd;
For Bob, who knew the ſubtle whore,
Thruſt the falſe vagrant from his door.
But, when the ſtranger's face he view'd,
With no deceitful tears bedew'd,
His boding heart began to melt,
And more than uſual pity felt:
He trac'd his features o'er and o'er,
That ſpoke him better born, though poor,
Though cloath'd in rags, genteel his mien,
That face he ſomewhere muſt have ſeen:

Nature

Call'd the next coach, gave double pay,
And to Change-Alley whirl'd away.
'Tis here dame Fortune every day
Opens her booth, and shows her play;
Here laughing sits behind the scene,
Dances her puppets here unseen,
And turns her whimsical machine.
Powel, with all his wire and wit,
To her great genius must submit:
Exact at twelve the goddess shows,
And fame aloud her trumpet blows;
Harangues the mob with shams and lyes,
And bids their actions fall, or rise.
Old Chaos here his throne regains,
And here in odd confusion reigns;
All order, all distinction lost,
Now high, now low, the fools are tost.
Here lucky coxcombs vainly rear
Their giddy heads, there in despair
Sits humbled pride, with down-cast look,
Bankrupts restor'd, and misers broke,
Strange figures here our eyes invade,
And the whole world is masquerade;
A carman in a hat and feather,
A lord in frieze, his breeches leather:
Tom Whiplash in his coach of state,
Drawn by the tits he drove of late:
A colonel of the bold train-bands,
Selling his equipage and lands.

Hard

Hard-by a cobler bidding fair,
For the gold-chain, and next lord mayor:
A butcher bluftering in the crowd,
Of his late purchas'd 'fcutcheon proud,
Retains his cleaver for his creft,
His motto too beneath the reft,
" Virtue and merit is a jeft,"
Two toafts with all their trinkets gone,
Padding the ftreets for half-a-crown:
A daggled counteſs and her maid,
Her houſe-rent and her ſlaves unpaid,
A tailor's wife in rich brocade.
All ſects, all parties, high and low,
At Fortune's ſhrine devoutly bow;
Nought can their ardent zeal reſtrain,
Where each man's godlineſs is gain.
From taverns, meeting-houſes, ſtews,
Atheiſts and Quakers, bawds and Jews,
Stateſmen and fidlers, beaux and porters,
Blue aprons here, and there blue garters.
As human race of old began
From ſtones and clods, transform'd to man,
So from each dunghill, ſtrange ſurprize!
In troops the recent gentry riſe,
Of muſhroom growth, they wildly ſtare,
And ape the great with awkward air;
So Pinkethman upon the ſtage,
Mounting his aſs in warlike rage,
With ſimpering Dicky for his page,

Nature at laſt reveals the truth,
He knows, and owns the hapleſs youth.
Surpriz'd, and ſpeechleſs, both embrace,
And mingling tears o'erflow each face;
Till Bob thus eas'd his labouring thought,
And this inſtructive moral taught.

Welcome, my brother, to my longing arms,
Here on my boſom reſt ſecure from harms;
See Fortune there, that falſe deluſive jade,
To whom thy prayers and ardent vows were paid:
She (like her ſex) the fond purſuer flies;
But ſlight the jilt, and at thy feet ſhe dies.
Now ſafe in port, indulge thyſelf on ſhore,
Oh, tempt the faithleſs winds and ſeas no more;
Let unavailing toils, and dangers paſt,
Though late, this uſeful leſſon teach at laſt,
True happineſs is only to be found
In a contented mind, a body ſound,
All elſe is dream, a dance on fairy ground:
While reſtleſs fools each idle whim purſue,
And ſtill one wiſh obtain'd creates a new,
Like froward babes, the toys they have, deteſt,
While ſtill the neweſt trifle pleaſes beſt:
Let us, my brother, rich in wiſdom's ſtore,
What Heaven has lent, enjoy, nor covet more;
Subdue our paſſions, curb their ſaucy rage,
And to ourſelves reſtore the golden age.

THE

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED:

A TALE.

A Vicar liv'd on this ſide Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent,
Pure was his life, in deed, word, thought,
A comment on the truths he taught:
His pariſh large, his income ſmall,
Yet ſeldom wanted wherewithal;
For againſt every merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.
A painful paſtor; but his ſheep,
Alas! within no bounds would keep;
A ſcabby flock, that every day
Run riot, and would go aſtray.
He thump'd his cuſhion, fretted, vext,
Thumb'd o'er again each uſeful text;
Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain,
His pariſh was the more profane:
The ſcrubs would have their wicked will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd ſtill.
At laſt, when each expedient fail'd,
And ſerious meaſures nought avail'd,
It came into his head, to try
The force of wit and raillery.
The good man was by nature gay,
Could gibe and joke, as well as pray;
Not like ſome hide-bound folk, who chace
Each merry ſmile from their dull face,
And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.

At chriſtenings and each jovial feaſt,
He ſingled out the ſinful beaſt:
Let all his pointed arrows fly,
Told this and that, look'd very ſly,
And left my maſters to apply.
His tales were humorous, often true,
And now and then ſet off to view
With lucky fictions and ſheer wit,
That pierc'd, where truth could never hit.
The laugh was always on his ſide,
While paſſive fools by turns deride;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering lout reform'd his brother;
Till the whole pariſh was with eaſe
Sham'd into virtue by degrees:
Then be adviſ'd, and try a tale,
When Chryſoſtom and Auſtin fail.

THE OFFICIOUS MESSENGER:

A TALE.

MAN, of precarious ſcience vain,
Treats other creatures with diſdain;
Nor Pug nor Shock have common ſenſe,
Nor even Pol the leaſt pretence,
Though ſhe prates better than us all,
To be accounted rational.
The brute creation here below,
It ſeems, is nature's puppet-ſhow;

But

But clock-work all, and mere machine,
What can theſe idle gimcracks mean?
Ye world-makers of Greſham-hall,
Dog Rover ſhall confute you all;
Shall prove that every reaſoning brute
Like Ben of Bangor can diſpute;
Can apprehend, judge, ſyllogize,
Or like proud Bentley criticize:
At a moot point, or odd diſaſter,
Is often wiſer than his maſter.
He may miſtake ſometimes, 'tis true,
None are infallible but you.
The dog whom nothing can miſlead
Muſt be a dog of parts indeed:
But to my tale; hear me, my friend,
And with due gravity attend.
Rover, as heralds are agreed,
Well-born, and of the ſetting breed;
Rang'd high, was ſtout, of noſe acute,
A very learn'd and courteous brute.
In parallel lines his ground he beat,
Not ſuch as in one centre meet;
In thoſe let blundering doctors deal,
His were exactly parallel.
When tainted gales the game betray,
Down cloſe he ſinks, and eyes his prey.
Though different paſſions tempt his ſoul,
True as the needle to the pole,
He keeps his point, and panting lies,
The floating net above him flies,
Then, dropping, ſweeps the fluttering prize.

Nor this his only excellence:
When ſurly farmers took offence,
And the rank corn the ſport deny'd,
Still faithful to his maſter's ſide,
A thouſand pretty pranks he play'd,
And chearful each command obey'd:
Humble his mind, though great his wit,
Would lug a pig, or turn the ſpit;
Would fetch and carry, leap o'er ſticks,
And forty ſuch diverting tricks.
Nor Partridge, nor wiſe Gadbury,
Could find loſt goods ſo ſoon as he;
Bid him go back a mile or more,
And ſeek the glove you hid before,
Still his unerring noſe would wind it,
If above ground, was ſure to find it;
Whimpering for joy his maſter greet,
And humbly lay it at his feet.
But hold—it cannot be deny'd,
That uſeful talents miſapply'd
May make wild work. It hapt one day,
Squire Lobb, his maſter, took his way,
New ſhav'd, and ſmug, and very tight,
To compliment a neighbouring knight;
In his beſt trowſers he appears
(A comely perſon for his years);
And clean white drawers, that many a day
In lavender and roſe-cakes lay.
Acroſs his brawny ſhoulders ſtrung,
On his left ſide his dagger hung;

Dead.

Dead-doing blade! a dreadful gueſt,
Or in the field, or at the feaſt.
No Franklin carving of a chine
At Chriſtide, ever look'd ſo fine.
With him obſequious Rover trudg'd,
Nor from his heels one moment budg'd:
A while they travel'd, when within
Poor Lobb perceiv'd a rumbling din:
Then warring winds, for want of vent,
Shook all his earthly tenement.
So in the body politick
(For ſtates ſometimes, like men, are ſick)
Dark faction mutters through the crowd,
Ere bare-fac'd treaſon roars aloud:
Whether crude humours undigeſted
His labouring entrails had infeſted,
Or laſt night's load of bottled ale,
Grown mutinous, was breaking gaol:
The cauſe of this his aukward pain,
Let Johnſton or let H—th explain;
Whoſe learned noſes may diſcover,
Why nature's ſtink-pot thus ran over.
My province is th' effect to trace,
And give each point its proper grace,
Th' effect, O lamentable caſe!
Long had he ſtruggled, but in vain,
The factious tumult to reſtrain:
What ſhould he do? Th' unruly rout
Preſs'd on, and it was time, no doubt,
T' unbutton, and to let all out.

The trowſers ſoon his will obey;
Not ſo his ſtubborn drawers, for they,
Beneath his hanging paunch cloſe ty'd,
His utmoſt art and pains defy'd:
He drew his dagger on the ſpot,
Reſolv'd to cut the Gordian knot.
In the ſame road juſt then paſs'd by
(Such was the will of deſtiny)
The courteous curate of the place,
Good-nature ſhone o'er all his face;
Surpriz'd the flaming blade to view,
And deeming ſlaughter muſt enſue,
Off from his hack himſelf he threw.
Then without ceremony ſeiz'd
The ſquire, impatient to be eas'd.
"Lord! Maſter Lobb, who would have thought
"The fiend had e'er ſo ſtrongly wrought?
"Is ſuicide ſo ſlight a fault?
"Rip up thy guts, man! What—go quick'
"To hell? Outrageous lunatick!
"But, by the bleſſing, I 'll prevent
"With this right hand, thy foul intent."
Then grip'd the dagger faſt: the ſquire,
Like Peleus' ſon, look'd pale with ire;
While the good man like Pallas ſtood,
And check'd his eager thirſt for blood.
At laſt, when both a while had ſtrain'd,
Strength, join'd with zeal, the conqueſt gain'd.
The curate in all points obey'd,
Into the ſheath returns the blade:

But

But firſt th' unhappy ſquire he ſwore,
T' attempt upon his life no more.
With ſage advice his ſpeech he clos'd,
And left him (as he thought) compos'd.
But was it ſo, friend Lobb? I own,
Misfortune ſeldom comes alone;
Satan ſupplies the ſwelling tide,
And ills on ills are multiply'd.
Subdued, and all his meaſures broke,
His purpoſe and intent miſtook;
Within his drawers, alas! he found
His guts let out without a wound:
For, in the conflict, ſtraining hard,
He left his poſtern-gate unbarr'd;
Moſt woefully bedawb'd, he moans
His piteous caſe, he ſighs, he groans.
To loſe his dinner, and return,
Was very hard, not to be borne:
Hunger, they ſay, parent of arts,
Will make a fool a man of parts.
The ſharp-ſet ſquire reſolves at laſt,
Whate'er befell him, not to faſt;
He mus'd a while, chaf'd, ſtrain'd his wits,
At laſt on this expedient hits;
To the next brook with ſober pace
He tends, preparing to uncaſe,
Straddling and muttering all the way,
Curs'd inwardly th' unlucky day.
The coaſt now clear, no ſoul in view,
Off in a trice his trowſers drew;

More leiſurely his drawers, for care
And caution was convenient there:
So faſt the plaiſter'd birdlime ſtuck,
The ſkin came off with every pluck.
Sorely he gaul'd each brawny ham;
Nor other parts eſcap'd, which ſhame
Forbids a baſhful Muſe to name.
Not without pain the work atchiev'd,
He ſcrubb'd and waſh'd the parts aggriev'd;
Then, with nice hand and look ſedate,
Folds up his drawers, with their rich freight,
And hides them in a buſh, at leiſure
Reſolv'd to fetch his hidden treaſure:
The truſty Rover lay hard by,
Obſerving all with curious eye.
  Now rigg'd again, once more a beau,
And matters fix'd *in ſtatu quo*,
Briſk as a ſnake in merry May,
That juſt has caſt his ſlough away,
Gladſome he caper'd o'er the green,
As he preſum'd, both ſweet and clean;
For, oh! amongſt us mortal elves,
How few there are ſmell out themſelves!
With a mole's ear, and eagle's eye,
And with a blood-hound's noſe, we fly
On others' faults implacably.
But where 's that ear, that eye, that noſe,
Againſt its maſter will depoſe?
Ruddy Miſs Prue, with golden hair,
Stinks like a pole-cat or a bear,

Yet

Yet romps about me every day,
Sweeter, ſhe thinks, than new-made hay.
Lord Plauſible, at Tom's and Will's,
Whoſe poiſonous breath in whiſpers kills,
Still buzzes in my ear, nor knows
What fatal ſecrets he beſtows:
Let him deſtroy each day a ſcore,
'Tis mere chance-medley, and no more.
In fine, ſelf-love bribes every ſenſe,
And all at home is excellence.
The ſquire arriv'd in decent plight,
With reverence due ſalutes the knight;
Compliments paſt, the dinner-bell
Rung quick and loud, harmonious knell
To greedy Lobb! Th' Orphéan lyre
Did ne'er ſuch rapturous joy inſpire;
Though this the ſavage throng obey,
That hunger tames more fierce than they.
In comely order now appear,
The footmen loaded with good cheer,
Her ladyſhip brought-up the rear.
Simpering ſhe liſps, "Your ſervant, ſir—
"The ways are bad, one can't well ſtir
"Abroad—or 'twere indeed unkind
"To leave good Mrs. Lobb behind—
"She 's well, I hope—Maſter, they ſay,
"Comes on apace—How 's Miſs, I pray?"
Lobb bow'd, and cring'd; and, muttering low,
Made for his chair, would fain fall-to.

Theſe weighty points adjuſted, ſoon
My lady brandiſhes her ſpoon.
Unhappy Lobb, pleas'd with his treat,
And minding nothing but his meat,
Too near the fire had choſe his ſeat:
When, oh! th' effluvia of his bum
Begin amain to ſcent the room,
Ambroſial ſweets, and rich perfume.
The flickering footman ſtopt his noſe;
The chaplain too, under the roſe,
Made aukward mouths; the knight took ſnuff;
Her ladyſhip began to huff;
"Indeed, Sir John—pray, good my dear—
"'Tis wrong to make your kennel here—
"Dogs in their place are good, I own—
"But in the parlour—foh!—be gone."
Now Rockwood leaves th' unfiniſh'd bone,
Baniſh'd for failings not his own;
No grace ev'n Fidler could obtain,
And favourite Virgin fawn'd in vain.
The ſervants, to the ſtranger kind,
Leave truſty Rover ſtill behind;
But Lobb, who would not ſeem to be
Defective in civility,
And, for removing of all doubt,
Knitting his brows, bids him get out:
By ſigns expreſſes his command,
And to the door points with his hand.
The dog, or through miſtake or ſpight
(Grave authors have not ſet us right),

Fled

Fled back the very way he came,
And in the buſh ſoon found his game;
Brought in his mouth the ſavoury load,
And at his maſter's elbow ſtood.
O Lobb, what idioms can expreſs
Thy ſtrange confuſion and diſtreſs,
When on the floor the drawers diſplay'd
The fulſome ſecret had bewray'd?
No traitor, when his hand and ſeal
Produc'd his dark deſigns reveal,
E'er look'd with ſuch a hanging face,
As Lobb half-dead at this diſgrace.
Wild-ſtaring, thunder-ſtruck, and dumb,
While peals of laughter ſhake the room;
Each ſaſh thrown up to let in air,
The knight fell backward in his chair,
Laugh'd till his heart-ſtrings almoſt break,
The chaplain giggled for a week;
Her ladyſhip began to call,
For hartſhorn, and her Abigail;
The ſervants chuckled at the door,
And all was clamour and uproar.
Rover, who now began to quake,
As conſcious of his foul miſtake,
Truſts to his heels to ſave his life;
The ſquire ſneaks home, and beats his wife.

THE

THE INQUISITIVE BRIDEGROOM:

A TALE.

FRANK PLUME, a ſpark about the town,
Now weary of intriguing grown,
Thought it adviſeable to wed,
And chuſe a partner of his bed,
Virtuous and chaſte—Aye, right—but where
Is there a nymph that 's chaſte as fair?
A bleſſing to be priz'd, but rare.
For continence penurious heaven
With a too ſparing hand has given;
A plant but ſeldom to be found,
And thrives but ill on Britiſh ground.
Should our adventurer haſte on board,
And ſee what foreign ſoils afford?
Where watchful dragons guard the prize,
And jealous dons have Argus' eyes,
Where the rich caſket, cloſe immur'd,
Is under lock and key ſecur'd?
No—Frank, by long experience wiſe,
Had known theſe forts took by ſurprize.
Nature in ſpite of art prevail'd,
And all their vigilance had fail'd.
The youth was puzzled—ſhould he go
And ſcale a convent? would that do?
Is nuns-fleſh always good and ſweet?
Fly-blown ſometimes, not fit to eat.

Well

Well—he reſolves to do his beſt,
And prudently contrives this teſt;
If the laſt favour I obtain,
And the nymph yield, the caſe is plain:
Marry'd, ſhe 'll play the ſame odd prank
With others—ſhe 's no wife for Frank.
But, could I find a female heart
Impregnable to force or art,
That all my batteries could withſtand,
The ſap, and even ſword in hand;
Ye Gods! how happy ſhould I be,
From each perplexing thought ſet free,
From cuckoldom, and jealouſy!
The project pleas'd. He now appears,
And ſhines in all his killing airs,
And every uſeful toy prepares.
New opera tunes, and billet-doux,
The clouded cane, and red-heel'd ſhoes;
Nor the clock-ſtocking was forgot,
Th' embroider'd coat, and ſhoulder-knot:
All that a woman's heart might move,
The potent trumpery of love.
Here importunity prevails,
There tears in floods, or ſighs in gales.
Now, in the lucky moment try'd,
Low at his feet the fair-one dy'd,
For Strephon would not be deny'd.
Then, if no motives could perſuade,
A golden ſhower debauch'd the maid,
The miſtreſs trackled, and obey'd.

To

To modeſty a ſham pretence
Gain'd ſome, others impertinence;
But moſt, plain downright impudence.
Like Cæſar, now he conquer'd all,
The vaſſal ſex before him fall;
Wheree'er he march'd, ſlaughter enſued,
He came, he ſaw, and he ſubdued.
At length a ſtubborn nymph he found,
For bold Camilla ſtood her ground;
Parry'd his thruſts with equal art,
And had him both in tierce and quart:
She kept the hero ſtill in play,
And ſtill maintain'd the doubtful day.
Here he reſolves to make a ſtand,
Take her, and marry out of hand.
The jolly prieſt ſoon ty'd the knot,
The luſcious tale was not forgot,
Then empty'd both his pipe and pot.
The poſſet drunk, the ſtocking thrown,
The candles out, the curtains drawn,
And ſir and madam all alone;
"My dear," ſaid he, "I ſtrove, you know,
"To taſte the joys you now beſtow,
"All my perſuaſive arts I try'd,
"But ſtill relentleſs you deny'd;
"Tell me, inexorable fair,
"How could you, thus attack'd, forbear?"
"Swear to forgive what 's paſt," ſhe cry'd;
"The naked truth ſhan't be deny'd."
He did; the baggage thus reply'd:

Deceiv'd

Deceiv'd ſo many times before
By your falſe ſex, I raſhly ſwore,
To truſt deceitful man no more.

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT:

A TALE.

"FOR ſhame, ſaid Ebony, for ſhame,
"Tom Ruby, troth, you 're much to blame,
"To drink at this confounded rate,
"To guzzle thus, early and late!"
Poor Tom, who juſt had took his whet,
And at the door his uncle met,
Surpriz'd and thunder-ſtruck, would fain
Make his eſcape, but, oh! in vain.
Each bluſh, that glow'd with an ill grace,
Lighted the flambeaux in his face;
No loop-hole left, no ſlight pretence,
To palliate the foul offence.
"I own," ſaid he, "I 'm very bad—
"A ſot—incorrigibly mad—
"But, ſir—I thank you for your love,
"And by your lectures would improve:
"Yet, give me leave to ſay, the ſtreet
"For conference is not ſo meet.
"Here in this room—nay, ſir, come in—
"Expoſe, chaſtiſe me for my ſin;
"Exert each trope, your utmoſt art,
"To touch this ſenſeleſs, flinty heart.

"I 'm

" I 'm conſcious of my guilt, 'tis true,
" But yet I know my frailty too;
" A ſlight rebuke will never do.
" Urge home my faults—come in, I pray—
" Let not my ſoul be caſt away."
Wife Ebony, who deem'd it good
T' encourage by all means he could
Theſe firſt appearances of grace,
Follow'd up ſtairs, and took his place.
The bottle and the cruſt appear'd,
And wily Tom demurely ſneer'd.
" My duty, ſir!"—" Thank you, kind Tom!"—
" Again, an't pleaſe you!"—Thank you! Come—"
" Sorrow is dry—I muſt once more—"
" Nay Tom, I told you at the door
" I would not drink—what! before dinner?—
" Not one glaſs more, as I 'm a ſinner—
" Come, to the point in hand; is 't fit
" A man of your good ſenſe and wit
" Thoſe parts which heaven beſtow'd ſhould drown,
" A butt to all the ſots in town?
" Why tell me, Tom—What fort can ſtand
" (Though regular, and bravely mann'd)
" If night and day the fierce foe plies
" With never-ceaſing batteries;
" Will there not be a breach at laſt?"—
" Uncle, 'tis true—forgive what 's paſt."
" But if nor intereſt, nor fame,
" Nor health, can your dull ſoul reclaim,

" Haſt

" Haſt not a conſcience, man? no thought
" Of an hereafter? dear are bought
" Theſe ſenſual pleaſures."—" I relent,
" Kind ſir—but give your zeal a vent—"
Then, pouting, hung his head; yet ſtill
Took care his uncle's glaſs to fill,
Which as his hurry'd ſpirits ſunk,
Unwittingly, good man! he drunk.
Each pint, alas! drew on the next,
Old Ebony ſtuck to his text,
Grown warm, like any angel ſpoke,
Till intervening hiccups broke
The well-ſtrung argument. Poor Tom
Was now too forward to reel home.
That preaching ſtill, *this* ſtill repenting,
Both equally to drink conſenting,
Till both brimfull could ſwill no more,
And fell dead drunk upon the floor.

Bacchus, the jolly God, who ſate
Wide-ſtraddling o'er his tun in ſtate,
Cloſe by the window ſide, from whence
He heard this weighty conference;
Joy kindling in his ruddy cheeks,
Thus the indulgent godhead ſpeaks:
" Frail mortals, know, Reaſon in vain
" Rebels, and would diſturb my reign.
" See there the ſophiſter o'erthrown,
" With ſtronger arguments knock'd down
" Than e'er in wrangling ſchools were known!

" The

" The wine that ſparkles in this glaſs
" Smooths every brow, gilds every face:
" As vapours when the ſun appears,
" Far hence anxieties and fears:
" Grave ermin ſmiles, lawn ſleeves grow gay,
" Each haughty monarch owns my ſway,
" And cardinals and popes obey:
" Ev'n Cato drank his glaſs, 'twas I
" Taught the brave patriot how to die
" For injur'd Rome and Liberty;
" 'Twas I, who with immortal lays
" Inſpir'd the bard that ſung his praiſe.
" Let dull unſociable fools
" Loll in their cells, and live by rules;
" My votaries, in gay delight
" And mirth, ſhall revel all the night;
" Act well their parts on life's dull ſtage,
" And make each moment worth an age."

THE NIGHT-WALKER RECLAIM'D:

A TALE.

IN thoſe bleſt days of jubilee,
When pious Charles ſet England free
From canting and hypocriſy;
Moſt graciouſly to all reſtoring
Their antient privilege of whoring;
There liv'd, but 'tis no matter where,
The ſon of an old cavalier;

Of

Of ancient lineage was the ſquire,
A man of mettle and of fire;
Clean-ſhap'd, well-limb'd, black-ey'd, and tall,
Made a good figure at a ball,
And only wanted wherewithal.
His penſion was ill-paid and ſtrait,
Full many a loyal hero's fate:
Often half ſtarv'd, and often out
At elbows, an hard caſe, no doubt.
Sometimes perhaps a lucky main
Prudently manag'd in Long-Lane
Repair'd the thread-bare beau again;
And now and then ſome ſecret favours,
The kind returns of pious labours,
Enrich'd the ſtrong and vigorous lover,
His honour liv'd a while in clover.
For (to ſay truth) it is but juſt,
Where all things are decay'd but luſt,
That ladies of maturer ages
Give citron-water and good wages.
Thus far Tom Wild had made a ſhift,
And got good helps at a dead lift;
But John, his humble meagre ſlave,
One foot already in the grave,
Hide-bound as one of Pharaoh's kine,
With good Duke Numps was forc'd to dine:
Yet ſtill the thoughtful ſerious elf
Would not be wanting to himſelf;
Bore up againſt both tide and wind,
Turn'd every project in his mind,
And each expedient weigh'd, to find

A remedy in this diſtreſs.
Some God—(nay, ſir, ſuppoſe no leſs,
For in this hard and knotty caſe,
T' employ a God is no diſgrace;
Though Mercury be ſent from Jove,
Or Iris wing it from above)
Some God, I ſay, inſpir'd the knave,
His maſter and himſelf to ſave.
As both went ſupperleſs to bed
One night (firſt ſcratching of his head)
" Alas!" quoth John, " ſir, 'tis hard fare
" To ſuck one's thumbs, and live on air;
" To reel from pillar unto poſt,
" An empty ſhade, a walking ghoſt;
" To hear one's guts make piteous moan,
" Thoſe worſt of duns, and yet not one,
" One mouldy ſcrap to ſatisfy
" Their craving importunity.
" Nay—good your honour pleaſe to hear"
(And then the varlet dropt a tear)
" A project form'd in this dull brain,
" Shall ſet us all adrift again;
" A project, ſir, nay, let me tell ye,
" Shall fill your pockets, and my belly.
" Know then, old Gripe is dead of late,
" Who purchas'd at an eaſy rate,
" Your manor-houſe and fine eſtate.
" Nay, ſtare not, ſir: by G— 'tis true
" The devil for once has got his due:

" The

" The raſcal has left every penny,
" To his old maiden ſiſter Jenny:
" Go, claſp the dowdy in your arms,
" Nor want you bread, though ſhe want charms:
" Cajole the dirty drab, and then
" The man ſhall have his mare again;
" Clod-Hall is yours, your houſe, your rents,
" And all your lands, and tenements."
" Faith, John," ſaid he, (then lick'd his chops)
" This project gives indeed ſome hopes:
" But curſed hard the terms, to marry,
" To ſtick to one, and never vary;
" And that one old and ugly too:
" Frail mortals, tell me what to do?"
" For that," ſaid John, " truſt me; my treat
" Shan't be one ill-dreſs'd diſh of meat;
" Let but your honour be my gueſt,
" Variety ſhall crown the feaſt."
" 'Tis done," reply'd Tom Wild, " 'tis done,
" The flag hangs out, the fort is won;
" Ne'er doubt my vigorous attacks,
" Come to my arms, my * Sycorax;
" Bold in thy right we mount our throne,
" And all the iſland is our own."
Well—forth they rode, both Squire and John;
Here might a florid bard make known,
His horſe's virtues, and his own;

* See Dryden's Tempeſt, altered from Shakeſpeare.

A thouſand prodigies advance,
Retailing every circumſtance.
But I, who am not over-nice,
And always love to be conciſe,
Shall let the courteous reader gueſs
The ſquire's accoutrements and dreſs.
Suppoſe we then the gentle youth
Laid at her feet, all love, all truth;
Haranguing it in verſe and proſe,
A mount her forehead white with ſnows,
Her cheeks the lily and the roſe;
Her ivory teeth, her coral lips,
Her well-turn'd ears, whoſe ruby tips
Afford a thouſand compliments,
Which he, fond youth, profuſely vents:
The pretty dimple in her chin,
The den of Love, who lurks within.
But, oh! the luſtre of her eyes,
Nor ſtars, nor moon, nor ſun ſuffice,
He vows, proteſts, raves, ſinks, and dies.
Much of her breaſts he ſpoke, and hair,
In terms moſt elegant and rare;
Call'd her the goddeſs he ador'd,
And in heroic fuſtian ſoar'd.
For, though the youth could well explain
His mind, in a more humble ſtrain;
Yet Ovid and the wits agree,
That a true lover's ſpeech ſhould be
In rapture and in ſimile.

Imagine

Imagine now, all points put right,
The fiddles and the wedding-night;
Each noisy steeple rock'd with glee,
And every bard sung merrily:
Gay pleasure wanton'd unconfin'd,
The men all drunk, the women kind:
Clod-Hall did ne'er so fine appear,
Floating in posset and strong beer.
Come, Muse, thou flattern house-wife, tell,
Where 's our friend John? I hope he is well;
Well! Ay, as any man can be,
With Susan in the gallery.
Sue was a lass buxom and tight,
The chamber-maid and favourite;
Juicy and young, just fit for man,
Thus the sweet dialogue began.
"Lard, sir," quoth Sue, "how brisk, how gay,
"How spruce our master look'd to-day!
"I 'm sure no king was e'er so fine,
"No sun more gloriously can shine."
"Alas, my dear, all is not gold
"That glisters, as I 've read of old:
"And all the wise and learned say,
"The best is not without allay."
"Well, Master John, name if you can
"A more accomplish'd gentleman.
"Beside (else may I never thrive)
"The best good-natur'd squire alive."
(John shrugg'd, and shook his head.) "Nay sure
"You by your looking so demure

So wind, in hypocondries pent,
Struggles and heaves to find a vent;
In labyrinths intricate it roars,
Now downward ſinks, then upward ſoars;
Th' uneaſy patient groans in vain,
No cordials can relieve his pain;
Till at the poſtern gate, enlarg'd,
The burſting thunder is diſcharg'd.
At laſt the happy hour was come,
When call'd into her lady's room;
Scarce three pins ſtuck into her gown,
But out it bolts, and all is known.
Nor idle long the ſecret lies,
From mouth to mouth improv'd it flies,
And grows amain in ſtrength and ſize:
For Fame, at firſt of pigmy birth,
Walks cautiouſly on mother earth;
But ſoon (as ancient bards have ſaid)
In clouds the giant hides her head.
To council now the goſſips went,
Madam herſelf was preſident;
Th' affair is banded *pro* and *con*,
Much breath is ſpent, few conqueſts won.
At length dame Hobb, to end the ſtrife,
And Madam Blouſe the parſon's wife,
In this with one conſent agree,
That, ſince th' effect was lunacy
If wak'd, it were by much the beſt,
Not to diſturb him in the leaſt:

Ev'n let him ramble if he pleaſe;
Troth, 'tis a comical diſeaſe;
The worſt is to himſelf: when cold
And ſhivering he returns, then fold
The vagrant in your arms; he [illegible]
With pleaſure on your glowing [illegible]
Madam approv'd of this advice,
Iſſued her orders in a trice;
" That none henceforth preſume [illegible],
" Or thwart th' unhappy [illegible]
John, when his maſter's [illegible],
Soon in the dreſſing-room [illegible],
Archly he look'd, and [illegible]
" What game?" [illegible],
" Pheaſants and partridge [illegible],
" I wiſh your [illegible]
And then reveal'd [illegible]
Next thought it proper [illegible]
His plot, and how he [illegible]
" The coaſt is clear, ſir, [illegible],
" No dragon guards [illegible]
Here, Muſe, let ſable [illegible],
Deſcribe her ſtate with [illegible];
Around her dark [illegible]
The clouds; with poppies [illegible] her head;
Note well her owls, and [illegible];
Call her an Æthiopian queen;
Or, if you think 'twill mend my tale,
Call her a widow with a veil;

Of

Of ſpecters and hobgoblins tell,
Or ſay 'twas midnight, 'tis as well.
Well then—'twas midnight, as was ſaid,
When Wild ſtarts upright in his bed,
Leaps out, and, without more ado,
Takes in his room a turn or two;
Opening the door, ſoon out he ſtalks,
And to the next apartment walks;
Where on her back there lay poor Sue,
Alas! friend John, ſhe dreamt of you.
Wak'd with the noiſe, her maſter known,
By moon-light and his brocade gown,
Frighted ſhe dares not ſcream, in bed
She ſinks, and down ſhe pops her head;
The curtains gently drawn, he ſprings
Between the ſheets, then cloſely clings.
Now, Muſe, relate what there he did;
Hold, impudence!—it muſt be hid!—
He did—as any man would do
In ſuch a caſe—Did he not, Sue?
Then up into the garret flies,
Where Joan, and Dol, and Betty lies;
A leaſh of laſſes all together,
And in the dog-days—in hot weather;
Why, faith, 'twas hard—he did his beſt,
And left to Providence the reſt.
Content the paſſive creatures lie,
For who in duty could deny?
Was non-reſiſtance ever thought
By modern caſuiſts a fault?

Were

Were not her orders ſtrict and plain?
All ſtruggling dangerous and vain?
Well, down our younker trips again;
Much wiſhing, as he reel'd along,
For ſome rich cordial warm and ſtrong.
In bed he quickly tumbled then,
Nor wak'd next morn till after ten.
Thus night by night he led his life,
Bleſſing all females but his wife;
Much work upon his hands there lay,
More bills were drawn than he could pay;
No lawyer drudg'd ſo hard as he,
In Eaſter Term, or Hillary;
But lawyers labour for their fee:
Here no ſelf-intereſt or gain,
The pleaſure balances the pain.
So the great ſultan walks among
His troop of laſſes fair and young:
So the town-bull in Opentide,
His lowing lovers by his ſide,
Revels at large in nature's right,
Curb'd by no law, but appetite;
Friſking his tail, he roves at pleaſure,
And knows no ſtint, and keeps no meaſure.
But now the ninth revolving moon
(Alas! it came an age too ſoon;
Curſe on each haſty fleeting night!)
Some odd diſcoveries brought to light.
Strange tympanies the women ſeize,
An epidemical diſeaſe;

Madam

Madam herſelf with theſe might paſs
For a clean-ſhap'd and taper laſs.
'Twas vain to hide th' apparent load,
For hoops were not then *à-la-mode*;
Sue, being queſtion'd, and hard preſs'd,
Blubbering the naked truth confeſs'd:
" Were not your orders moſt ſevere,
" That none ſhould ſtop his night-career?
" And who durſt wake him? Troth, not I;
" I was not then prepar'd to die."
" Well Sue, ſaid ſhe, thou ſhalt have grace,
" But then this night I take thy place,
" Thou mine, my night-cloaths on thy head,
" Soon ſhall he leave thee ſafe in bed:
" Lie ſtill, and ſtir not on thy life,
" But do the penance of a wife;
" Much pleaſure haſt thou had; at laſt
" 'Tis proper for thy ſins to faſt."
This point agreed, to bed ſhe went,
And Sue crept in, but ill-content:
Soon as th' accuſtom'd hour was come,
The younker ſally'd from his room,
To Sue's apartment whipt away,
And like a lion ſeiz'd his prey;
She claſp'd him in her longing arms,
Sharp-ſet, ſhe feaſted on his charms.
He did whate'er he could; but more
Was yet to do, *encore, encore!*
Fain would he now elope, ſhe claſpt
Him ſtill, no burr e'er ſtuck ſo faſt.

At

At length the morn with envious light
Diſcover'd all: in what ſad plight
Poor man, he lay! abaſh'd, for ſhame
He could not ſpeak, not ev'n one lame
Excuſe was left. She, with a grace
That gave new beauties to her face;
And with a kind obliging air
(Always ſucceſsful in the fair,)
Thus ſoon reliev'd him from deſpair.
" Ah! generous youth, pardon a fault,
" No fooliſh jealouſy has taught;
" 'Tis your own crime, open as day,
" To your conviction paves the way.
" Oh! might this ſtratagem regain
" Your love! let me not plead in vain;
" Something to gratitude is due,
" Have I not given all to you?"
Tom ſtar'd, look'd pale, then in great haſte
Slipp'd on his gown; yet thus at laſt
Spoke faintly, as amaz'd he ſtood,
" I will, my dear, be very good."

THE HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT:

A TALE.

IN days of yore, when belles and beaux
Left maſquerades and puppet-ſhows,
Deſerted ombre and baſſet,
At Jonathan's to ſqueeze and ſweat;

When

For his wife conduct had been made
Director of the jobbing trade:
And had moſt piouſly drawn in
Poor Ned and all his neareſt kin.
The greedy fools laid out their gold,
And bought the very ſtock he ſold;
Thus the kind knave convey'd their pelf,
By *hocus pocus*, to himſelf;
And, to ſecure the ſpoils he got,
Form'd this contrivance of the pot.
Here every night, and every morn,
Devout as any monk new ſhorn,
The proſtrate hypocrite implores
Juſt heaven to bleſs his hidden ſtores;
But, when he ſaw dear mammon flown,
The plunder'd hive, the honey gone,
No jilted bully, no bilk'd hack,
No thief when beadles flay his back,
No loſing rook, no carted whore,
No ſailor when the billows roar,
With ſuch a grace e'er curs'd and ſwore.
Then, as he por'd upon the ground,
And turn'd his haggard eyes around,
The halter at his feet he ſpy'd,
" And is this all that 's left?" he cry'd:
" Am I thus paid for all my cares,
" My lectures, repetitions, prayers?
" 'Tis well—there 's ſomething ſav'd at leaſt,
" Welcome, thou faithful, friendly gueſt;

" If

" If I muſt hang, now all is loſt,
" 'Tis cheaper at another's coſt;
" To do it at my own expence,
" Would be downright extravagance."
Thus comforted, without a tear,
He fix'd the nooſe beneath his ear,
To the next bough the rope he ty'd,
And moſt heroically dy'd.
Ned, who behind a ſpreading tree,
Beheld this tragi-comedy,
With hearty curſes rung his knell,
And bid him thus his laſt farewel.
" Was it not, uncle, very kind
" In me, to leave the rope behind?
" A legacy ſo well beſtow'd,
" For all the gratitude I ow'd.
" Adieu, Sir Tim; by heaven's decree,
" Soon may thy brethren follow thee,
" In the ſame glorious manner ſwing,
" Without one friend to cut the ſtring;
" That hence rapacious knaves may know,
" Juſtice is always ſure, though ſlow."

A PADLOCK FOR THE MOUTH: A TALE.

JACK DIMPLE was a merry blade,
Young, amorous, witty, and well-made;
Diſcreet?—Hold, ſir—nay, as I live,
My friend, you 're too inquiſitive:

Diſcretion, all men muſt agree,
Is a moſt ſhining quality,
Which like leaf-gold makes a great ſhow,
And thinly ſpread ſets off a beau.
But, ſir, to put you out of pain,
Our younker had not half a grain,
A leaky blab, raſh, faithleſs, vain.
The victories his eyes had won,
As ſoon as e'er obtain'd, were known;
For trophies rear'd, the deed proclaim,
Spoils hung on high expoſe the dame,
And love is ſacrific'd to fame.
Such inſolence the ſex alarms,
The female world is up in arms;
Th' outrageous Bacchanals combine,
And brandiſh'd tongues in concert join.
Unhappy youth! where wilt thou go
T' eſcape ſo terrible a foe?
Seek ſhelter on the Libyan ſhore,
Where tigers and where lions roar?
Sleep on the borders of the Nile,
And truſt the wily crocodile?
'Tis vain to ſhun a woman's hate,
Heavy the blow, and ſure as fate.
Phyllis appear'd among the crowd,
But not ſo talkative and loud,
With ſilence and with care ſuppreſt
The glowing vengeance in her breaſt,
Reſolv'd, by ſtratagem and art,
To make the ſaucy villain ſmart.

The

The cunning baggage had prepar'd
Pomatum, of the fineſt lard,
With ſtrong aſtringents mix'd the meſs,
Alum, and vitriol, *q. ſ.*
Arſenick, and bole. But I want time
To turn all Quincy into rhyme,
'Twould make my diction too ſublime.
Her grandame this receipt had taught,
Which Bendo from Grand Cairo brought,
An able ſtyptick (as 'tis ſaid)
To ſodder a crack'd maidenhead.
This ointment being duly made,
The jilt upon her toilet laid:
The ſauntering cully ſoon appears,
As uſual, vows, proteſts, and ſwears;
Careleſs an opera tune he hums,
Plunders her patch-box, breaks her combs.
As up and down the monkey play'd,
His hand upon the box he laid,
The fatal box. Pleas'd with her wiles,
The treacherous Pandora ſmiles.
"What 's this?" cries Jack. "That box!" ſaid ſhe:
"Pomatum; what elſe ſhould it be?"
But here 'tis fit my reader knows
'Twas March, when bluſtering Boreas blows,
Stern enemy to belles and beaux.
His lips were ſore; rough, pointed, torn,
The coral briſtled like a thorn.
Pleas'd with a cure ſo *à-propos*,
Nor jealous of ſo fair a foe,

The healing ointment thick he ſpread,
And every gaping cranny fed.
His chops begin to glow and ſhoot,
He ſtrove to ſpeak, but, oh! was mute,
Mute as a fiſh, all he could frame,
Were ſome horſe gutturals forc'd with pain.
He ſtamps, he raves, he ſobs, he ſighs,
The tears ran trickling from his eyes;
He thought but could not ſpeak a curſe,
His lips were drawn into a purſe.
Madam no longer could contain,
Triumphant joy burſts out amain;
She laughs, ſhe ſcreams, the houſe is rais'd,
Through all the ſtreet th' affair is blaz'd:
In ſhoals now all the neighbours come,
Laugh out, and preſs into the room.
Sir Harry Taudry and his bride,
Miſs Tulip deck'd in all her pride;
Wiſe Madam Froth, and widow Babble,
Coquettes and prudes, a mighty rabble.
So great a concourſe ne'er was known
At Smithfield, when a monſter 's ſhown;
When bears dance jiggs with comely mien,
When witty Punch adorns the ſcene,
Or frolick Pug plays Harlequin.
In vain he ſtrives to hide his head,
In vain he creeps behind the bed,
Ferreted thence, expos'd to view,
The crowd their clamorous ſhouts renew:

A thou-

A thousand taunts, a thousand jeers,
Stock dumb, the passive creature bears.
No pelour'd villain nail'd on high,
And pelted in the pillory,
His face besmear'd, his eyes, his chops,
With rotten eggs and turnip-tops,
Was e'er so mauld." Phyllis, at last,
To pay him for offences past,
With sneering malice in her face
Thus spoke, and gave the *coup de grace*:
" Lard! how demure, and how precise
" He looks! silence becomes the wise.
" Vile tongue! its master to betray,
" But now the prisoner must obey,
" I 've lock'd the door, and keep the key.
" Learn hence, what angry woman can,
" When wrong'd by that false traitor man;
" Who boasts our favours, soon or late,
" The treacherous blab shall feel our hate."

THE WISE BUILDER:

A TALE.

WISE Socrates had built a farm,
Little, convenient, snug, and warm,
Secur'd from rain and wind:
A gallant whisper'd in his ear,
" Shall the great Socrates live here,
" To this mean cell confin'd?"

" The furniture 's my chiefeſt care,"
Reply'd the ſage; " here 's room to ſpare,
" Sweet ſir, for I and you;
" When this with faithful friends is fill'd,
" An ampler palace I ſhall build;
" Till then, this cot muſt do."

The true Uſe of the LOOKING-GLASS:

A TALE.

TOM CAREFUL had a ſon and heir,
Exact his ſhape, genteel his air,
Adonis was not half ſo fair.
But then, alas! his daughter Jane
Was but ſo-ſo, a little plain.
In mam's apartment, as one day
The little romp and hoyden play,
Their faces in the glaſs they view'd,
Which then upon her toilet ſtood;
Where, as Narciſſus vain, the boy
Beheld each riſing charm with joy;
With partial eyes ſurvey'd himſelf,
But for his ſiſter, poor brown elf,
On her the ſelf-enamour'd chit
Was very laviſh of his wit.
She bore, alas! whate'er ſhe could,
But 'twas too much for fleſh and blood;
What female ever had the grace
To pardon ſcandal on her face?

Diſcon-

Diſconſolate away ſhe flies,
And at her daddy's feet ſhe lies;
Sighs, ſobs, and groans, calls to her aid,
And tears, that readily obey'd;
Then aggravates the vile offence,
Exerting all her eloquence:
The cauſe th' indulgent father heard,
And cuff'st ſummon'd ſoon appear'd;
Some tokens of remorſe he ſhow'd,
And promis'd largely to be good.
At both the tender father preſs'd
With equal ardour to his breaſt,
And ſmiling kiſs'd, "Let there be peace,"
Said he; "let broils and diſcord ceaſe:
"Each day, my children, thus employ
"The faithful mirror; you, my boy,
"Remember that no vice diſgrace
"The gift of heaven, that beauteous face:
"And you, my girl, take ſpecial care
"Your want of beauty to repair
"By virtue, which alone is fair."

MAHOMET ALI BEG:

Or, the FAITHFUL MINISTER OF STATE.

A Long deſcent, and noble blood,
Is but a vain fantaſtic good,
Unleſs with inbred virtues join'd,
An honeſt, brave, and generous mind.

All that our anceſtors have done,
Nations reliev'd, and battles won;
The trophies of each bloody field,
Can only then true honour yield,
When, like Argyll, we ſcorn to owe,
And pay that luſtre they beſtow;
But, if, a mean degenerate race,
Slothful we faint, and ſlack our pace,
Lag in the glorious courſe of fame,
Their great atchievements we diſclaim.
Some bold plebeian ſoon ſhall riſe,
Stretch to the goal, and win the prize.
For, ſince the forming hand of old,
Caſt all mankind in the ſame mold;
Since no diſtinguiſh'd clan is bleſt
With finer porcelain than the reſt;
And ſince in all the ruling mind
Is of the ſame celeſtial kind;
'Tis education ſhews the way
Each latent beauty to diſplay;
Each happy genius brings to light,
Conceal'd before in ſhades of night:
So diamonds from the gloomy mine,
Taught by the workman's hand to ſhine,
On Cloe's ivory boſom blaze,
Or grace the crown with brilliant rays.
Merit obſcure ſhall raiſe its head,
Though dark obſtructing clouds o'erſpread;
Heroes, as yet unſung, ſhall fight
For ſlaves oppreſs'd, and injur'd right;

And

And able statesmen prop the throne,
To Battle-Abbey-Roll * unknown.
Sha Abbas, with supreme command,
In Persia reign'd, and bless'd the land;
A mighty prince, valiant, and wise,
Expert, with sharp discerning eyes,
To find true virtue in disguise.
Hunting (it seems) was his delight,
His joy by day, his dream by night:
The sport of all the brave and bold,
From Nimrod, who, in days of old,
Made men as well as beasts his prey,
To mightier George, whose milder sway
Glad happy crowds with pride obey.
In quest of his fierce savage foes,
Before the sun the monarch rose,
The grizly lion to engage,
By baying dogs provok'd to rage;
In the close thicket to explore,
And push from thence the bristled boar:
Or to pursue the flying deer,
While deep-mouth'd hounds the vallies cheer;
And echo from repeating hills
His heart with joy redoubled fills.
Under a rock's projecting shade,
A shepherd boy his seat had made,

* A record which contained the names of the chief men that came over with the Conqueror.

Happy

Happy as Crœſus on his throne,
The riches of the world his own.
Content on mortals here below,
Is all that heaven can beſtow.
His crook and ſcrip were by him laid,
Upon his oaten pipe he play'd;
His flocks ſecurely couch'd around,
And ſeem'd to liſten to the ſound.
Returning from the chace one day,
The king by chance had loſt his way:
Nor guards, nor nobles, now attend;
But one young lord, his boſom friend.
Now tir'd with labour, ſpent with heat,
They ſought this pleaſant cool retreat;
The boy leap'd active from his ſeat,
And, with a kind obliging grace,
Offer'd the king unknown his place.
The Perſian monarch, who ſo late,
Lord of the world, rul'd all in ſtate;
On cloth of gold and tiſſue trod,
Whole nations trembling at his nod;
With diamonds and with rubies crown'd,
And girt with fawning ſlaves around;
Behold him now: his canopy
Th' impending rock, each ſhrub, each tree,
That grew upon its ſhaggy brow,
To their great prince obſervant bow;
Yield, as in duty bound, their aid,
And bleſs him with a friendly ſhade.

On

On the bare ſtone, he ſits alone,
And, oh! would kings this truth but own,
The ſafer, and the nobler throne!
But where do I digreſs? 'tis time
To check this arrogance of rhyme.
As the judicious monarch view'd
The ſtripling's air, nor bold nor rude,
With native modeſty ſubdued;
The bluſh that glow'd in all its pride
Then trembled on his cheeks and dy'd.
He grew inquiſitive to trace
What ſoul dwelt in that lovely caſe:
To every queſtion, ſerious, gay,
The youth reply'd without delay;
His anſwers for the moſt part right,
And taking, if not appoſite:
Unſtudy'd, unaffected ſenſe,
Mix'd with his native diffidence.
The king was charm'd with ſuch a prize,
And ſtood with wonder in his eyes;
Commits his treaſure to the care
Of the young lord; bids him not ſpare
For coſt, or pains, t' enrich his breaſt
With all the learning of the Eaſt.
He bow'd, obey'd, well-cloath'd, well-fed,
And with his patron's children bred;
Still every day the youth improv'd,
By all admir'd, by all belov'd.
Now the firſt curling down began
To give the promiſe of a man;

To court he 's call'd, employ'd, and train'd,
In lower poſts, yet ſtill he gain'd
By candour, courteſy, and ſkill,
The ſubjects love, the king's good-will.
Employ'd in greater matters now,
No flatteries, no bribes, could bow
His ſtubborn ſoul; true to his truſt,
Firm, and inexorably juſt,
In judgement ripe, he ſoon became
A Walpole, or a Walſingham;
And, wakeful for the public peace,
No dragon guards the golden fleece
With half that vigilance and care.
His buſy eyes kenn'd every where;
In each dark ſcheme knew how to dive,
Though cunning Derviſes contrive
Their plots, diſguis'd with ſhams and lies,
And cloak'd with real perjuries.
Now high in rank the peer is plac'd,
And Ali Beg with titles grac'd;
No bounds his maſter's bounties know,
His ſwelling coffers overflow,
And he is puzzled to beſtow;
Perplex'd and ſtudious to contrive
To whom, and how, not what to give;
His pious frauds conceal the name,
And ſkreen the modeſt man from ſhame.
Who e'er would heavenly treaſures raiſe,
Muſt grant the boon, eſcape the praiſe.

But

But his immenſe and endleſs gain
No private charities could drain:
On public works he fix'd his mind,
The zealous friend of human kind.
Convenient inns on each great road
At his own proper coſts endow'd,
To weary caravans afford
Refreſhment, both at bed and board.
From Thames, the Tiber, and the Rhine,
Nations remote with Ali dine;
In various tongues his bounty 's bleſt,
While with ſurprize the ſtranger gueſt
Does here on unbought dainties feaſt:
See ſtately palaces ariſe,
And gilded domes invade the ſkies.
Say, Muſe, what lords inhabit here?
Nor favourite eunuch, prince, nor peer?
The poor, the lame, the blind, the ſick,
The ideot, and the lunatick.
He curb'd each river's ſwelling pride,
O'er the reluctant murmuring tide
From bank to bank his bridges ſtride.
A thouſand gracious deeds were done,
Bury'd in ſilence and unknown.
At length, worn out with years and care,
Sha Abbas dy'd; left his young heir
Sha Sefi, unexperienc'd, raw,
By his ſtern father kept in awe;
To the ſeraglio's walls confin'd,
Barr'd from the converſe of mankind.

Strange

Strange jealouſy! a certain rule,
To breed a tyrant and a fool.
Still Ali was prime miniſter,
But had not much his maſter's ear;
Walk'd on unfaithful, ſlippery ground,
Till an occaſion could be found
To pick a quarrel; then, no doubt,
As is the mode at court—turn out.
Sha Sefi, among eunuchs bred,
With them convers'd, by them was led;
Beardleſs, half-men! in whoſe falſe breaſts,
Nor joy, nor love, nor friendſhip, reſts.
There ſpight and pining envy dwell,
And rage as in their native hell;
For, conſcious of their own diſgrace
Each excellence they would debaſe,
And vent their ſpleen on human race.
This Ali found. Strange ſenſeleſs lies
And inconſiſtent calumnies
They buz into the monarch's ears,
And he believes all that he hears.
"Great prince," ſaid they, "Ali, your ſlave—
"Whom we acknowledge wiſe and brave—
"Yet pardon us—we can't but ſee
"His boundleſs pride and vanity:
"His bridges triumph o'er each tide,
"In their own channels taught to glide.
"Each beggar, and each lazy drone,
"His ſubject, more than yours, is grown:

"And

" And for a palace leaves his cell,
" Where Xerxes might be proud to dwell.
" His inns for travellers provide,
" Strangers are lifted on his ſide:
" In his own houſe how grand the ſcene!
" Piſſues and velvets are too mean,
" Gold, jewels, pearls, unheard expence!
" Suſpected, bold, magnificence!
" Whence can this flood of riches flow?
" Examine his accounts, you 'll know:
" Your eye on your exchequer caſt,
" The ſecret will come out at laſt."
Ali next morn (for 'twas his way
To riſe before the dawn of day)
Went early to the council-board,
Proſtrate on earth, his king ador'd.
The king, with countenance ſevere,
Look'd ſternly on his miniſter:
" Ali," ſaid he, " I have been told,
" Great treaſures, both in gems and gold,
" Were left, and truſted to your care;
" 'Mong theſe, one gem exceeding rare,
" I long to view; which was (they ſaid)
" A preſent from the ſultan made,
" The fineſt that the world e'er ſaw,
" White, large, and fair, without a flaw."
Th' unblemiſh'd Ali thus reply'd,
" Great ſir! it cannot be deny'd,
" 'Tis brilliant, beautiful, and clear,
" The Great Mogul has not its peer.

" Pleaſe

" Pleaſe it your majeſty, to go
" Into the treaſury below,
" You' ll wonder at its piercing ray,
" The ſun gives not a nobler day."
Together now they all deſcend;
Poor Ali had no other friend,
But a ſoul faithful to its truſt,
The ſure aſylum of the juſt.
In proper claſſes now are ſeen
The diamonds bright, and emeralds green;
Pearls, rubies, ſapphires, next appear,
Diſpos'd in rows with niceſt care.
The king views all with curious eyes,
Applauds with wonder and ſurprize,
Their order and peculiar grace,
Each thing adapted to its place;
The reſt with envious leer behold,
And ſtumble upon bars of gold.
Next, in an amber box, is ſhown
The nobleſt jewel of the crown:
" This, ſir," ſaid he, " believe your ſlave,
" Is the fine gem the ſultan gave;
" Around it darts its beams of light,
" No comet e'er was half ſo bright."
The king with joy the gem admires,
Well-pleas'd, and half-convinc'd, retires.
" Ali," ſaid he, " with you I dine;
" Your furniture, I 'm told, is fine."
Wiſe Ali, for this favour ſhow'd,
Humbly with loweſt reverence bow'd.

At

At Ali's houſe now every hand
Is buſy, at their lord's command;
Where at th' appointed hour reſort
The king and all his ſplendid court.
Ali came forth his prince to meet,
And, lowly bowing, kiſs'd his feet.
On all his compliments beſtows,
Civil alike to friends and foes.
The king, impatient to behold
His furniture of gems and gold,
From room to room the chace purſued,
With curious eyes each corner view'd,
Ranſack'd th' apartments o'er and o'er,
Each cloſet ſearch'd, unlock'd each door;
But all he found was plain and coarſe,
The meaneſt Perſian ſcarce had worſe:
Theſe Ali for convenience bought,
Nor for expenſive trifles ſought.
One door a prying eunuch ſpy'd,
With bars and locks well fortify'd,
And now, ſecure to find the prize,
Shew'd it the king with joyful eyes.
"Ali," ſaid he, "that citadel,
"Is ſtrong, and barricadoed well?
"What have you there?" Ali reply'd,
"Oh, ſir, there 's lodg'd my greateſt pride;
"There are the gems I value moſt,
"And all the treaſures I can boaſt."
All now convinc'd of his diſgrace,
Triumph appear'd in every face.

The monarch doubted now no more;
The keys are brought, unlock'd the door,
When, lo! upon the wall appear
His ſhepherd's weeds hung up with care,
Nor crook nor ſcrip was wanting there;
Nor pipe that tun'd his humble lays,
Sweet ſolace of his better days!
Then, bowing low, he touch'd his breaſt,
And thus the wondering king addreſt:
" Great Prince! your Ali is your ſlave,
" To you belong whate'er I have;
" Goods, houſe, are yours, nay yours this head,
" For ſpeak the word, and I am dead:
" Theſe moveables, and theſe alone,
" I may with juſtice call my own.
" Your royal ſire, Abbas the Great,
" Whom nations proſtrate at his feet
" On earth ador'd; whoſe ſoul at reſt,
" In paradiſe a welcome gueſt,
" * Enjoys its full, in fragrant bowers,
" Or wantons upon beds of flowers,
" While the pure ſtream, in living rills,
" From rocks of adamant diſtils,
" And black-ey'd nymphs attend his nod,
" Fair daughters of that bleſt abode:
" By his command, I left the plain,
" An humble, but contented ſwain.

* Such is the Paradiſe the Turks expect.

" Nor

" Nor ſought I wealth, nor power, nor place;
" All theſe were owing to his grace;
" 'Twas his mere bounty made me great,
" And fix'd me here, in this high ſeat,
" The mark of envy. Much he gave,
" But yet of nought depriv'd his ſlave:
" He touch'd not theſe. Alas! whoſe ſpite,
" Whoſe avarice, would theſe excite?
" My old, hereditary right!
" Grant me but theſe, Great Prince, once more,
" Grant me the pleaſure to be poor,
" This ſcrip, theſe homely weeds, I 'll wear,
" The bleating flocks ſhall be my care;
" Th' employ that did my youth engage,
" Shall be the comfort of my age."
The king, amaz'd at ſuch a ſcorn
Of riches, in a ſhepherd born;
" How ſoars that ſoul," ſaid he, " above
" The courtier's hate, or monarch's love!
" No power ſuch virtue can efface,
" No jealous malice ſhall diſgrace.
" Wealth, grandeur, pomp, are a mere cheat,
" But this is to be truly great."
While tears ran trickling down his face,
He claſp'd him in a cloſe embrace;
Then caus'd himſelf to be undreſt,
And cloath'd him in his royal veſt:
The greateſt honour he could give,
Or Perſian ſubjects can receive.

THE SWEET-SCENTED MISER.

TELL me, my noble generous friend,
With what deſign, and to what end,
Do greedy fools heap up with care
That pelf, which they want heart to ſhare?
What other pleaſure can they know,
But to enjoy, or to beſtow?
Acts of benevolence and love
Give us a taſte of heaven above;
We imitate th' immortal powers,
Whoſe ſun-ſhine, and whoſe kindly ſhowers,
Refreſh the poor and barren ground,
And plant a Paradiſe around:
But this mean, ſneaking avarice,
Is a collection of all vice.
Where this foul weed but taints the place,
Nor virtue grows, nor worth, nor grace;
The ſoul a deſert waſte remains,
And ghaſtly deſolation reigns.
But where will theſe grave morals tend?
Pardon my zeal, dear courteous friend;
The province of my humbler vein,
Is not to preach, but entertain.
Gripe, from the cradle to the grave,
Was good for nothing, but to ſave;
Mammon his God, to him alone
He bow'd, and his ſhort creed was known:

On

On his thumb-nail it might be wrote,
" A penny ſav'd 's a penny got."
This rich poor man was jogging down,
Once on a time, from London town;
With him his ſon, a handy lad,
To dreſs his daddy—or his pad:
Among his dealers he had been,
And all their ready caſh ſwept clean.
Gripe, to ſave charges on the road,
At each good houſe cramm'd in a load;
With boil'd and roaſt his belly fill'd,
And greedily each tankard ſwill'd:
How ſavoury, how ſweat the meat!
How good the drink when others treat!
Now on the road Gripe trots behind,
For weighty reaſons (as you 'll find):
The boy ſoon long'd to take a whet,
His horſe at each ſign made a ſet,
And he ſpurr'd on with great regret.
This the old man obſerv'd with pain,
" Ah! ſon," ſaid he, " the way to gain
" Wealth (our chief good) is to abſtain;
" Check each expenſive appetite,
" And make the moſt of every mite:
" Conſider well, my child, O think
" What numbers are undone by drink!
" Hopeful young men! who might be great,
" Die well, and leave a large eſtate;
" But, by lewd comrades led aſtray,
" Guzzling, throw all their means away.

" Tom Daſh, of parts acute and rare,
" Can ſplit a fraction to a hair;
" Knows Wingate better than his creed,
" Can draw ſtrong ale, or a weak deed;
" By precedents a bond can write,
" Or an indenture tripartite;
" Can meaſure land, paſture, or wood,
" Yet never purchas'd half a rood.
" Whom all theſe liberal arts adorn,
" Is he not rich? as ſheep new ſhorn!
" The reaſon need not far be ſought,
" For three pence gain'd, he ſpends a groat.
" There 's Billy Blowſe, that merry fellow,
" So wondrous witty when he 's mellow;
" Ale and mundungus, in deſpite
" Of nature, make the clown polite.
" When thoſe rich ſteams chafe his dull head,
" What flowers ſhoot up in that hot-bed!
" His jeſts, when fogs his temples ſhrowd,
" Like the ſun burſting through a cloud,
" Blaze out, and dazzle all the crowd:
" They laugh, each wag 's exceeding gay,
" While he, poor ninny! jokes away
" By night, whate'er he gets by day.
" To theſe examples I might add
" A ſquire or two, troth full as bad;
" Who, doom'd by heaven for their ſins,
" Mind nothing but their nipperkins:
" But theſe, at this time, ſhall ſuffice;
" Be ſaving, boy, that is, be wiſe."

Now,

Now, Muſe, come hold thy noſe, and tell
What doleful accident befel;
His horſe ſet hard, an antient hack,
That twice ten years carry'd a pack,
But ſuch a cargo ne'er before;
He had him cheap, and kept him poor;
His bowels ſtuft with too much meat,
He ſat uneaſy in his ſeat,
And riggled often to and fro,
With painful gripings gnaw'd below.
His diſtance yet in hope to gain,
For the next inn he ſpurs amain;
In haſte alights, and ſkuds away,
But time and tide for no man ſtay.
No means can ſave whom heaven has curſt,
For out th' impetuous torrent burſt.
Struck dumb, aghaſt at firſt he ſtood,
And ſcratch'd his head in penſive mood:
But, wiſely judging 'twas in vain
To make an outcry, and complain,
Of a bad bargain made the beſt,
And lull'd his troubled ſoul to reſt.
Back he return'd with rueful face,
And ſhuffled through the houſe apace;
My landlady ſcreams out in haſte,
"Old gentleman, ho!—where ſo faſt?
"Before you go, pray pay your ſhot,
"This young man here has drunk a pot"
"A pot!" ſaid Gripe; "oh, the young rogue!
"Ah, ruinous, expenſive dog!"

And, muttering curſes in his ear,
Look'd like a witch with helliſh leer;
But, finding 'twas in vain to fret,
Pull'd out his catſkin, paid the debt.
This point adjuſted, on they fare,
Ambroſial ſweets perfume the air:
The younker, by the fragrant ſcent,
Perceiving now how matters went,
Laugh'd inwardly, could ſcarce contain,
And kept his countenance with pain.
At laſt he cries, "Now, ſir, an't pleaſe,
"I hope you 're better, and at eaſe."
"Better, you booby!—'tis all out"—
"What 's out?" ſaid he. "You drunken lout!
"All in my trowſers—well—no matter—
"Not great—th' expence of ſoap and water;
"This charge—if times are not too hard,
"By management may be repair'd:
"But, oh! that damn'd confounded pot!
"Extravagant, audacious ſot;
"This, this indeed, my ſoul does grieve,
"There 's two-pence loſt without retrieve!"

THE INCURIOUS BENCHER.

AT Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
And lay their laurels at her feet;
The modern Pallas, at whoſe ſhrine
They bow, and by whoſe aid they dine:

Colonel

Colonel Brocade among the rest
Was every day a welcome guest.
One night as carelessly he [illegible]
Chearing his reins before [illegible]
(So every true-born Briton [illegible]
Like that, he chaf'd, and [illegible]
"Jenny," said he, "'tis [illegible]
"That no man's honour [illegible]
"If I but sup with [illegible]
"Or play a game at [illegible]
"The malice of [illegible]
"Although his Grace [illegible]
"'Twas I that [illegible]
"If Madam [illegible]
"And I am [illegible]
"To play at [illegible]
"What won't [illegible]
"If I but [illegible]
"Humph— [illegible]
"But not the [illegible]
"I prove it [illegible]
"I swear [illegible]
"Dreadful [illegible]
"What— [illegible]
"But [illegible]
"Other [illegible]
"Why [illegible]
As [illegible]
(How [illegible]
Alas [illegible]

To ſhew his antient ſpleen to Mars,
Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—
Stuck to his ſkirts, inſatiate varlet!
And fed with pleaſure on the ſcarlet.
Hard by, and in the corner, ſate
A Bencher grave, with look ſedate,
Smoking his pipe, warm as a toaſt,
And reading over laſt week's poſt;
He ſaw the foe the fort invade,
And ſoon ſmelt out the breach he made:
But not a word—a little fly
He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye
A ſide-long glance ſometimes he ſent,
To bring him news, and watch th' event.
At length, upon that tender part
Where honour lodges (as of old
Authentic Hudibras has told)
The bluſtering colonel felt a ſmart.
Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
Friſk'd, ſkip'd, and bounc'd about the room;
Then turning ſhort, "Zounds, ſir!" he cries—
"Pox on him, had the fool no eyes?
"What! let a man be burnt alive!"
"I am not, ſir, inquiſitive"
(Reply'd Sir Gravity) "to know
"Whate'er your Honour 's pleas'd to do;
"If you will burn your tail to tinder,
"Pray what have I to do to hinder?
"Other mens buſineſs let alone,
"Why ſhould not coxcombs mind their own?"

Then,

Then, knocking out his pipe with care,
Laid down his penny at the bar;
And, wrapping round his frieze ſurtout,
Took up his crab-tree, and walk'd out.

THE BUSY INDOLENT:

A TALE.

JACK CARELESS was a man of parts,
Well-ſkill'd in the politer arts,
With judgement read, with humour writ,
Among his friends paſt for a wit:
But lov'd his eaſe more than his meat,
And wonder'd knaves could toil and cheat,
T' expoſe themſelves by being great.
At no levees the ſuppliant bow'd;
Nor courted for their votes the crowd:
Nor riches nor preferment ſought,
Did what he pleas'd, ſpoke what he thought.
Content within due bounds to live,
And what he could not ſpend, to give:
Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,
And joke, and pun, and tell his tale;
Reform the ſtate, lay down the law,
And talk of lords he never ſaw;
Fight Malborough's battles o'er again,
And puſh the French on Blenheim's plain;
Diſcourſe of Paris, Naples, Rome,
Though he had never ſtirr'd from home:

'Tis

'Tis true he travel'd with great care,
The tour of Europe—in his chair.
Was loth to part without his load,
Or move till morning peep'd abroad.
One day this honeſt, idle rake,
Nor quite aſleep, nor well awake,
Was lolling in his elbow-chair,
And building caſtles in the air,
His nipperkin (the port was good)
Half empty at his elbow ſtood,
When a ſtrange noiſe offends his ear,
The din increas'd as it came near,
And in his yard at laſt he view'd
Of farmers a great multitude;
Who that day, walking of their rounds,
Had diſagreed about their bounds;
And ſure the difference muſt be wide,
Where each does for himſelf decide.
Vollies of oaths in vain they ſwear,
Which burſt like guiltleſs bombs in air;
And, "Thou 'rt a knave!" and, "Thou 'rt an oaf!"
Is banded round with truth enough.
At length they mutually agree,
His worſhip ſhould be referee,
Which courteous Jack conſents to be:
Though for himſelf he would not budge,
Yet for his friends an arrant drudge;
A conſcience of this point he made,
With pleaſure readily obey'd,
And ſhot like lightning to their aid.

The

The farmers, ſummon'd to his room,
Bowing with awkward reverence come.
In his great chair his worſhip ſate,
A grave and able magiſtrate:
Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,
And flippant tongues with pain obey'd.
In a ſhort ſpeech, he firſt computes
The vaſt expence of law-diſputes,
And everlaſting chancery-ſuits.
With zeal and warmth he railly'd then
Pack'd juries, ſheriffs, tales-men;
And recommended in the cloſe,
Good-neighbourhood, peace, and repoſe.
Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence,
Perus'd records, heard evidence,
Obſerv'd, reply'd, hit every blot,
Unravel'd every Gordian knot;
With great activity and parts,
Inform'd their judgements, won their hearts:
And, without fees, or time miſpent,
By ſtrength of ale and argument,
Diſpatch'd them home, friends and content.
Truſty, who at his elbow ſate,
And with ſurprize heard the debate,
Aſtoniſh'd, could not but admire
His ſtrange dexterity and fire;
His wiſe diſcernment and good ſenſe,
His quickneſs, eaſe, and eloquence.
"Lord! ſir," ſaid he, "I can't but chide:
"What uſeful talents do you hide!

"In

" In half an hour you have done more
" Than Puzzle can in half a ſcore,
" With all the practice of the courts,
" His caſes, precedents, reports."
Jack with a ſmile reply'd, " 'Tis true,
" This may ſeem odd, my friend, to you,
" But give me not more than my due.
" No hungry judge nods o'er the laws,
" But haſtens to decide the cauſe:
" Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,
" Will ſtruggle to be free again.
" So lazy men and indolent,
" With cares oppreſs'd, and buſineſs ſpent,
" Exert their utmoſt powers and ſkill,
" Work hard; for what? Why, to ſit ſtill.
" They toil, they ſweat, they want no fee,
" For ev'n ſloth prompts to induſtry.
" Therefore, my friend, I freely own
" All this addreſs I now have ſhown,
" Is mere impatience, and no more,
" To lounge and loiter as before:
" Life is a ſpan, the world an inn—
" Here, ſirrah, t' other nipperkin."

THE YEOMAN OF KENT:

A TALE.

A Yeoman bold (ſuppoſe of Kent)
Liv'd on his own, and paid no rent;
Manur'd his own paternal land,
And always money at command,

To

To purchaſe bargains, or to lend,
T' improve his ſtock, or help a friend:
At Creſſy and Poictiers, of old,
His anceſtors were bow-men bold;
Whoſe good yew-bows, and ſinews ſtrong,
Drew arrows of a cloth-yard long:
For England's glory, ſtrew'd the plain
With barons, counts, and princes ſlain.
Belov'd by all the neighbourhood,
For his delight was doing good:
At every mart his word a law,
Kept all the ſhuffling knaves in awe.
How juſt is heaven, and how true,
To give to ſuch deſert its due!
'Tis in authentic legends ſaid,
Two twins at once had bleſs'd his bed;
Frank was the eldeſt, but the other
Was honeſt Numps, his younger brother;
That, with a face effeminate,
And ſhape too fine and delicate,
Took after his fond mother Kate,
A Franklin's daughter. Numps was rough,
No heart of oak was half ſo tough,
And true as ſteel, to cuff, or kick,
Or play a bout at double-ſtick,
Who but friend Numps? While Frank's delight
Was more (they ſay) to dance, than fight;
At Whitſon-ales king of the May,
Among the maids, briſk, frolic, gay,
He tript it on each holyday.

Their

Their genius different, Frank would roam
To town; but Numps, he ſtaid at home.
The youth was forward, apt to learn,
Could ſoon an honeſt living earn;
Good company would always keep,
Was known to Falſtaff in Eaſt-cheap;
Threw many a merry main, could bully,
And put the doctor on his cully;
Ply'd hard his work, had learnt the way,
To watch all night, and ſleep all day.
Fluſh'd with ſucceſs, new rigg'd, and clean,
Polite his air, genteel his mien:
Accompliſh'd thus in every part,
He won a buxom widow's heart.
Her fortune narrow; and too wide,
Alas! lay her concerns, her pride:
Great as a dutcheſs, ſhe would ſcorn
Mean fare, a gentlewoman born;
Poor and expenſive! on my life
'Twas but the devil of a wife.
Yet Frank, with what he won by night,
A while liv'd tolerably tight;
And ſpouſe, who ſometimes ſate till morn
At cribbidge, made a good return.
While thus they liv'd from hand to mouth,
She laid a bantling to the youth;
But whether 'twas his own or no,
My authors don't pretend to know.
His charge enhanc'd, 'tis alſo true
A lying-in 's expenſive too,

In

In cradles, whittles, ſpice-bowls, ſack,
Whate'er the wanton goſſips lack;
While ſcandal thick as hail-ſhot flies,
Till peaceful bumpers ſeal their eyes.
Frank deem'd it prudent to retire,
And viſit the good man his ſire;
In the ſtage coach he ſeats himſelf,
Loaded with madam and her elf;
In her right hand the coral plac'd,
Her lap a China orange grac'd:
Pap for the babe was not forgot;
And lullaby's melodious note,
That warbled in his ears all day,
Shorten'd the rugged, tedious way.
Frank, to the manſion-houſe now come,
Rejoic'd to find himſelf at home;
Neighbours around, and couſins went
By ſcores, to pay their compliment.
The good old man was kind, 'tis true,
But yet a little ſhock'd, to view
A ſquire ſo fine, a ſight ſo new.
But above all, the lady fair
Was pink'd, and deck'd beyond compare;
Scarce a ſhrieve's wife at an aſſize
Was dreſs'd ſo fine, ſo roll'd her eyes:
And maſter too in all his pride,
His ſilver rattle by his ſide,
Would ſhake it oft, then ſhrilly ſcream,
More noiſy than the yeoman's team;
With taſſels and with plumes made proud,
While jingling bells ring out aloud.

The good old dame, raviſh'd out-right,
Ev'n doated on ſo gay a ſight;
Her Frank, as glorious as the morn;
Poor Numps was look'd upon with ſcorn.
With other eyes the yeoman ſage
Beheld each youth; nought could engage
His wary and diſcerning heart,
But ſterling worth and true deſert.
At laſt, he could no longer bear
Such ſtrange ſophiſticated ware;
He cries (enrag'd at this odd ſcene)
" What can this fooliſh coxcomb mean,
" Who, like a pedlar with his pack,
" Carries his riches on his back?
" Soon ſhall this blockhead ſink my rents,
" And alienate my tenements,
" Which long have ſtood in good repair,
" Nor ſunk, nor roſe, from heir to heir;
" Still the ſame rent without advance,
" Since the Black Prince firſt conquer'd France:
" But now, alas! all muſt be loſt,
" And all my prudent projects croſt.
" Brave honeſt race! Is it thus then
" We dwindle into gentlemen?
" But I 'll prevent this foul diſgrace,
" This butterfly from hence I 'll chace."
He ſaddles Ball without delay,
To London town directs his way;
There at the Heralds Office he
Took out his coat, and paid his fee,
And had it cheap, as wits agree.

A lion

A lion rampant, ſtout and able,
Argent the field, the border ſable;
The gay eſcutcheon look'd as fine,
As any new-daub'd country ſign.
Thus having done what he decreed,
Home he returns with all his ſpeed:
" Here, ſon," ſaid he, " ſince you will be
" A gentleman in ſpight of me;
" Here, ſir, this gorgeous bauble take,
" How well it will become a rake!
" Be what you ſeem: this is your ſhare;
" But honeſt Numps ſhall be my heir;
" To him I 'll leave my whole eſtate,
" Left my brave race degenerate."

THE HAPPY LUNATICK:

To Doctor M——. A TALE.

WHEN ſaints were cheap in good Nol's reign,
As ſinners now in Drury-Lane;
Wrapt up in myſteries profound,
A ſaint perceiv'd his head turn round:
Whether the ſweet and ſavoury wind,
That ſhould have been diſcharg'd behind,
For want of vent had upward fled,
And ſeiz'd the fortreſs of his head;
Ye ſage philoſophers, debate:
I ſolve no problems intricate.
That he was mad, to me is clear,
Elſe why ſhould he, whoſe nicer ear
Could never bear church-muſick here,

Dream that he heard the bleſt above,
Chanting in hymns of joy and love?
Organs themſelves, which were of yore
The muſick of the ſcarlet whore,
Are now with tranſport heard. In fine,
Raviſh'd with harmony divine,
All earthly bleſſings he defies,
The gueſt and favourite of the ſkies.
At laſt, his too officious friends
The doctor call, and he attends:
The patient cur'd, demands his fee.
"Curſe on thy farting pills and thee,"
Reply'd the ſaint: "ah! to my coſt
"I 'm cur'd: but where 's the heaven I loſt?
"Go, vile deceiver, get thee hence,
"Who 'd barter Paradiſe for ſenſe?"
Ev'n ſo *beatus'd* (that is, poſſeſt),
With raptures fir'd, and more than bleſt;
In pompous epick, towering odes,
I ſtrut with heroes, feaſt with gods;
Enjoy by turns the tuneful quire,
For me they touch each golden lyre.
Happy deluſion! kind deceit!
Till you, my friend, reveal the cheat;
Your eye ſevere, traces each fault,
Each ſwelling word, each tinſel thought.
Cur'd of my frenzy, I deſpiſe
Such trifles, ſtript of their diſguiſe,
Convinc'd, and miſerably wiſe.

CON-

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE Chace	13
Hobbinol	95
Field Sports	141
Allan Ramſay to Mr. Somervile	159
An Ode, humbly inſcribed to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, upon his Removal from all his Places	163
An Ode, occaſioned by the Duke of Marlborough's embarking for Oſtend, An. 1712	168
To Mr. Addiſon, occaſioned by his purchaſing an Eſtate in Warwickſhire	174
An Imitation of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book of Horace. Inſcribed to the Right Honourable James Stanhope, Eſq; one of his Majeſty's Principal Secretaries of State, afterwards Earl Stanhope	180
To Doctor Mackenzie	187
The Wife	189
In Memory of the Rev. Mr. Moore	191
Epitaph upon Hugh Lumber, Huſbandman	192
The Hip. To William Colmore, Eſq; the Day after the great Meteor, in March 1715	193
To a Lady, who made me a Preſent of a Silver Pen	195
Preſenting to a Lady a White Roſe and a Red, on the Tenth of June	196
The Bowling-Green	197

The Lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan 204
To a Young Lady, with the Iliad of Homer tranſlated - - - 207
An Epiſtle to Allan Ramſay - - 210
Ramſay's Anſwer - - 214
To Allan Ramſay, upon his publiſhing his ſecond Volume of Poems - - 218
To the Author of the Eſſay on Man - 221
Epiſtle to Mr. Thomſon on the firſt Edition of his Seaſons - - - 222
To the Right Hon. Lady Anne Coventry; upon viewing her fine Chimney-Piece of Shell-Work 224
Addreſs to his Elbow-Chair, new cloathed 226
Song - - - - 228
Paraphraſe upon a French Song - 229
Hudibras and Milton reconciled. To Sir Adolphus Oughton - - - 230
Upon Miranda's leaving the Country - 231
To Phyllis - - - 234
To the Right Honourable the Earl of Hallifax, with the Fable of the Two Springs - 235
Song for the Lute - - - 237
The Coquet - - - - 238
The Superannuated Lover - - ibid.
Advice to the Ladies - - - 240
Anacreontic, to Cloe drinking - - ibid.
To a diſcarded Toaſt - - - 241
The Perjured Miſtreſs. From Horace, Epod. xv. ad Neæram - - - 242

To

To a young Lady, who ſpent the Night in Tears, upon the Report that her Brother was to fight a Duel the next Morning - - 243
To Doctor M—— reading Mathematicks 244
From Martial. Epig. xlvii. - ibid.
To a Gentleman who married his Caſt Miſtreſs. From Horace. Ode ix. Book III. - 246
A dainty new Ballad; occaſioned by a Clergyman's Widow of Seventy Years of Age, being married to a Young Exciſeman - - 247
Canidia's Epithalamium, upon the ſame - 250
Hunting-Song - - - - 252
A Tranſlation of the Tenth Epiſtle in Horace. Horace recommends a Country Life, and diſſuades his Friend from Ambition and Avarice 254
The Miſer's Speech. From the Second Epode of Horace, Book V. - - 257
Fable I. The Captive Trumpeter - 262
Fable II. The bald-pated Welſhman and the Fly 263
Fable III. The Ant and the Fly - 265
Fable IV. The Wolf, the Fox, and the Ape 267
Fable V. The Dog and the Bear - 268
Fable VI. The wounded Man and the Swarm of Flies - - - - 270
Fable VII. The Wolf and the Dog - 271
Fable VIII. The Oyſter - - 274
Fable IX. The Sheep and the Buſh - 275
Fable X. The Frogs Choice - - 276
Fable XI. Liberty and Love; or, the Two Sparrows - - - 279

Fable

Fable XII. The Two Springs - -
Fable XIII. The Bald Batchelor -
Fable XIV. The Fortune-Hunter -
The Devil outwitted: A Tale -
The Officious Meſſenger: A Tale -
The Inquiſitive Bridegroom: A Tale -
Bacchus Triumphant: A Tale -
The Night-Walker Reclaim'd: A Tale -
The Happy Diſappointment: A Tale -
A Padlock for the Mouth: A Tale -
The Wiſe Builder: A Tale - -
The true Uſe of the Looking-Glaſs: A Tale
Mahomet Ali Beg: or, The Faithful Miniſter of State - - -
The Sweet-ſcented Miſer - -
The Incurious Bencher - -
The Buſy Indolent: A Tale - -
The Yeoman of Kent: A Tale -
The Happy Lunatic: To Dr. M——. A Tale

END OF SOMERVILE'S POEMS